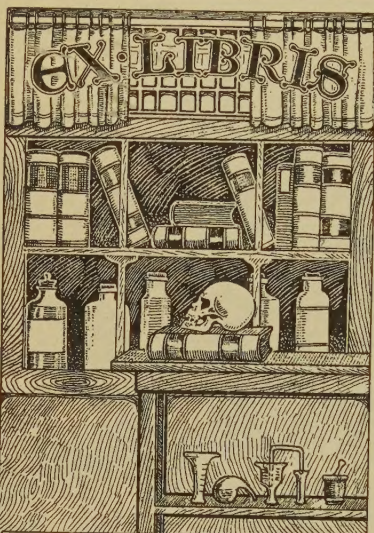
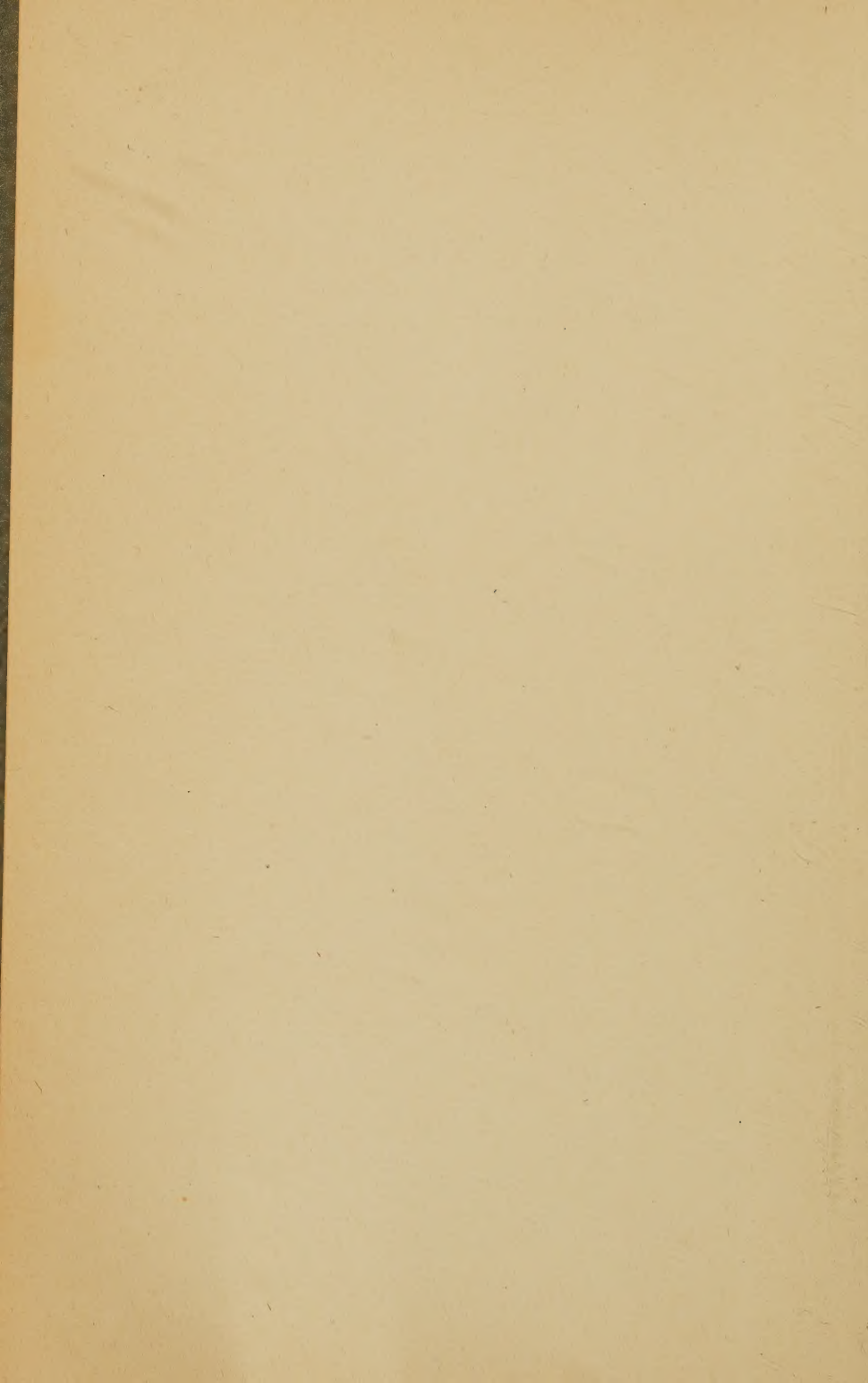






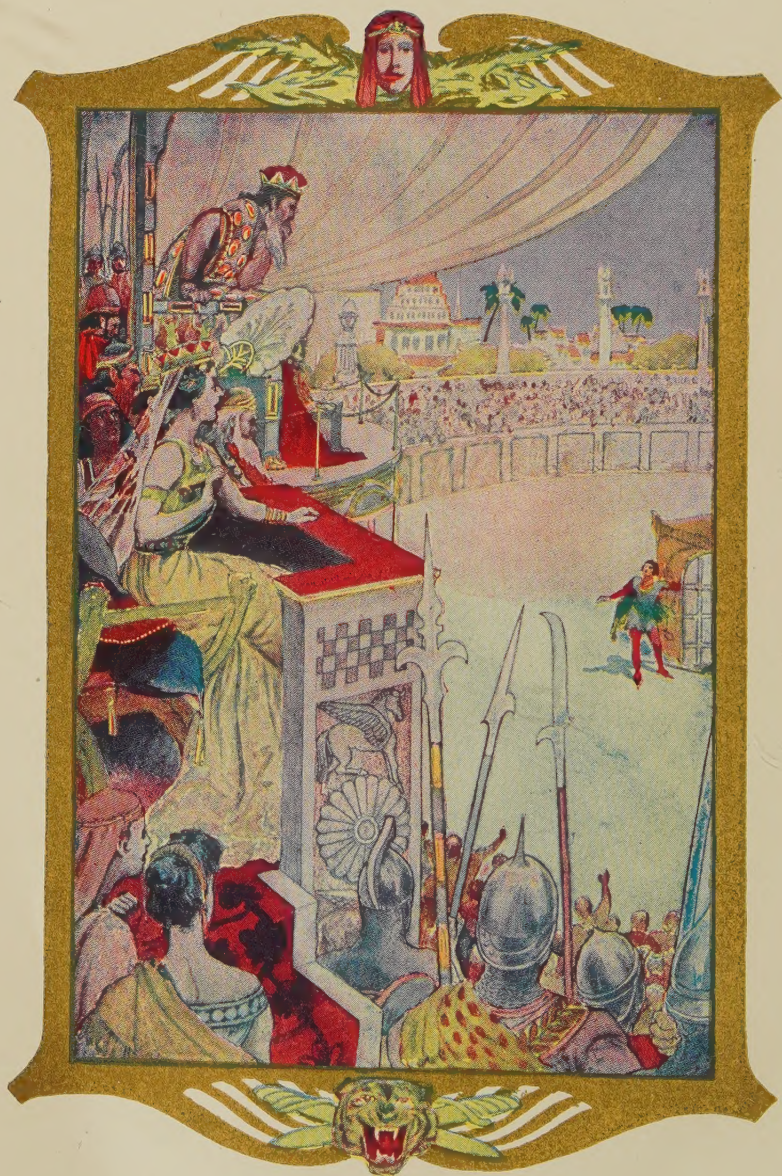
DR. J. H. ROBNETT

JAS. H. HARRISON.





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Editorial Staff of the "Encyclopedia Americana," etc.

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a as in fat, man, pang.	ü German ü, French u.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.	oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ǣ as in far, father, guard.	ou as in pound, proud.
â as in fall, talk.	š as in pressure.
à as in fare.	ž as in seizure.
ą as in errant, republican.	čh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
e as in met, pen, bless.	ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
ē as in mete, meet.	th as in then.
ê as in her, fern.	ñ Spanish j.
ī as in pin, it.	g as in Hamburg.
ī as in pine, fight, file.	' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A sec- ondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)
o as in not, on, frog.	
ō as in note, poke, floor.	
ö as in move, spoon.	
ô as in nor, song, off.	
õ as in valor, actor, idiot.	
u as in tub.	
û as in mute, acute.	
û as in pull.	

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Psalmist (1844) ; *Life of Joseph Grafton* (1848) ; and *Rambles in Mission Fields* (1884).

On his eightieth birthday, in 1888, he was addressed by Oliver Wendell Holmes in the following noble lines :

While through the land his strains resound,
What added fame can love impart
To his, who touched the string that found
Its echoes in a nation's heart?

No stormy ode, no fiery march
His gentle memory shall prolong,
But on fair Freedom's climbing arch
He shed the light of hallowed song.

Full many a poet's labored lines
A century's creeping waves will hide,
The verse a people's love enshrines
Stands like the rock that breasts the tide.

Time wrecks the proudest piles we raise,
The towers, the domes, the temples fall,
The fortress trembles and decays,
One breath of song outlasts them all.

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

My Country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side,
Let Freedom ring!

My Native Country, thee,—
Land of the noble, free —
Thy name I love!
I love thy rocks and rills,

Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break;
The sounds prolong.

Our father's God! to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee I sing.
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King!

THE MORNING LIGHT.

The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears!
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;

Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim — "The Lord is come!"

SMITH, SYDNEY, an English clergyman and essayist; born at Woodford, Essex, June 3, 1771; died at London, February 22, 1845. He studied at Oxford, where he gained a fellowship; took orders, and in 1794 became a curate on Salisbury Plain. In 1797 he went to Edinburgh as private tutor to a young gentleman, where he became intimate with the rising young men. In 1802 Jeffrey, Brougham, Smith, and others, projected the *Edinburgh Review*, Smith undertaking the editorship of the first number, and thereafter contributing largely for a quarter of a century. About 1804 he went to London, where he became a popular preacher, and delivered a series of lectures on Moral Philosophy, which were not published until after his death. In 1806 he was presented to the living of Foston-le-Clay, situated in a wild part of Yorkshire, "twelve miles from a lemon," and worth £500 a year. Preferment came slowly to him; but in 1828 he was made a canon of Bristol, and soon afterward rector of Combe-Florey in Somersetshire. In 1831 he was made Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, London, his residence being thereafter in the metropolis. Besides his contributions to the *Review*, he commenced in 1807 a series of "Letters on the subject of the Catholics, to my Brother Abraham, who lives in the

Country, by Peter Plymley," In the *Plymley Letters* the current political topics of the day were treated in a manner which justifies Macaulay's dictum that "he was a great reasoner, and the greatest master of ridicule that has appeared among us since Swift." He performed his clerical duties in a conscientious manner; but he was especially noted as a conversationalist. By the death of a brother in 1843 he came into possession of a considerable fortune, much of which he invested in the purchase of the public stock of Pennsylvania. The failure of that State to make provision for the payment of the interest on her bonds gave occasion for his caustic *Petition to Congress* and *Letters on American Debts*. A collection of his miscellaneous writings, in four volumes, was published in 1840. After his death were published a volume of *Sermons* preached at St. Paul's, and *Lectures on Moral Philosophy*. In 1856 appeared the *Memoirs of Sydney Smith*, by his daughter, the wife of Sir Henry Holland. The *Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith*, and a *Memoir* by E. A. Duyckinck, was published in 1856.

MAKING HASTE SLOWLY.

There is something extremely fascinating in quickness; and most men are desirous of appearing quick. The great rule for becoming so is, *by not attempting to appear quicker than you really are*; by resolving to understand yourself and others, and to know what *you* mean, and what *they* mean, before you speak or answer. Every man must submit to be slow before he is quick; and insignificant before he is important. The too early struggle against the pain of obscurity corrupts no small share of understandings. Well and happily has that man conducted his understanding who has learned to derive from the exercise of it regular occupation and rational delight;

who, after having overcome the first pain of application, and acquired a habit of looking inwardly upon his own mind, perceives that every day is multiplying the relations, confirming the accuracy, and augmenting the number of his ideas; who feels that he is rising in the scale of intellectual beings, gathering new strength with every new difficulty which he subdues, and enjoying to-day as his pleasure that which yesterday he labored at as his toil. There are many consolations in the mind of such a man which no common life can ever afford; and many enjoyments which it has not to give! It is not the mere cry of moralists, and the flourish of rhetoricians; but it is *noble* to seek truth, and it is *beautiful* to find it. It is the ancient feeling of the human heart,—that knowledge is better than riches; and it is deeply and *sacredly true*!

To mark the course of human passions as they have flowed on in the ages that are past; to see why nations have risen, and why they have fallen; to speak of heat, and light, and winds; to know what man has discovered in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath; to hear the chemist unfold the marvellous properties that the Creator has locked up in a speck of earth; to be told that there are worlds so distant from our sun that the quickness of light traveling from the world's creation has never yet reached us; to wander in the creations of poetry, and grow warm again, with that eloquence which swayed the democracies of the old world; to go up with great reasoners to the First Cause of all, and to perceive in the midst of all this dissolution and decay, and cruel separation, that there is one thing unchangeable, indestructible, and everlasting;—it is worth while in the days of our youth to strive hard for this great discipline; to pass sleepless nights for it, to give up to it laborious days; to spurn for it present pleasures; to endure for it afflicting poverty; to wade for it through darkness, and sorrow, and contempt, as the great spirits of the world have done in all ages and all times.—*Moral Philosophy.*

TALENT AND COURAGE.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained obscure because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame.

The fact is, that in order to do anything in this world worth doing we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits and doubts and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousins, and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age—that he has lost so much time consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice. There is such little time for over-squeamishness at present, the opportunity so easily slips away, the very period of a life at which a man chooses to venture, *if ever*, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of little violence done to the feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation.—*Moral Philosophy*.

A RECEIPT FOR SALAD.

To make this condiment your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs;
Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,
Smoothness and softness to the salad give;
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, half suspected, animate the whole;
Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment that bites too soon;

But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
 To add a double quantity of salt;
 Four times the spoon with oil from Lucca crown,
 And twice with vinegar, procured from town;
 And lastly, o'er the flavored compound toss
 A magic soupçon of anchovy sauce.
 O green and glorious! O herbaceous treat!
 'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
 Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
 And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl;
 Serenely full, the epicure would say,
 "Fate cannot harm me — I have dined to-day."

WIT.

There is an association in men's minds between dullness and wisdom, amusement and folly, which has a very powerful influence in decision upon character, and it not overcome without considerable difficulty. The reason is, that the *outward* signs of a dull man and a wise man are the same, and so are the outward signs of a frivolous man and a witty man; and we are not to expect that the majority will be disposed to look to much *more* than the outward sign. I believe the fact to be that wit is very seldom the *only* eminent quality which resides in the mind of any man; it is commonly accompanied by many other talents of every description, and ought to be considered as a strong evidence of a fertile and superior understanding. Almost all the great poets, orators, and statesmen of all times, have been witty. Cæsar, Alexander, Aristotle, Descartes, and Lord Bacon, were witty men; so were Cicero, Shakespeare, Demosthenes, Boileau, Pope, Dryden, Fontenelle, Jonson, Waller, Cowley, Solon, Socrates, Dr. Johnson, and almost every man who has made a distinguished figure in the House of Commons. . . . The meaning of an extraordinary man is, that he is *eight* men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense; and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and infor-

mation; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty, and sometimes much *better* than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit;—wit is *then* a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness—teaching age, and care, and pain, to smile—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the *flavor of the mind*! Man could direct his way by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his pained steps over the burning marle."

AN APPEAL FOR UNIVERSAL JUSTICE.

I confess, it mortifies me to the very quick to contrast with our matchless stupidity and inimitable folly the conduct of Bonaparte upon the subject of religious persecution. At the moment when we are tearing the crucifixes from the necks of the Catholics, and washing pious mud from the foreheads of the Hindoos—at that moment this man is assembling the very Jews in Paris, and endeavoring to give them stability and importance. I shall never be reconciled to mending shoes in America; but I see it must be my lot, and I will then take a dreadful revenge upon Mr. Perceval, if I catch him preaching within ten miles of me. You cannot imagine, you say, that England will ever be ruined and conquered; and for no other reason that I can find but because it seems so very odd it should be ruined and conquered. Alas! so reasoned, in

their time, the Austrian, Russian, and Prussian Plymleys. But the English are brave; so were all these nations. You might get together a hundred thousand men individually brave; but without generals capable of commanding such a machine, it would be as useless as a first-rate man-of-war manned by Oxford clergymen or Parisian shopkeepers. I do not say this to the disparagement of English officers — they have had no means of acquiring experience; but I do say it to create alarm; for we do not appear to me to be half alarmed enough, or to entertain that sense of our danger which leads to the most obvious means of self-defence. As for the spirit of the peasantry, in making a gallant defence behind hedge-rows, and through plate-racks, and hen-coops, highly as I think of their bravery, I do not know any nation in Europe so likely to be struck with panic as the English; and this from their total unacquaintance with the science of war. Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles round; cart-mares shot; sows of Lord Somerville's breed running wild over the country; the minister of the parish sorely wounded; Mrs. Plymley in fits — all these scenes of war an Austrian or a Russian has seen three or four times over; but it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle upon English ground, or a farm-house been rifled.

There is a village (no matter where) in which the inhabitants, on one day in the year, sit down to a dinner prepared at the common expense: by an extraordinary piece of tyranny (which Lord Hawkesbury would call the wisdom of the village ancestors), the inhabitants of three of the streets, about a hundred years ago, seized upon the inhabitants of the fourth street, bound them hand and foot, laid them upon their backs, and compelled them to look on while the rest were stuffing themselves with beef and beer; the next year, the inhabitants of the persecuted street (though they contributed an equal quota of the expense) were treated precisely in the same manner. The tyranny grew into a custom; and (as the manner of our nature is) it was considered as the most sacred of all duties to keep these poor fellows without their annual dinner: the village was so tenacious of this practice, that

nothing could induce them to resign it; every enemy to it was looked upon as a disbeliever in Divine Providence, and any nefarious churchwarden who wished to succeed in his election had nothing to do but to represent his antagonist as an abolitionist, in order to frustrate his ambition, endanger his life, and throw the village into a state of the most dreadful commotion. By degrees, however, the obnoxious street grew to be so well peopled, and its inhabitants so firmly united, that their oppressors, more afraid of injustice, were more disposed to be just. At the next dinner they are unbound, the year after allowed to sit upright, then a bit of bread and a glass of water; till at last, after a long series of concessions, they are emboldened to ask, in pretty plain terms, that they may be allowed to sit down at the bottom of the table, and to fill their bellies as well as the rest. Forthwith a general cry of shame and scandal: "Ten years ago, were you not laid upon your backs? Don't you remember what a great thing you thought it to get a piece of bread? how thankful you were for cheese-parings? Have you forgotten that memorable era, when the lord of the manor interfered to obtain for you a slice of the public pudding? And now, with an audacity only equalled by your ingratitude, you have the impudence to ask for knives and forks, and to request, in terms too plain to be mistaken, that you may sit down to table with the rest, and be indulged even with beef and beer; there are not more than half a dozen dishes which we have reserved for ourselves: the rest has been thrown open to you in the utmost profusion; you have potatoes and carrots, suet dumplings, sops in the pan, and delicious toast and water, in incredible quantities. Beef, mutton, lamb, pork, and veal are ours; and if you were not the most restless and dissatisfied of human beings, you would never think of aspiring to enjoy them."

Is not this, my dainty Abraham, the very nonsense, and the very insult which is talked to and practised upon the Catholics? You are surprised that men who have tasted of partial justice should ask for perfect justice; that he who has been robbed of coat and cloak will not be contented with the restitution of one of his garments. He would be a very lazy blockhead if he were content; and I

(who, though an inhabitant of the village, have preserved, thank God, some sense of justice) most earnestly counsel these half-fed claimants to persevere in their just demands, till they are admitted to a more complete share of a dinner for which they pay as much as the others; and if they see a little, attenuated lawyer squabbling at the head of their opponents, let them desire to empty his pockets, and to pull out all the pieces of duck, fowl, and pudding which he has filched from the public feast to carry home to his wife and children.—*From the Letters of "Peter Plymley."*

SMOLLETT, TOBIAS GEORGE, a British novelist and historian; born at Dalquhurn, Dumbartonshire, Scotland, in 1721; died at Monte Novo, Italy, October 21, 1771. He was of an ancient family, received a good education, and was apprenticed to a surgeon. After acting as surgeon's mate in the navy, he betook himself to London, and authorship. His writings included compositions of almost every kind. He wrote novels, plays, poems, travels, and histories; translated *Don Quixote* from the Spanish, and *Gil-Blas* and *Telemachus* from the French. He wrote a *Complete History of England to 1748*, in four quarto volumes; compiled a *Compendium of Authentic and Entertaining Voyages*, in seven volumes, and became editor of the *Critical Review*. His best works are his novels, among which are *Roderick Random* (1748); *Peregrine Pickle* (1751); *Ferdinand, Count Fathom* (1752); *Sir Lancelot Graves* (1762); *Humphrey Clinker* (1771). The following account of a "Modern Feast in the Ancient Manner," is here considerably

abridged by omitting the numerous ludicrous mishaps which befell one and another of the guests at this repast.

THE DOCTOR'S CLASSICAL DINNER.

Peregrine Pickle, by his insinuating behavior, acquired the full confidence of the Doctor; who invited him to an entertainment which he intended to prepare in the manner of the ancients. Pickle, struck with this idea, eagerly embraced the proposal, which he honored with many encomiums, as a plan in all respects worthy of his genius and apprehension; and the day was appointed at some distance of time, that the treater might have leisure to compose certain pickles and confections which were not to be found among the culinary preparations of these degenerate days. With a view of rendering the physician's taste more conspicuous, and extracting from it the more diversion, Peregrine proposed that some foreigners should partake of the banquet; and the task being left to his care and discretion, he actually bespoke the company of a French Marquis, an Italian Count, and a German Baron, whom he knew to be egregious coxcombs.

The mutual compliments that passed on this occasion were scarce finished, when a servant, coming into the room, announced dinner; and the entertainer led the way into another department, where they found a long table—or rather two boards joined together—and furnished with a variety of dishes, the steams of which had such evident effect upon the nerves of the company, that the Marquis made frightful grimaces under pretence of taking snuff, the Italian's eyes watered, the German's visage underwent several distortions of feature. Our hero found means to exclude the odor from his sense of smelling by breathing only through his mouth; and the poor painter, running into another room, plugged his nostrils with tobacco.

The Doctor himself, who was the only person then present whose organs were not discomposed, pointing to a couple of couches placed on each side of the table, told his guests that he was sorry he could not procure the exact *triclinia* of the ancients, which were somewhat dif-

ferent from these conveniences, and desired that they would have the goodness to repose themselves without ceremony, each in his respective couchette, while he and his friend Mr. Pallet would place themselves upright at the ends, that they might have the pleasure of serving those that lay along. This disposition, of which the strangers had no previous idea, disconcerted and perplexed them in a most ridiculous manner. The Marquis and Baron stood bowing to each other on pretence of disputing the lower seat: but, in reality, with a view of profiting by the example of the other, for neither of them understood the manner in which they were to loll. In this disagreeable and ludicrous suspense, they continued acting a pantomime of gesticulations, until the Doctor earnestly entreated them to waive all compliment and form, lest the dinner should be spoiled before the ceremonial could be concluded. . . .

This misfortune being repaired as well as the circumstances of the occasion would permit, and everyone settled according to the arrangement which had been made, the Doctor graciously undertook to give some account of the dishes as they occurred, that the company might be directed in their choice; and with an air of infinite satisfaction, thus began:

“This here, gentlemen, is a boiled goose, served up in a sauce composed of pepper, lovage, coriander, mint, rues, anchovies, and oil. I wish, for your sakes, gentlemen, it was one of the geese of Ferrara, so much celebrated for the magnitude of their livers, one of which is said to have weighed two pounds. With this food, exquisite as it was, did the tyrant Heliogabalus regale his hounds. But I beg pardon; I had almost forgot the soup, which I hear is so necessary at all tables in France. At each end are dishes of the *salacacabia* of the Romans. One is made of parsley, pennyroyal, cheese, pine-tops, honey, vinegar, brine, eggs, cucumbers, onions, and hen-livers; the other is much the same as the *soup-maigre* of this country. Then there is a loin of boiled veal with fennel and caraway-seed, on a pottage composed of pickle, oil, honey, and flour; and a curious hashis of the lights, liver, and blood of a hare,

together with a dish of roasted pigeons. Monsieur le Baron, shall I help you to a plate of this soup?"

The German, who did not at all disapprove of the ingredients, assented to the proposal, and seemed to relish the composition; while the Marquis, being asked by the painter which of the silly-kickabys he chose, was, in consequence of his desire, accommodated with a portion of the *soup-maigre*; and the Count, in lieu of spoon-meat, of which he said he was no great admirer, supplied himself with a pigeon; therein conforming to the choice of our young gentleman, whose example he determined to follow through the whole course of the entertainment.

The Doctor finding that it would be impracticable to re-establish the order of the banquet by presenting again the dishes which had been discomposed, ordered everything to be removed, a clean cloth to be laid, and the dessert to be brought in. Meanwhile he regretted his incapacity to give them a specimen of the *alicus*, or fish-meals of the ancients: such as the *jusdia-baton*, the conger-eel, which, in Galen's opinion, is hard of digestion; the *cornuta*, or gurnard, described by Pliny in his *Natural History*, who says that the horns of many of them were a foot and a half in length; the mullet and the lamprey, that were in the highest estimation of old, of which Julius Cæsar borrowed six thousand for one triumphal supper. He observed that the manner of dressing them was described by Horace in the account he gives of the entertainment to which Mæcenas was invited by the epicure Nasiedenus; and told them that they were commonly eaten with the *Chus syriacum* — a certain anodyne and astringent seed which qualified the purgative nature of the fish.

Finally this learned physician gave them to understand that though this was reckoned a luxurious dish in the zenith of the Roman taste, it was by no means comparable in point of expense to some preparations in vogue about the time of that absurd voluptuary Heliogabalus, who ordered the brains of six hundred ostriches to be compounded in one mess.—*Peregrine Pickle*.

The various dishes affected the eaters in various

unpleasant ways — literally *ad nauseam* — which are fully narrated. The whole table was thrown into confusion.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

We set out from Glasgow, by the way of Lanark, the county town of Clydesdale, in the neighborhood of which the whole River Clyde, rushing down a steep rock, forms a very noble and stupendous cascade. The next day we were obliged to halt in a small borough, until the carriage, which had received some damage, should be repaired; and here we met with an accident which warmly interested the benevolent spirit of Mr. Bramble. As we stood at the window of an inn that fronted the public prison, a person arrived on horseback, genteelly though plainly dressed in a blue frock, with his own hair cut short, and a gold-laced hat upon his head. Alighting, and giving his horse to the landlord, he advanced to an old man who was at work in paving the street, and accosted him in these words: "This is hard work for such an old man as you." So saying, he took the instrument out of his hand, and began to thump the pavement. After a few strokes, "Had you never a son," said he, "to ease you of this labor?" "Yes, an' please your honor," replied the senior, "I have three hopeful lads, but at present they are out of the way." "Honor not me," cried the stranger; "it more becomes me to honor your gray hairs. Where are those sons you talk of?" The ancient pavior said, his eldest son was a captain in the East Indies, and the youngest had lately enlisted as a soldier, in hopes of prospering like his brother. The gentleman desiring to know what was become of the second, he wiped his eyes, and owned he had taken upon him his old father's debts, for which he was now in the prison hard by.

The traveler made three quick steps toward the jail; then turning short, "Tell me," said he, "has that unnatural captain sent you nothing to relieve your distresses?" "Call him not unnatural," replied the other, "God's blessing be upon him! he sent me a great deal of money, but I made a bad use of it; I lost it by being security for a

gentleman that was my landlord, and was stripped of all I had in the world besides." At that instant a young man, thrusting out his head and neck between two iron bars in the prison-window, exclaimed, "Father! father! if my brother William is in life, that's he." "I am! I am!" cried the stranger, clasping the old man in his arms, and shedding a flood of tears; "I am your son Willy, sure enough!" Before the father, who was quite confounded, could make any return to this tenderness, a decent old woman, bolting out from the door of a poor habitation, cried, "Where is my bairn? where is my dear Willy?" The captain no sooner beheld her than he quitted his father, and ran into her embrace.

I can assure you, my uncle, who saw and heard everything that passed, was as much moved as any one of the parties concerned in this pathetic recognition. He sobbed, and wept, and clapped his hands, and holloed, and finally ran down into the street. By this time the captain had retired with his parents, and all the inhabitants of the place were assembled at the door. Mr. Bramble, nevertheless, pressed through the crowd, and entering the house, "Captain," said he, "I beg the favor of your acquaintance. I would have traveled a hundred miles to see this affecting scene; and I shall think myself happy if you and your parents will dine with me at the public-house." The captain thanked him for his kind invitation, which, he said, he would accept with pleasure; but in the meantime he could not think of eating or drinking while his poor brother was in trouble. He forthwith deposited a sum equal to the debt in the hands of the magistrate, who ventured to set his brother at liberty without further process; and then the whole family repaired to the inn with my uncle, attended by the crowd, the individuals of which shook their townsman by the hand, while he returned their caresses without the least sign of pride or affectation.

My uncle was so charmed with the character of Captain Brown that he drank his health three times successively at dinner. He said he was proud of his acquaintance; that he was an honor to his country, and had in some measure redeemed human nature from the reproach of pride, selfishness, and ingratitude. For my part I was as much

pleased with the modesty as with the filial virtue of this honest soldier, who assumed no merit from his success, and said very little of his own transactions, though the answers he made to our inquiries were equally sensible and laconic.—*Humphrey Clinker*.

SNYDER, DENTON JAQUES, an American critic; born at Mt. Gilead, Ohio, January 9, 1841. After graduation from Oberlin in 1862, he engaged in teaching, and later became a lecturer on general literature. He has published *A System of Shakespeare's Dramas* (1877); *Delphic Days* (1880); *A Walk in Hellas* (1882); *Agamemnon's Daughter*, a poem (1885); *An Epigrammatic Voyage* (1886); *Commentary on Goethe's Faust* (1886); *Commentary on Shakespeare's Tragedies* (1887); *Homer in Chios* (1891); *Commentary on Dante's Inferno* (1893); *Psychology and Psychosis* (1898); and *The Life of Frederick Froebel* (1900).

IPHIGENIA AT AULIS.

Still the Euboic hills detained the sun,
 Who threw upon their peaks his last of light
 For that one day, and then his course was done;
 In silence flew the silken wings of night,
 To brush out of the skies the cloudlets bright,
 And tinted films hung high on heaven's way;
 Then sank into the mist the mountain height,
 And twilight poured its flood on Aulis' bay.

Meantime, they bore the Maiden to the shrine,
 Which lay upon a knoll within a wood;
 There Calchas led her through a weeping line
 Of massive men, who round her pathway stood,

To see the highest worth of womanhood;
The hearts of all burst out in tearful rue,
As they beheld in her what was the good,
And made the vow to her they would be true.

The fair white fane of marbled Artemis
A smile into the twilight seemed to throw;
From its fond pillars flowed a silent kiss
Which showered love around the deed of woe,
As there in flight of stone she grasped her bow
To save a fleeing fawn from savage chase;
She touched the arrow in a sacred glow,
The very marble lit up in her face.

Within the door the maiden disappears,
A cloud descends and fills the holy space,
And for a moment sheds its gentle tears,
Till every leaf and grass-blade in the place
Hath on it one pure drop of sorrow's grace,
And bends to let it fall upon the ground,
Which swallows it at once and shows no trace,
Though leaf and grass, freed from the weight, rebound.

But soon with ragged rent is pierced the cloud,
And through it looks the silver-shining moon,
Which softly strokes the melancholy crowd
And to a music sweet doth them attune,
While they quite sink away into the swoon;
It drives far off the night with the dark cloud,
And out the air into her lunar noon
The goddess stepped at once and spake aloud:

"Thy time is full, thee have I come to save,
As promised in Mycenæ from my shrine;
Men say I in revenge thy life must have,
Because thy father slew with heart malign
The guiltless fawn he knew I loved as mine;
But no! the goddess must not vengeance pay,
Not death for death can be the law divine,
Though he slay mine, his shall I never slay.

"The gods must not revengeful be to man,
Else they will not escape his penalty;
The gods must also learn, and learn they can,
To give up hate, and turn to charity,
Whereby alone we gods are whole and free.
The Greeks shall deem thee dead, with grief be racked,
But sacrifice they shall hereafter see,
And find the richer blessing for thine act.

"But to myself I shall now rescue thee,
I, the mild Goddess, dare not take thy blood;
Thee shall I bear away to Barbary,
There in a land remote to do the Good,
Anew the offering for a multitude
Vaster than all on earth, to be now found:
The world, all time thy deed will yet include,
Far wilt thou pass beyond the Grecian bound.

"This hour auspicious gales begin to blow,
Helen, the erring one, is to return,
The armament shall crush the Trojan foe
Through deed of thine to-day, which men will burn
To imitate, and from a maiden learn
To offer life for land and family:
With Helen home, thou, too, wilt homeward turn,
And Greece once saved, is saved again by thee."

The moon has fled with night, and timid rays
Of rosy dawn into the heavens rise;
While in the woods a godlike presence prays,
Soft hymns of triumph float up to the skies,
Bearing aloft a world of harmonies;
The Greeks rush to the fane to hear the word,
The axe unbloody on the altar lies,
The maid is gone, and naught of her is heard.

Astonished they all stand at plan divine,
But see, there is another wonder new:
The fawn that dead was lying at the shrine,
Rose up to sudden life before their view,
And to its perfect strength at once it grew;

Unharm'd through all the gazing crowd it flees,
No stains upon the grass it now doth strew,
And soon from sight is lost amid the trees.

— *Agamemnon's Daughter.*

SOCRATES, a Greek philosopher; born at Athens in 469 B.C.; died there in 399 B.C. He was the son of a sculptor, to whose profession he was brought up, and which he exercised for a while with good success; but he began to frequent workshops and public places, discoursing to anyone who would listen to him. His favorite method of disputation was to assume the attitude of a learner, put a series of artful questions until his interlocutor had involved himself in some self-contradiction or manifest absurdity, and then bear down upon him with the keenest ridicule.

Though he set up no school, had no fixed place of instruction, and even disclaimed the appellation of a teacher, there gathered around him in time a group of men who may properly be called his disciples. Among these were two young men, Plato and Xenophon, from whom we learn nearly all that we know about Socrates and his teaching. For more than sixty years he seems to have been an Athenian citizen of good repute. But toward the close of his life he incurred the disfavor of the party which had obtained the political ascendancy. In his seventieth year he was indicted upon charges that he was "guilty, firstly, of denying the gods recognized by the state, and introducing new divinities; secondly, of corrupt-

ing the young." The tribunal before which he was arraigned consisted of 500 "judges." He was found guilty by a vote of 280 to 220; and was sentenced to die by drinking a decoction of the poisonous "hemlock," a species of *cicuta*. Thirty days intervened between the sentence and its execution. During this period he was kept in prison, securely bound; but his friends were allowed free access to him, and he discoursed to them upon the loftiest themes, as is recorded by Plato, especially in the *Phædo*.

Socrates committed none of his teachings to writing. It is not altogether certain how far the words which Plato puts into the mouth of Socrates were actually spoken by him. But there can be little question that the *Apologia*, or "Defence," of Socrates is substantially the speech which he made at his trial. After having defended himself against the special charges made against him, and apparently after the vote had been taken, but before the sentence had been pronounced, Socrates turned to his friends among the "judges," and discoursed upon the question of the moment.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE AND DEATH.

Friends, who would have acquitted me, I would like to talk with you about this thing which has happened, before I go to the place at which I must die. Stay then awhile, for we may as well talk with one another while there is time.* You are my friends, and I should like to show you the meaning of this event which has happened to me. O my judges — for so I may truly call you, I should like to tell you of a wonderful circumstance:

Hitherto the familiar oracle within me has constantly

* Socrates supposed that the execution would take place on that day, according to Athenian usage. The delay of thirty days happened unexpectedly by reason of the occurrence of a religious festival.

been in the habit of opposing me, even in trifles, if I was going to make a slip or err in any matter; and now, as you see, there has come upon me the last and worst evil. But the oracle made no sign of opposition, either as I was leaving my house and going out in the morning, or while I was speaking, at anything which I was going to say; and yet I have often been stopped in the middle of a speech; but now in nothing that I either said or did touching this matter has the oracle opposed me. What do I take to be the explanation of this? I will tell you. I regard this as a great proof that what has happened to me is a good; and that those who think that death is an evil are in error. For the customary sign would surely have opposed me had I been going to evil and not to good.

Let us reflect in another way, and we shall see that there is no great reason to hope that death is a good. For one of two things — either death is a state of nothingness; or, as men say, there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another.

Now if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by the sight of dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain. For if a person were to select the night in which his sleep was undisturbed even by dreams, and were to compare this with the other days and nights of his life; and then were to tell us how many days and nights he had passed in the course of his life better and more pleasantly than this one, I think this man — I will not say a private man, but even the great king — will not find many such days or nights, when compared with others. Now if death is like this I say that to die is gain; for eternity is then only a single night.

But if death is the journey to another place — and there, as men say, all the dead are — what good can be greater than this? If, indeed, when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there — Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Æacus, and Triptolemus, and other sons of God who were righteous in their own life — that pilgrimage will be worth making.

Above all, I shall then be able to continue my search into true and false knowledge, as in this world, so also in that. And I shall find out who is wise, and who pretends to be wise and is not. What would not a man give to be able to examine the leader of the Trojan expedition; or Odysseus, or Sisyphus, or numberless others — men and women, too! What infinite delight would there be in conversing with them and asking questions! — in another world they do not put a man to death for asking questions; assuredly not. For besides being happier in that world than in this, they will be immortal, if what is said be true. Wherefore, be of good cheer about death, and know of a certainty that no evil can happen to a good man, either in this life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods, nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that to die and be released was better for me; and therefore the oracle gave no sign.

For which reason, also, I am not angry with my condemners or with my accusers. They have done me no harm, although they did not mean to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them. Still I have a favor to ask of them. When my sons grow up, I would ask you, my friends, to punish them. And I would have you trouble them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything more than about virtue. Or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing, then reprove them, as I have reproved you, for not caring about that for which they ought to care, and thinking that they are really something when they are really nothing. And if you do this, I and my sons will have received justice at your hands.

The hour of my departure has arrived, and we go our ways — I to die, and you to live. Which is better, God only knows.—*Translation of JOWETT.*

SOLON, an Athenian statesman and poet; born on the island of Salamis about 638 B.C.; died about 559 B.C. He is first heard of as the author and reciter of some stirring verses, which moved the Athenians to recover his native island from the Megarians, who had forcibly taken possession of it. In 594 B. C. he was made archon, and to him was given almost dictatorial power in reforming the laws and administration of Attica. The pitiable condition of the poor debtors of his city and state (many of whom had become slaves) first attracted his attention. He annulled all land mortgages at one blow, thus relieving the acute distress of the small landholders. The heavy loss inflicted on the wealthy class he compensated for, or attempted to compensate for, by other means. He then divided the citizenship into four classes, according to wealth, the first class alone being eligible to the archonship and to military and naval commands; the second class were the knights and horsemen; the third the heavy armed infantry, and the fourth and most numerous class — that of small farmers, tradesmen, and artisans — who supplied light troops and sailors. All four classes had equal rights in the popular assembly, which elected magistrates and decided on public measures, and though Solon sought to guard against pure democracy, the popular assembly was the foundation for the future success of that principle. Under him the community flourished. After finishing his rulership he traveled extensively. Returning to Athens, he witnessed the usurpation of power of Pisistratus, whom he opposed. No draft of Solon's laws has

come down to us, and their exact character is to some extent disputed. Of his poetry, only a few fragments are extant.

JUSTICE.

Short are the triumphs to injustice given —
 Jove sees the end of all; like vapors driven
 By early spring's impetuous blast that sweeps
 Along the billowy surface of the deeps,
 Or passing o'er the fields of tender green,
 Lays in sad ruin all the lovely scene,
 Till it reveals the clear, celestial blue,
 And gives the palace of the gods to view;
 Then bursts the sun's full radiance from the skies.
 Where not a cloud can form or vapor rise.
 Such is Jove's vengeance; not like human ire,
 Blown in an instant to a scorching fire;
 But slow and certain; though it long may lie,
 Wrapt in the vast concealment of the sky;
 Yet never does the dread avenger sleep,
 And though the sire escape, the son shall weep.

—MERIVALE'S *translation*.

OF THE CONSTITUTION OF ATHENS.

I gave the people freedom clear,
 But neither flattery nor fear;
 I told the rich and noble race
 To crown their state with modest grace;
 And placed a shield in either's hand
 Wherewith in safety both might stand.

.

The people love their rulers best
 When neither cringed to nor oppressed.

—COLERIDGE'S *translation*.

REMEMBRANCE AFTER DEATH.

Let not a death unwept, unhonored, be
The melancholy fate allotted me !
But those who love me living when I die
Still fondly keep some cherished memory !

SOMERVILLE, MARY FAIRFAX GREIG, a British scientist and mathematician; born at Jedburgh, Scotland, December 26, 1780; died at Naples, Italy, November 29, 1872. She was married in 1804 to Samuel Greig, then Russian Consul in London. She was left a widow in 1807. Five years later she was married to Dr. William Somerville. In 1816 he was appointed a member of the Army Medical Board, and removed to London, where Mrs. Somerville attracted attention by her experiments on the magnetic influence of the violet rays in the solar spectrum. Her results were published in the *Philosophical Transactions* (1826). She prepared a summary of Laplace's *Mécanique Celeste* for the *Library of Useful Knowledge*, which proved too large for its purpose, and was published under the title of *Mechanism of the Heavens* (1831). This led to her election to the Royal Astronomical Society. She was a member of other distinguished societies, and received many honors. Her last years were spent in Italy. Mrs. Somerville's works are *The Connection of the Physical Sciences* (1834; 9th ed., 1858); *Physical Geography* (2 vols., 1848; 6th ed., 1870); *Molecular and Microscopic Science* (2 vols., 1869).

Her life has been written by her daughter, Martha Somerville.

WAVES.

The friction of the wind combines with the tides in agitating the surface of the ocean, and, according to the theory of undulations, each produces its effect independently of the other; wind, however, not only raises waves, but causes a transfer of superficial water also. Attraction between the particles of air and water, as well as the pressure of the atmosphere, brings its lower stratum into adhesive contact with the surface of the sea. If the motion of the wind be parallel to the surface, there will still be friction, but the water will be smooth as a mirror; but if it be inclined, in however small a degree, a ripple will appear. The friction raises a minute wave, whose elevation protects the water beyond it from the wind, which consequently impinges on the surface at a small distance beyond; thus each impulse, combining with the other, produces an undulation which continually advances.

Those beautiful silvery streaks on the surface of a tranquil sea called cats-paws by sailors are owing to a partial deviation of the wind from a horizontal direction. The resistance of the water increases with the strength and inclination of the wind. The agitation at first extends little below the surface, but in long-continued gales even the deep water is troubled; the billows rise higher and higher, and, as the surface of the sea is driven before the wind, their "monstrous heads," impelled beyond the perpendicular, fall in wreaths of foam. Sometimes several waves overtake one another, and form a sublime and awful sea. The highest waves known are those which occur during a northwest gale off the Cape of Good Hope, aptly called by the ancient Portuguese navigators the Cape of Storms. Cape Horn also seems to be the abode of the tempest. The sublimity of the scene, united to the threatened danger, naturally leads to an over-estimate of the magnitude of the waves, which appear to rise mountain-high, as they are proverbially said to do; there is, however, reason to doubt if the highest waves off the Cape of

Good Hope exceed forty feet from the hollow trough to the summit. The waves are short and abrupt in small, shallow seas, and on that account are more dangerous than the long, rolling billows of the wide ocean. . . .

The waves raised by the wind are altogether independent of the tidal waves; each maintains its undisturbed course; and as the inequalities of the coasts reflect them in all directions, they modify those they encounter and offer new resistance to the wind, so that there may be three or four systems or series of co-existing waves, all going in different directions, while the individual waves of each maintain their parallelism.

The undulation called a ground-swell, occasioned by the continuance of a heavy gale, is totally different from the tossing of the billows, which is confined to the area vexed by the wind; whereas the ground-swell is rapidly transmitted through the ocean to regions far beyond the direct influence of the gale that raised it, and it continues to heave the smooth and glassy surface of the deep long after the wind and the billows are at rest. In the South Pacific, billows which must have traveled one thousand miles against the trade-wind from the sea to the storm expend their fury on the lee-side of the many coral islands which bedeck that sunny sea. A swell sometimes comes from a quarter in direct opposition to the wind, and occasionally from various points of the compass at the same time, producing a vast commotion even in a dead calm, without ruffling the surface.—*Physical Geography*.

SOPHOCLES, a Greek dramatic poet; born at Colonus, near Athens, in 495 B.C.; died in 405 B.C. He was of good family, inherited a competent estate, and received the best education of his time. He was noted for the beauty of his person, the amenity of his manners, and the amiability

of his disposition. Aristophanes, who caricatured Socrates, and girded at Æschylus and Euripides, has only praise for Sophocles. He was a contemporary of Æschylus and Euripides, being thirty years younger than the former, and fifteen years older than the latter. At twenty-six he came forward as a competitor for the dramatic prize at the great festival of Bacchus, Æschylus being one of his rivals. The first prize—a simple wreath of wild olives—was awarded to Sophocles. He continued to exhibit plays for more than forty years, sometimes gaining the first place, and never falling to the third. He produced more than a hundred dramas, of which only the seven following have come down to us: *Œdipus the King*; *Œdipus at Colonus*; *Antigone*; *The Death of Ajax*; *The Maidens of Trachis*; *Philoctetes*; and *Electra*. Sophocles was pre-eminently a religious poet. The gods of his country were with him objects of profound veneration. His dramas abound in passages which might have been written by the most sincere Christian of any age.

Speak thou no word of pride, nor raise
 A swelling thought against the gods on high;
 For Time uplifteth and Time layeth low
 All human things; and the great gods above
 Abhor the wicked as the good they love. . . .
 Be blameless in all duties toward the gods,
 For God the Father in compare with this
 Lightly esteemeth all things else; and so
 Thy righteousness shall with thee to the end
 Endure, and follow thee beyond the grave.

—*Philoctetes*; translation of D'ARCY THOMPSON.

The dialogue, which with Sophocles sometimes becomes a trilogy—or spoken part of his tragedies

—is often of very high dramatic power; but the “Chorus,” or lyrical part, is their most distinguishing feature. We give several of these.

MAN'S DOMINION OVER NATURE.

Many the things that strange and wondrous are;
 None stranger and more wonderful than Man:
 He dares to wander far,
 With stormy blast across the hoary sea,
 Where naught his eyes can scan
 But waves still surging round unceasingly;
 And Earth, of all the gods
 Mightiest, unwearied, indestructible,
 He weareth, year by year, and breaks her clods,
 While the keen ploughshare makes her furrows well,
 Still turning to and fro;
 And still he bids his steeds
 Through daily task-work go.

—*Antigone*; translation of PLUMPTRE.

THE FINAL DOOM OF GUILT.

Shall Judgment be less strong than Sin?
 Shall man o'er Jove dominion win?—
 No! Sleep beneath his leaden sway
 May hold but things that know decay.
 The unwearied months with godlike vigor move,
 Yet cannot change the might of Jove.
 Compassed with dazzling light,
 Throned on Olympus' height,
 His front the eternal God uprears,
 By toils unwearied, and unaged by years.
 Far back through seasons past,
 Far on through times to come,
 Has been, and still must last
 Sin's never-failing doom:
 Doom, whence with countless sorrows rife
 Is erring man's tumultuous life.
 Some, heeding Hope's beguiling voice
 From Virtue's pathway rove;

And some, deluded, make their choice
 The levities of Love.
 For well and wisely was it said,
 That all, by Heaven to sorrows led,
 Perverted by delirious mood,
 Deem Evil wears the shape of Good;
 Chase the fair phantom, free from fears,
 And waken to a life of tears.

—*Antigone; translation of ANSTICE.*

SUPPLICATION OF THEBAN CITIZENS.

Lord of the starry heaven,
 Grasping the terrors of the burning levin!
 Let thy fierce bolt descend,
 Scathe the Destroyer's might, and suffering Thebes be-
 friend.
 Speed thou here, Lycæan King —
 Archer from whose golden string
 Light, the unerring arrows, spring —
 Apollo, lend thine aid!
 And come, ye beams of the wreathed light,
 Glancing on the silent night,
 In mazy dance, on Lycia's height,
 When roves the Huntress Maid.
 Thou, the golden chaplet fair
 Braiding 'mid thy clustering hair,
 To thy native haunts repair,
 Thy name that gave.
 Thou, whose brow the vineless stain,
 Thou, to whom on starlit plain
 "Evoë!" sing the frenzied train —
 Bacchus the brave!
 With thy torch of pine defy
 (Hated by the powers on high)
 War's unhallowed deity:
 Haste thee to save! —

—*Œdipus the King; translation of ANSTICE.*

THE MADNESS OF AJAX.

Tecmessa.— Sons of Erechtheus, of Athenian race,
Ye brave companions of the valiant Ajax,
Oppressed with grief behold a wretched woman,
Far from her native soil, appointed here
To watch your hapless lord, and mourn his fate.

Chorus.— What new misfortune hath the night brought
forth?

Say, daughter of Teleutas, for with thee,
His captive bride, the noble Ajax deigns
To share the nuptial bed, and therefore thou
Canst best inform us.

Tec.— How shall I declare
Sadder than death th' unutterable woe!
This night, with madness seized, hath Ajax done
A dreadful deed; within thou may'st behold
The tents o'erspread with bloody carcasses
Of cattle slain, the victims of his rage.

Chor.— Sad news indeed thou bring'st of that brave
man:

A dire disease! and not by human aid
To be removed; already Greece hath heard
And wond'ring crowds repeat the dreadful tale;
Alas! I fear th' event! I fear me much,
Lest, with their flocks and herds the shepherds slain,
Against himself he lift his murth'rous hand.

Tec.— Alas! this way he led his captive spoils.
And some he slew, and others tore in sunder;
From out the flock two rams of silver hue
He chose, from one the head and tongue divided,
He cast them from him; then the other chained
Fast to the pillar, with a double rein
Bore cruel stripes, and bitterest execrations,
Which not from mortal came, but were inspired
By that avenging god who thus torments him.

Chor.— Now then, my friends (for so the time de-
mands),
Each o'er his head should cast the mournful veil,
And instant fly, or to our ships repair,

And sail with speed; for dreadful are the threats
Of the Atridæ; death may be our lot,
And we shall meet an equal punishment
With him whom we lament, our frantic lord.

Tec.—He raves not now, but like the southern blast,
When lightnings cease and all the storm is o'er,
Grows calm again; yet to his sense restored,
He feels new griefs, for oh! to be unhappy,
And know ourselves alone the guilty cause
Of all our sorrows is the worst of woes.

Chor.—Yet if his rage subside we should rejoice;
The ill removed, we should remove our care.

Tec.—Hadst thou then, rather, if the choice were given,
Thyself at ease, behold thy friend in pain,
Than with thy friend be joined in mutual sorrow?

Chor.—The double grief is sure the most oppression.

Tec.—Therefore, though not distempered, I am
wretched.

Chor.—I understand thee not.

Tec.— The noble Ajax —

Whilst he was mad, was happy in his frenzy,
And yet the while affected me with grief
Who was not so; but now his rage is o'er,
And he hath time to breathe from his misfortune,
Himself is almost dead with grief, and I
Not less unhappy than I was before;
Is it not double then?

Chor.— It is indeed;
And much I fear the wrath of angry Heaven
If from his madness ceased he yet received
No kind relief.

Tec.— 'Tis so; and 'twere most fit
You knew it well.

Chor.— Say, then, how it began;
For like thyself we feel for his misfortunes.

Tec.— Since you partake the sorrows of a friend,
I'll tell you all. Know, then, at dead of night,
What time the evening taper was expired,
Snatching his sword, he seemed as if he meant
To roam abroad. I saw and chid him for it;
“What wouldst thou do,” I cried, “my dearest Ajax?

Unasked, uncalled for, whither wouldst thou go
No trumpet sounds to battle, the whole host
Is wrapped in sleep." Then did he answer me,
With brief but sharp rebuke, as he was wont:
"Woman, thy sex's noblest ornament
Is silence." Thus reproved, I said no more.
Then forth he rushed alone, where and for what,
I knew not; but returning he brought home
In chains the captive herd, in pieces some
He tore, whilst others bound like slaves he lashed
Indignant; then out at the portal ran,
And with some shadow seemed to hold discourse
Against th' Atridæ, and Ulysses oft
Would he inveigh; or laughing loud, rejoice
That he had ta'en revenge for all his wrongs;
Then back he came. At length, by slow degrees,
His fury ceased; when, soon as he beheld
The tents o'erwhelmed with slaughter, he cried out,
And beat his brains; rolled o'er the bloody heaps
Of cattle slain, and tore his clotted hair,
Long fixed, in silence: then, with horrid threats
He bade me tell him all that had befallen
And what he had been doing. I obeyed,
Trembling with fear, and told him all I knew.
Instant he poured forth bitt'rest lamentations,
Such as I ne'er had heard from him before,
For grief like that, he oft would say, betrayed
A weak and little mind, and therefore ever
When sorrow came refrained from loud complaint
And like the lowing heifer, inly mourned.
But sinking now beneath this sore distress,
He will not taste of food or nourishment;
Silent he sits, amid the slaughtered cattle,
Or if he speaks, utters such dreadful words
As shows a mind intent on something ill.
Now then my friends, for therefore came I hither,
Oh! if ye have the power, assist me now;
Perhaps ye may; for oft the afflicted man
Will listen to the counsels of a friend.

— *Ajax.*

THE SUPPLICATION FOR DEJANIRA.

Thou flaming Sun! whom spangled Night
Self-destroying, brings to light

Then lulls to sleep again;

Bright Herald, girt with beaming rays,
Say, where Alcmena's offspring strays:

Say, lurks he on the main?

Or lays his head to rest

On Europe's or on Asia's breast?

In pity deign reply,

Thou of the lordly eye.

His bride, erst won by desperate fray,

Muses where lies his dangerous way;

Like some sad bird, her soul is set

On constancy and vain regret.

Sleep never seals those eyes, where woe

Lies all too deep for tears to flow,

While thought and boding Fancy's dread

Flit ever round her lonely bed.

Oft when the northern blast,

Or southern winds unwearied rave,

Ye see the ocean cast

In quick succession wave on wave;

So to 'whelm old Cadmus' son,

Rush redoubled labors on,

Thick as round the Cretan shore

The swol'n and turbid billows roar;

Yet his step from Pluto's halls

Still some unerring god recalls. . . .

Grief and delight, in endless change.

Round man in many circles range,

Like never setting stars that roll

In endless courses round the pole.

Soon spangled night must turn to day,

Soon wealth, soon trouble, flits away;

In turn — so fixed the eternal plan —

Bliss and bereavement wait on man.

My queen! on hope thy soul be stayed,

Nor yield thee to despair:
 When hath not Jove his children made
 His providential care?
 —*The Maidens of Trachis; translation of ANSTICE.*

THE CHARIOT-RACE,—REPORTED DEATH OF ORESTES.

They took their stand where the appointed judges
 Had cast their lots and ranged the rival cars,
 Rang out the brazen trump! Away they bound,
 Cheer the hot steeds, and shake the slackened reins;
 As with a body the large space is filled
 With the huge clangor of the battling cars.
 High whirl aloft the dust-clouds; blent together,
 Each presses each, and the lash rings: and loud
 Snort the wild steeds, and from their fiery breath
 Along their manes and down the circling wheels
 Scatter the foam. . . .

[The narrator goes on to relate how the goal was six times rounded; but then the horses of one chariot became unmanageable, and the chariot dashed against another.—The whole story is, however, a fabricated one. Orestes has not been killed; but lives to kill Clytemnestra, his adulterous mother, and Ægisthus, her paramour.]

. . . Then order changed to ruin;
 Car crashed on car; the wide Circæan plain
 Was sea-like strewn with wrecks. The Athenian saw,
 Slackened his speed, and wheeling round the marge,
 Left the wild tumult of that tossing storm.
 Behind, Orestes, hitherto the last,
 Had yet kept back his courses for the close.
 Now one sole rival left, on, on he flew,
 And the sharp sound of the impelling scourge
 Rang in the keen ears of the flying steeds.
 He hears, he reaches; they are side by side;
 Now one—the other—by a length the victor.
 The courses all are past—the wheels erect—
 All safe; when, as the hurrying coursers round

The fatal pillar dashed, the wretched boy
 Slackened the left rein; on the column's edge
 Crashed the frail axle; headlong from the car,
 Caught, and all meshed within the reins he fell;
 And masterless the mad steeds raged along.

Loud from that mighty multitude arose
 A shriek — a shout! But yesterday such deeds,
 To-day such doom! Now whirled upon the earth,
 Now his limbs dashed aloft, they dragged him — those
 Wild horses — till all gory from the wheels
 Released: and no man, not his nearest friend,
 Could in that mangled corpse have traced Orestes.
 They laid the body on the funeral pyre;
 And, while we speak, the Phocian strangers bear,
 In a small brazen, melancholy urn,
 That handful of cold ashes to which all
 The grandeur of the Beautiful hath shrunk.
 Hither they bear him, in his father's land
 To find that heritage — a tomb!

— *Electra*; translation of LORD LYTTON.

ELECTRA, CLYTEMNESTRA, AND THE CHORUS.

Electra.— A cry goes up within: friends, hear ye not?

Chorus.— I heard what none should hear — ah, misery!
 And shuddered listening.

Clytem. (*Within*).— Ah me! ah me! Woe, woe!
 Ægisthus, where art thou?

Electra.— Hear! List again,
 I hear a bitter cry.

Clytem. (*Within*).— My son,
 Have pity on thy mother!

Electra.— Thou hadst none
 On him, nor on the father that begat him.

Clytem. (*Within*).— Ah, I am smitten!

Electra.— Smite her yet again,
 If thou hast strength for it.

Clytem. (*Within*).— Ah! blow on blow!

Electra.— Would that Ægis thus shared them!

Chorus.— Yes; the curse

Is now fulfilled. The buried live again;
 For they who died long since now drain in him
 The blood of those that slew them.

— *Electra*; translation of PLUMPTRE.

SOTHEBY, WILLIAM, an English poet; born at London in 1757; died there in 1833. He was educated at Harrow School; entered the army at seventeen; resigned his commission in 1780, and purchased an estate near Southampton. He wrote many poems, the most ambitious of which is *Saul*; and produced several tragedies, among which is *Orestes*, constructed on the ancient Greek model. Byron said of him that "he imitated everybody, and occasionally surpassed his models." He is, however, best known by his translations, which rank among the best in our language. Among these are the *Oberon* of Wieland (1798); the *Georgics* of Virgil (1800); the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer, begun about 1827, when he had reached his seventieth year.

STAFFA AND IONA.

Staffa, I scaled thy summit hoar,
 I passed beneath thy arch gigantic,
 Whose pillared caverns swell the roar,
 When thunders on thy rocky shore
 The roll of the Atlantic.

That hour the wind began to roar,
 The surge forgot its motion,
 And every pillar in thy cave
 Slept in its shadow on the wave
 Unrippled by the ocean.

Then the past age before me came,
 When 'mid the lightning's sweep,
 Thy isle with its basaltic frame,
 And every column wreathed with flame
 Burst from the boiling deep.

When 'mid Iona's wrecks meanwhile
 O'er sculptured graves I trod,
 Where time had strewn each mouldering aisle
 O'er saints and kings that reared the pile,
 I hailed the eternal God.
 Yet, Staffa, more His presence in thy cave
 Than where Iona's cross rose o'er the western
 wave.

SOUTHEY, ROBERT, an English poet; born at Bristol, August 12, 1774; died at Keswick, March 21, 1843. In 1793 he was entered at Balliol College, Oxford. He was destined for the Church; but he had embraced Unitarian views in religion — as did Coleridge, with whom he here became intimate; both, however, before long, became High Churchmen in the Anglican faith. He left Oxford after a year's residence. He had become dazzled with the democratic theories engendered by the French Revolution; and he, with Coleridge and Robert Lovell, formed a scheme for emigrating to America and establishing upon the banks of the Susquehanna a "Pantisocracy," or ideal community, in which all the members were to be on a perfect equality. All were to be married, the women to perform the domestic duties, and the men to cultivate literature, "with neither king nor lord nor priest to mar their



ROBERT SOUTHEY.

felicity." To raise the requisite funds, Southey and Coleridge each undertook to deliver a course of lectures, and in conjunction wrote *The Fate of Robespierre*, a drama of which two-thirds was by Southey, who had already published *Wat Tyler*, a poem that attracted sufficient attention to be denounced in the House of Commons as seditious. The pantisocratic scheme was abandoned in consequence of some disagreement among the projectors. In 1795 Southey wrote *Joan of Arc*, an epic poem, and in the same year married Miss Edith Fricker of Bristol, her sister Sara becoming the wife of Coleridge. A third sister was already married to Lovell.

In 1797 Southey, who had outgrown his radical views in religion and politics, accompanied his uncle, Herbert Chaplain, to Lisbon, Portugal; here he remained six months, and laid the foundation for that intimate acquaintance with the Portuguese and Spanish languages which afterward served him in good stead. Returning to England, he went to London with the design of studying law; but he devoted himself mainly to literary labor. In 1804 he took up his residence at Greta Hall, near Keswick, in the Lake region. Coleridge was then domiciled there, and Wordsworth lived a few miles distant. These three poets, so dissimilar in genius, came to be popularly designated as "The Lake Poets." From this time the life of Southey lay mainly in his numerous works in prose and verse. A few events in his external life are to be noted: In 1813 he succeeded James Pye as Poet Laureate, and was himself succeeded by Wordsworth, and he by Tennyson. In 1835 he was offered a baronetcy, which he declined, for the reason that his means were not adequate to maintain the

dignity. In 1837 his wife died, and eighteen months afterward he married Caroline Bowles, herself a poet of considerable ability.

There is scarcely a department in literature in which Southey was not more or less eminent. Besides translations from the Portuguese and Spanish, frequent contributions to the *Quarterly Review*, which had been established to oppose the Whig teachings of the *Edinburgh Review*, and editing the poems of Henry Kirke White, and the works of Cowper and others, his principal prose works are *History of Brazil* (1810-19); *Life of Nelson* (1813); *Life of John Wesley* (1820); *History of the Peninsular War* (1820-32); *Book of the Church* (1824); *Sir Thomas More, or Colloquies on Society*, trenchantly criticised by Macaulay (1829); *Essays, Moral and Political* (1832); *Life of John Bunyan* (1834); *The Doctor*, a curious *mélange* written and put forth in separate volumes, and never publicly acknowledged by Southey (1834-37). His principal poems are *Joan of Arc* (1796); *Thalaba, the Destroyer* (1801); *Madoc* (1805); *Metrical Tales and Other Poems* (1805); *The Curse of Kchama* (1810); *Roderick, the Last of the Goths* (1814); *A Pilgrim to Waterloo* (1816); *A Vision of Judgment*, eulogizing George III. (1821); *A Pilgrimage to Compostella* (1839). Southey's *Common-Place Book*, edited by his son-in-law, John Wood Warter, was published in 1849, and his *Life and Correspondence*, edited by his son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, in 1850. A succinct *Life of Southey*, by E. Dowden, forms a volume of the "English Men of Letters" series (1886).

THE DEATH OF NELSON AT TRAFALGAR.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting the example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of the action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Captain Hardy, who was but a few steps from him, turning round saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy!" said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied; "my backbone is shot through."

Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, as they were carrying him down, he observed that the tiller-ropes, which had been shot away, had not been replaced; he ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honor from the enemy, England perhaps would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all but Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself, being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily in his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the

surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst.

He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed; and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eye and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though frequently sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment.

"Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a sound drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck!" Hardy answered, "There is no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will all be over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh, no!" he replied; "it is impossible. My back is shot through; Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck. By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him, "You know I am gone. I

feel something rising in my breast which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, so great that he wished that he was dead. "Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer, too!" And after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation?" Next to his country she occupied his thoughts.

Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned: and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That is well," said Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor!" Hardy upon this hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavoring to raise himself from the bed; "do you anchor." Presently calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard!" and desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then, reverting to his private feelings: "Take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed him on his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy!" And then Hardy left him forever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death was indeed rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Doctor, I have not been a very great sinner;" and after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced; and

they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four — three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he, beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
" Who fell in the great victory.

" I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
" Were slain in that great victory."

" Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
While little Welhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes;
" Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
 "Who put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for
 I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by;
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to lay his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother, then,
 And new-born baby died;
But things like these, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won;
For many a thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
 And our good Prince Eugene."

"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
 Said little Wilhelmine.

"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke
 Who this great fight did win."

"And what good came of it at last?"
 Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."

THE HOLLY-TREE.

O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly-tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves,
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen,
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound,
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the Holly-tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme —
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the Holly-tree.

And should my youth — as youth is apt, I know —
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly-tree.

And as, when all the summer-trees are seen
So bright and green,

The Holly-leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly-tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem among the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly-tree.

IN MY LIBRARY.

My days among the dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old.
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude. . .

My hopes are with the dead. Anon
With them my place will be;
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

Described in Rhymes for the Nursery.

“How does the water
Come down at Lodore?”

My little boy asked me
Thus, once on a time;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing;
Because I was Laureate
To them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake
It runs and it creeps
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,

Hurry-skurry,
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and wringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound:
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,

And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;

And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

THE DEVIL'S WALK.

From his brimstone bed at break of day
A-walking the Devil has gone,
To look at his little, snug farm of the world,
And see how his stock went on.

Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain,
And backward and forward he swished his tail,
As a gentleman swishes a cane.

How then was the Devil dressed?
Oh, he was in his Sunday's best;
His coat was red, and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where his tail came through.

A lady drove by in her pride,
In whose face an expression he spied,
For which he could have kissed her;
Such a flourishing, fine, clever creature was she,
With an eye as wicked as wicked can be:
"I should take her for my aunt," thought he;
"If my dam had had a sister."

He met a lord of high degree —
No matter what was his name —
Whose face with his own, when he came to com-
pare
The expression, the look, and the air,
And the character too, as it seemed to a hair —
Such a twin-likeness there was in the pair,
That it made the Devil start and stare;
For he thought there was surely a looking-glass
there
But he could not see the frame.

He saw a lawyer killing a viper
On a dunghill beside his stable;
"Ho!" quoth he, "thou put'st me in mind
Of the story of Cain and Abel."

An apothecary on a white horse
Rode by on his vocation;
And the Devil thought of his old friend
Death, in the Revelation.

He passed a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And he owned, with a grin,
That his favorite sin
Is pride that apes humility.

He saw a pig rapidly
Down a river float;
The pig swam well, but every stroke
Was cutting his own throat;

And Satan gave thereat his tail
A twirl of admiration;
For he thought of his daughter War
And her suckling babe Taxation.

Well enough, in sooth, he liked that truth
And nothing the worse for the jest;
But this was only a first thought;
And in this he did not rest:
Another came presently into his head;
And here it proved, as has often been said,
That second thoughts are best.

For as piggy plied, with wind and tide,
His way with such celerity,
And at every stroke the water dyed
With his own red blood, the Devil cried,
"Behold a swinish nation's pride
In cotton-spun prosperity!"

He walked into London leisurely;
 The streets were dirty and dim;
 But there he saw Brothers the prophet,
 And Brothers the prophet saw him.

He entered a thriving bookseller's shop;
 Quoth he, "We are both of one college,
 For I myself sate like a cormorant once
 Upon the tree of knowledge."

As he passed through Cold-Bath Fields, he looked
 At a solitary cell;
 And he was well pleased, for it gave him a hint
 For improving the prisons of hell.

He saw a turnkey tie a thief's hands
 With a cordial tug and jerk;
 "Nimbly," quoth he, "a man's fingers move
 When his heart is in his work."

He saw the same turnkey unfettering a man
 With little expedition;
 And he chuckled to think of his dear slave-trade,
 And the long debates and delays that were made
 Concerning its abolition.

.

At this good news, so great
 The Devil's pleasure grew,
 That with a joyful swish he rent
 The hole where his tail came through.

His countenance fell for a moment
 When he felt the stitches go;
 "Ah!" thought he, "there's a job now
 That I have made for my tailor below."

"Great news! bloody news!" cried a newsman;
 The Devil said, "stop, let me see!
 Great news? bloody news?" thought the Devil,
 "The bloodier the better for me."

So he bought the newspaper, and no news
At all for his money he had.
"Lying varlet," thought he, "thus to take in old Nick!
But it's some satisfaction, my lad,
To know thou art paid beforehand for the trick,
For the sixpence I gave thee is bad."

And then it came into his head,
By oracular inspiration,
That what he had seen and what he had said,
In the course of this visitation,
Would be published in the *Morning Post*
For all this reading nation.

Therewith in second sight he saw
The place and the manner and time,
In which this mortal story
Would be put in immortal rhyme.

That it would happen when two poets
Should on a time be met
In the town of Nether Stowey
In the shire of Somerset.

There, while the one was shaving,
Would he the song begin;
And the other, when he heard it at breakfast,
In ready accord join in.

So each would help the other,
Two heads being better than one;
And the phrase and conceit
Would in unison meet,
And so with glee the verse flow free
In ding-dong chime of sing-song rhyme,
Till the whole were merrily done.

And because it was set to the razor,
Not to the lute or harp,

Therefore it was that the fancy
Should be bright, and the wit be sharp.

"But then," said Satan to himself,
"As for that said beginner,
Against my infernal Majesty
There is no greater sinner.

"He hath put me in ugly ballads
With libellous pictures for sale;
He hath scoffed at my hoofs and my horns,
And has made very free with my tail.

"But this Mister Poet shall find
I am not a safe subject for whim;
For I'll set up a school of my own,
And my poets shall set upon him."

.

As he went along the Strand
Between three in the morning and four,
He observed a queer-looking person
Who staggered from Perry's door.

And he thought that all the world over
In vain for a man you might seek,
Who could drink more like a Trojan,
Or talk more like a Greek.

The Devil then he prophesied
It would one day be matter of talk,
That with wine when smitten,
And with wit moreover being happily bitten,
This erudite bibbler was he who had written
The story of this walk.

"A pretty mistake," quoth the Devil;
"A pretty mistake, I opine;
I have put many ill thoughts in his mouth;
He will never put good ones in mine."

.

Now the morning air was cold for him,
Who was used to a warm abode;
And yet he did not immediately wish
To set out on his homeward road.

For he had some morning calls to make
Before he went back to hell;
"So," thought he, "I'll step into a gaming-house,
And that will do as well;"
But just before he could get to the door
A wonderful chance befell.

'For all on a sudden, in a dark place,
He came upon General ——'s burning face;
And it struck him with such consternation,
That home in a hurry his way did he take,
Because he thought, by a slight mistake,
'Twas the general conflagration.

GOD'S JUDGMENT ON HATTO.

[Hatto, Archbishop of Mentz, in the year 914 barbarously murdered a number of poor people to prevent their consuming a portion of the food during that year of the famine. He was afterward devoured by rats in his tower on an island in the Rhine.—*Old Legend.*]

The summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet.
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
They crowded around Bishop Hatto's door;
For he had a plentiful last-year's store,
And all the neighborhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced the tidings good to hear,
The poor folks flocked from far and near;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then, when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;
And whilst for mercy on Christ they call
He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all.

“I’ faith, ’tis an excellent bonfire!” quoth he;
“And the country is greatly obliged to me
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
Of rats that only consume the corn.”

So then to his palace returnèd he,
And he sate down to supper merrily;
And he slept that night like an innocent man —
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning, as he entered the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked, there came a man from his farm,—
He had a countenance white with alarm:
“My lord, I opened your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn.”

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be.
“Fly! my lord bishop, fly!” quoth he,
“Ten thousand rats are coming this way,—
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!”

“I’ll go to my tower in the Rhine,” replied he;
“’Tis the safest place in Germany,—
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the tide is strong, and the water deep.”
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Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away;
And he crossed the Rhine without delay;
And reached his tower in the island, and barred
All the gates secure and hard.

He laid him down and closed his eyes,
But soon a scream made him arise;
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listened and looked — it was only the cat;
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she sate screaming, mad with fear
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swum over river so deep,
And they have climbed the shores so steep,
And now by thousands up they crawl
To the holes and the windows in the wall.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder, drawing near,
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls, by thousands they pour;
And down from the ceiling and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,—
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him!

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

[“ In the Parish of St. Neots, Cornwall, is a well, arched over with the robes of four kinds of trees — withy, oak, elm, and ash — and dedicated to St. Keyne. The reported

virtue of the water is this, that, whether husband or wife first drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby."—FUL-
LER.]

A well there is in the West country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the West country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveler came to the Well of St. Keyne;
Pleasant it was to his eye,
For from cock-crow he had been traveling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the neighboring town
At the well to fill his pail,
On the well-side he rested it,
And bade the stranger hail.

"Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,
"For an' if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has your good woman, if one you have,
In Cornwall ever been?
For an' if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"
The stranger he made reply;

“ But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why.”

“ St. Keyne,” quoth the countryman, “ many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summoned her
She laid on the water a spell.

“ If the husband, of this gifted well,
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

“ But if the wife should drink of it first,
Woe be to the husband then! ”
The stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the waters again.

“ You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes? ”
He to the countryman said.
But the countryman smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

“ I hastened, as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch.
But i’ faith, she had been wiser than I,
For she took a bottle to church! ”

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,—
The ship was still as ship might be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The holy abbot of Aberbrothock
Had floated that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,
And louder and louder its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the tempest's swell
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the priest of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven shone so gay —
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they sported round,
And there was pleasure in their sound.

The float of the Inchcape bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring —
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess;
But the rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the bell and float:
Quoth he, "My men, pull out the boat;
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the warning bell from the float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose, and burst around.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock
Will not bless the priest of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away —
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course to Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They could not see the sun on high;
The wind had blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along;
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock.—
Alas! it is the Inchcape Rock!

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He beat himself in wild despair.
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But ever in his dying fear
One dreadful sound he seemed to hear,—
A sound as if with the Inchcape bell
The evil spirit was ringing his knell.

THE SHIP.

Stately yon vessel sails adown the tide,
To some far distant land adventurous bound;
The sailors' busy cries from side to side,
Pealing, among the echoing rocks, resound;

A patient, thoughtless, much-enduring band,
Joyful they enter on their ocean way;
With shouts exulting leave their native land,
And know no care beyond the present day
But is there no poor mourner left behind,
Who sorrows for a child or husband there?
Who at the howling of the midnight wind
Will wake and tremble in her boding prayer.
So may her voice be heard, and Heaven be kind
Go, gallant ship, and be thy fortune fair.

.

O God, have mercy in this dreadful hour
On the poor mariner; in comfort here,
Safe sheltered as I am, I almost fear
The blast that rages with resistless power.
What were it now to toss upon the waves,
The maddened waves, and know no succor near
The howling of the storm alone to hear,
And the wild sea that to the tempest raves;
To gaze amid the horrors of the night,
And only see the billows' gleaming light;
Then, in the dread of death, to think of her
Who, as she listens, sleepless, to the gale,
Puts up a silent prayer, and waxes pale!

.

She comes majestic with her swelling sails,
The gallant ship; along her watery way
Homeward she drives before the favoring gales;
Now flirting at their length the streamers play,
And now they ripple with the ruffling breeze.
Hark to the sailors' shouts! the rocks rebound,
Thundering in echoes to the joyful sound.
Long have they voyaged o'er the distant seas;
And what a heart-delight they feel at last,
So many toils, so many dangers past,
To view the port desired, he only knows
Who on the stormy deep for many a day
Hath tossed, a-weary of his watery way,
And watched, all anxious, every wind that blows.

NIGHT.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven;
In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads
Like the ocean girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

REMEMBRANCE.

Man hath a weary pilgrimage,
As through the world he wends;
On every stage from youth to age
Still discontent attends;
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,
Torn from his mother's arms,—
What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
When novelty hath lost its charms?
Condemned to suffer through the day
Restraints which no rewards repay,
And cares where love has no concern,
Hope lengthens as she counts the hours
Before his wished return.
From hard control and tyrant rules,
The unfeeling discipline of schools,
In thought he loves to roam,
And tears will struggle in his eye
While he remembers with a sigh
The comforts of his home.

Youth comes; the toils and cares of life
Torment the restless mind;
Where shall the tired and harassed heart
Its consolation find?
Then is not Youth, as Fancy tells,
Life's summer prime of joy?
Ah, no! for hopes too long delayed,
And feelings blasted or betrayed,
Its fabled bliss destroy;
And Youth remembers with a sigh
The careless days of Infancy.

Maturer Manhood now arrives,
And other thoughts come on,
But with the baseless hopes of Youth
Its generous warmth is gone;
Cold, calculating cares succeed,
The timid thought, the wary deed,
The dull realities of truth;
Back on the past he turns his eye.
Remembering with an envious sigh
The happy dreams of Youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
With feeble step and slow;
New ills that latter stage await,
And old Experience learns too late
That all is vanity below.
Life's vain delusions are gone by;
Its idle hopes are o'er;
Yet Age remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS.

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"The few locks which are left you are gray;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
 "I remembered that youth would fly fast,
 And abused not my health and my vigor at first,
 That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
 "And pleasures with youth pass away;
 And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
 Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
 "I remembered that youth could not last;
 I thought of the future whatever I did,
 That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
 "And life must be hastening away;
 You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death,
 Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied,
 "Let the cause thy attention engage:
 In the days of my youth I remembered my God,
 And He hath not forgotten my age."

THE MAID OF THE INN.

Who is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly-fixed eyes
 Seem a heart overcharged to express?
 She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;
 She never complains, but her silence implies
 The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion the maniac will seek;
 Cold and hunger awake not her care;
 Through the rags do the winds of the winter blow
 bleak
 On her poor withered bosom, half-bare; and her cheek
 Has the deadly pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
 Poor Mary, the maniac, has been;

The traveler remembers, who journeyed this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the maid of the inn.

Her cheerful address filled the guests with delight
As she welcomed them in with a smile;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright.
And Mary would walk by the abbey at night,
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved; and young Richard had settled the day,
And she hoped to be happy for life;
But Richard was idle and worthless, and they
Who knew her, would pity poor Mary, and say
That she was too good for *his* wife.

'Twas in Autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burned bright,
And, smoking in silence, with tranquil delight,
They listened to hear the wind roar.

"'Tis pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fireside,
To hear the wind whistle without."
"A fine night for the abbey," his comrade replied.
"Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried
Who should wander the ruins about.

"I, myself, like a schoolboy, should tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
And could fancy I saw, half-persuaded by fear
Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear;
For this wind might awaken the dead."

"I'll wager a dinner, the other one cried,
"That Mary would venture there now."
"Then wager and lose," with a sneer he replied,
"I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint, if she saw a white cow."

"Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"
His companion exclaimed with a smile;

"I shall win; for I know she will venture there now,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the alder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good humor did Mary comply,
And her way to the abbey she bent;
The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,
And, as hollowly howling, it swept through the sky,
She shivered with cold as she went.

O'er the path, so well known, still proceeded the maid,
Where the abbey rose dim on the sight;
Through the gateway she entered, she felt not afraid,
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howled dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-covered fragments still fearless she passed,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the alder-tree grows in the aisle.

Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gathered the bough,—
When the sound of a voice seemed to rise on her
ear—
She paused, and she listened, all eager to hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew; the hoarse ivy shook over her head;—
She listened; naught else could she hear.
The wind ceased; her heart sunk in her bosom with
dread,
For she heard in the ruins—distinctly—the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
She crept to conceal herself there;
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,
And between them—a corpse did they bear!

Then Mary could feel her heart's blood curdle cold!
 Again the rough wind hurried by,—
 It blew off the hat of the one, and, behold!
 Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd!—
 She fell—and expected to die!

“Curse the hat!” he exclaims; “Nay, come on, and
 The dead body,” his comrade replies;— [first hide
 She beheld them in safety pass on by her side,
 She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
 And fast through the abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rushed in at the door,
 She gazed horribly eager around;
 Then her limbs could support their faint burden no
 more,
 And exhausted and breathless, she sunk on the floor,
 Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
 For a moment the hat met her view;—
 Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
 For, O God! what cold horror thrilled through her
 heart,
 When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old abbey stands, on the common hard by,
 His gibbet is now to be seen;
 Not far from the inn it engages the eye,
 The traveler beholds it, and thinks, with a sigh,
 Of poor Mary, the maid of the inn.

SOUTHWORTH, EMMA DOROTHY ELIZA NE-
 VITTE, an American novelist; born at Wash-
 ington, D. C., December 26, 1818; died there,
 June 30, 1899. She was a daughter of Captain
 Charles Nevitte, of Alexandria, Va. Her childhood,

girlhood, and early womanhood, as described by herself, were little else than one continued scene of gloom, rivalling in intensity that which hung over the life of Charlotte Brontë. She became Mrs. Southworth in 1841, and in 1843 was thrown upon her own resources, "a widow in fact but not in name," to support herself and her little one. She became a teacher in the public schools and later a writer for the periodicals.

Mrs. Southworth's novels include *The Family Doom*; *The Prince of Darkness*; *The Bride's Fate*; *The Changed Brides*; *How He Won Her*; *Fallen Pride*; *The Widow's Son*; *Bride of Llewellyn*; *The Fortune Seeker*; *Allworth Abbey*; *The Bridal Eve*; *The Fatal Marriage*; *Love's Labor Won*; *The Deserted Wife*; *The Lost Heiress*; *The Gypsy's Prophecy*; *The Discarded Daughter*; *The Three Beauties*; *Vivia or the Secret of Power*; *The Two Sisters*; *The Missing Bride*; *The Wife's Victory*; *The Mother-in-law*; *The Haunted Homestead*; *The Lady of the Isle*; *Retribution*; *The Pearl of Pearl River*; *The Curse of Clifton*. Her complete works appeared in 1882 in 42 volumes.

THE PLANTER'S DAUGHTER.

The summer sun had just sunk below the horizon, leaving all the heavens suffused with a pale golden and roseate light, that falls softly on the semi-transparent waters of the Pearl, flowing serenely on between its banks of undulating hills and dales and green and purple lights and glooms. No jarring sight or sound breaks the voluptuous stillness of the scene and hour. The golden light has faded from the windows and balconies of the villa and sunk with the sunken sun. An evening breeze is rising from the distant pine-woods, that will

soon tempt the inmates forth to enjoy its exhilarating and salubrious freshness and fragrance. But as yet all is quiet about the mansion.

In the innermost sanctuary of that house reposes Miss Sutherland. It is the most elegant of a sumptuous suite of apartments upon which Mr. Sutherland had spared no amount of care or expense—having summoned from New Orleans a French *artiste*, of distinguished genius in his profession, to superintend their interior architecture, furnishing, and adornment.

The suite consists of a boudoir, two drawing-rooms, a hall or picture-gallery, a music-room, a double parlor, a library, and dining and breakfast rooms, and, by the machinery of grooved doors, all these splendid apartments may be thrown into one magnificent saloon.

But the most finished and perfect of the suite is the luxurious boudoir of India. It is a very bower of beauty and love, a *chef d'œuvre* of artistic genius, a casket worthy to enshrine the Pearl of Pearl River.

There she reposes in the recess of the bay window "silk-curtained from the sun." This bay window is the only one in the apartment; it is both deep and lofty, and is a small room in itself. It is curtained off from the main apartment by drapery of purple damask satin, lined with gold-colored silk and festooned by gold cords and tassels. The interior of the recess is draped with thin gold-colored silk alone; and the evening light glowing through it, throws a warm, rich, lustrous atmosphere around the form of Oriental beauty reposing on the silken couch in the recess.

It is a rare type of beauty, not easy to realize by your imagination, blending the highest charms of the spiritual, the intellectual, and the sensual, in seeming perfect harmony; it is a costly type of beauty, possessed often only at a fearful discount of happiness; it is a dangerous organization, full of fatality to its possessor and all connected with her; for that lovely and voluptuous repose resembles the undisturbed serenity of the young leopardess, or the verdant and flowery surface of the sleeping volcano. It is a richly and highly gifted nature,

but one that, more than all others, requires in early youth the firm and steady guidance of the wise and good, and that in after-life needs the constant controlling of Christian principle.

India Sutherland has never known another guide than her own good pleasure. "Queen o'er herself" she is *not*, indeed, unhappily; but queen instead over father and lover, friends, relatives, and servants. In truth, hers is a gentle and graceful reign. It could not be otherwise over subjects so devoted as hers. All of them, from Mr. Sutherland her father, down to Oriole her bower-maid, deem it their best happiness to watch, anticipate, and prevent her wants; and she is pleased to repay such devotion with lovely smiles and loving words. She is, indeed, the tamest as well as the most beautiful young leopardess that ever sheathed claws and teeth in the softest down. She is no hypocrite; she is perfectly sincere; but her deepest nature is unawakened, undeveloped. She knows no more, no, nor as much, as you now do, of the latent strength, fire, and cruelty of those passions which opposition might provoke. There she lay, as unconscious of the seeds of selfishness and tyranny as Nero was, when, at seventeen years of age, he burst into tears at signing the first death-warrant. Awful spirits sleep in the vast depths of our souls—awful in goodness or in evil—and vicissitudes are the Glendowers that can call them forth. There she lies, all unconscious of the coming struggle, "a perfect form in perfect rest." A rich dress of light material, yet dark and brilliant colors, flows gracefully around her beautiful figure. She reclines upon a crimson silken couch, her face slightly turned downward, her head supported by her hand, and her eyes fixed upon a book that lies open upon the downy pillow; a profusion of smooth, shining, amber-hued ringlets droop around her graceful Grecian head; her eyebrows are much darker, and are delicately penciled; the eyelashes are also dark and long, and shade large eyes of the deepest blue; her complexion is very rich, of a clear warm brown, deepening into a crimson blush upon cheeks and lips, the brighter and warmer now

that the book beneath her eyes absorbs her quite. The light through the golden-hued drapery of the window pours a warm subdued effulgence over the whole picture. — *India: the Pearl of Pearl River.*

SOUVESTRE, ÉMILE, a French journalist and essayist; born at Morlaix, Brittany, April 15, 1806; died at Paris, July 5, 1854. He studied law, and attempted to set up as advocate at Rennes, but was unsuccessful. He went to Paris, where he wrote a drama, *The Siege of Missolonghi*. In 1836 he brought out his study of the character and customs of the people of his native province *Les Derniers Bretons*, which was successful. Returning to Paris, he soon achieved success as a contributor to the leading Parisian publications. His best works were: *The Confessions of a Workman* (1851); *The Red Mansion* (1850); *Travels in Finisterre* (1852); *The Greased Pole*, and *Un Philosophe sous les Toits*, translated into English under the title, *An Attic Philosopher*.

REFLECTIONS ON THE SOCIAL BODY.

August 10, 4 o'clock A.M.—The dawn casts a red glow on my bed-curtains; the breeze brings in the fragrance of the gardens below; here I am again leaning on my elbows by the window, inhaling the freshness and gladness of this first wakening of the day.

My eye always passes over the roofs filled with flowers, warbling, and sunlight, with the same pleasure; but to-day it stops at the end of a buttress which separates our house from the next. The storms have stripped

the top of its plaster covering, and dust carried by the wind has collected in the crevices, and being fixed there by the rain has formed a sort of aërial terrace, where some green grass has sprung up. Amongst it rises a stalk of wheat, which to-day is surrounded by a sickly ear that droops its yellow head.

This poor stray crop on the roofs, the harvest of which will fall to the neighboring sparrows, has carried my thoughts to the rich crops which are now falling beneath the sickle; it has recalled to me the beautiful walks I took as a child through my native province, when the threshing-floors at the farm-houses resounded from every part with the sound of the flail, and when the carts, loaded with golden sheaves, came in by all the roads. I still remember the songs of the maidens, the cheerfulness of the old men, the open-hearted merriment of the laborers. There was, at that time, something in their looks both of pride and feeling. The latter came from thankfulness to God, the former from the sight of the harvest, the reward of their labor. They felt indistinctly the grandeur and the holiness of their part in the general work of the world; they looked with pride upon their mountains of corn-sheaves, and they seemed to say, Next to God, it is we who feed the world!

What a wonderful order there is in all human labor! Whilst the husbandman furrows his land, and prepares for everyone his daily bread, the town artisan, far away, weaves the stuff in which he is to be clothed; the miner seeks underground the iron for his plough; the soldier defends him against the invader; the judge takes care that the law protects his fields; the tax-comptroller adjusts his private interests with those of the public; the merchant occupies himself in exchanging his products with those of distant countries; the men of science and of art add every day a few horses to this ideal team, which draws along the material world, as steam impels the gigantic trains of our iron roads! Thus all unite together, all help one another; the toil of each one benefits himself and all the world; the work has been

apportioned among the different members of the whole of society by a tacit agreement. If, in this apportionment, errors are committed — if certain individuals have not been employed according to their capacities, these defects of detail diminish in the sublime conception of the whole. The poorest man included in this association has his place, his work, his reason for being there; each is something in the whole.

There is nothing like this for man in the state of nature. . . . No one reaps, manufactures, fights, or thinks for him; he is nothing to anyone. . . . Yet notwithstanding this, the other day, disgusted by the sight of some vices in detail, I cursed the latter, and almost envied the life of the savage. One of the infirmities of our nature is always to mistake feeling for evidence, and to judge of the season by a cloud or a ray of sunshine.

Was the misery, the sight of which made me regret a savage life, really the effect of civilization? Must we accuse society of having created these evils, or acknowledge, on the contrary, that it has alleviated them? could the women and children who were receiving the coarse bread from the soldier hope in the desert for more help or pity? That dead man whose forsaken state I deplored, had he not found, by the cares of an hospital, a coffin, and the humble grave where he was about to rest? Alone, and far from men, he would have died like the wild beast in his den, and would be serving as food for vultures. These benefits of human society are shared then by the most destitute. . . . But cannot society give us more? Who doubts it? Errors have been committed in this distribution of tasks and workers. Time will diminish the number of them; with new lights a better division will arise; the elements of society go on toward perfection, like everything else.

—*An Attic Philosopher in Paris.*

SOZZINI, ALESSANDRO GIROLANO, an Italian novelist; born about 1521; died in 1594. His collected works first appeared at Sienna, in 8vo, some time, as we learn from Poggiali, towards the close of the sixteenth century, and are now very rarely to be met with.

Although by no means possessing the genuine characteristics of the Italian novel, his tales are chiefly worth attention on account of the ease and simplicity of his style, and the somewhat naïve and artless manner with which, in addition to the liveliness of the subject, the anecdotes are introduced. We are informed, upon the authority of Poggiali, that besides his *Raccolta di Burle*, Sozzini produced a *Pastoral*, in five long acts, and in *terza rima*; and it is stated by the above author to have been included in his own collection, with the following title: *Bisquilla egloga pastorale di Maggio del Signor Alessandro Sozzini*, (1588, 8vo).

More ample notices relating to the life and works of this writer are said to have perished in one of those terrific earthquakes that last afflicted, with other and much more serious loss to all ranks of inhabitants, the city of Sienna.

THE ADVENTURES OF SCACAZZONE.

Scacazzone returning one day from Rome, found himself, when within a short distance of Sienna, without cash enough to purchase a dinner. But resolving not to go without one if he could avoid it, he very quietly walked into the nearest inn, and appearing quite a stranger, he demanded a room in which to dine alone. He next ordered whatever he considered most likely to

prove agreeable to himself, without in the least sparing his purse, as the good host believed, and ate and drank everything of the best. When he had at length finished his wine, and refreshed himself with a short nap for his journey, he rang the bell, and with a very unconcerned air asked the waiter for his bill. This being handed to him, "Waiter," he cried, "can you tell me anything relating to the laws of this place?" "Oh, yes, signor, I dare say"; for a waiter is never at a loss. "For instance," continued Scacazzone, "what does a man forfeit by killing another?" "His life, signor, certainly," said the waiter. "But, if he only wounds another badly, not mortally, what then?" "Then," returned the waiter, "as it may happen, according to the nature of the provocation and the injury." "And lastly," continued the guest, "if you only deal a fellow a sound box upon the ear, what do you pay for that?" "For that," echoed the waiter, "it is here about ten livres, signor; no more." "Then send your master to me," cried Scacazzone; "be quick, begone!" Upon the good host's appearance, his wily guest conducted himself in such a manner, uttering such accusations against extortion, such threats, and such vile aspersions upon his host's house, that on Scacazzone purposely bringing their heads pretty close in contact, the landlord, unable longer to bear his taunts, lent him rather a severe cuff. "I am truly obliged to you," cried the happy Scacazzone, taking him by the hand, "this is all I wanted with you; truly obliged to you, my good host, and will thank you for the change. Your bill here is eight livres, and the fine upon your assault is ten; however, if you will have the goodness to pay the difference to the waiter, as I find I shall reach the city very pleasantly before evening, it will be quite right."

Another time, our identical friend Scacazzone happening to pass by the Church of our Lady of the Well, went in to pay his devotions to the patron saint of thieves. There were only three blind men in the place, apparently employed in the same manner; but hearing some one stirring, they began to ask alms, which the said Scacazzone bestowed equally upon all three in the fol-

lowing manner: "I have made a vow, brothers," he said, "to bestow a whole gold ducat in charity, and I cannot do better than give it, my poor fellows, to you. Here it is, take it;" while each of them stretched out their hands, and he gave it to none. He next said: "If you will follow my advice now, you will all go to the nearest tavern, after finishing prayer, and try to make yourselves merry for once in your lives." Delighted at these words, and each supposing the other in possession of the gold, they declared themselves ready to follow his advice, and hastened as fast as they could find their way to the hostelry of Marchino in Diacceto, their arch-enemy following at a convenient distance to enjoy the result. Proceeding, therefore, boldly into the house, the blind guests began to give themselves no slight airs, requiring to be served with everything of the best, while Scacazzone took his station at the threshold. They were no sooner seated than they began to discuss the dishes with no little ceremony, sending many of them away, and calling for better fare, as truly the good host appeared to have an idea of entertaining them somewhat scantily, according to the cut of their cloth; their arch-impostor having given him a sort of hint not to exceed the bounds of prudence in point of supply. But he was so uncommonly attentive and polite, and made them so many fine promises on condition of their consenting to make his house the scene of entertainment on other occasions, and was besides so very moderate in his demands (for the poor fellows could not see what they had been eating, and began to suspect all was not as it should be), that they were compelled to make the best of their bargain. Still, they were so little pleased, that they would make no rash promises to come again, and as they called for their bill, their ideas rambled to future scenes of festivity at some of their more ancient haunts. "Give him the ducat and let us go," said one, "with the change to some better quarters." "No," said another, "do you give it him; I have not got it;" and so answered the third. "But one of you must have it," exclaimed the first. "I tell you I heard him give it to you." "Nay, to you," retorted the others; "you were

standing nearer to the gate." "Very true, sirs; but you were nearer to him who gave it; and you have got it between you, and shall pay." "Villain!" cried one of the others, "do you tax us with theft? Had he given it to us, do you think you would not have known which?" "I know you are two rogues," rejoined the last, "and want to divide the ducat between you; yes, you want to cheat a poor, honest, blind man. But do you suppose I will not have my share?" and raising his cudgel as he spoke, he dealt his blows soundly on all sides of him.

Feeling the weight of his hand, his blind brothers were not long in following his example, and all the three began to hazard in every direction most serious and ferocious blows. Their want of eyes rendered the encounter by no means less dangerous; and one of the two friends had already disabled his ally by fracturing his arm, and was engaged with his enemy alone. "One of the rogues has killed me, I fear," cried the wounded man, as he attempted to draw from the field and fell upon the ground. "I only wish they would despatch each other," he continued, as he heard them fiercely cuffing and grappling with one another; "I wish they would, and I should find the ducat in the pocket of one of them."

The author of this wicked trick in the meanwhile was enjoying the engagement at the door; and beginning to think the affair somewhat too serious, the populace already collecting in the street, he stepped in, with the help of the host, and carried off the wounded blind from the scene of action. Then separating the others with difficulty, he began to make inquiries into the merits of the case, and concluded with observing, "I daresay the gentleman gave the money to none of you: so come, here are three farthings, and I will pay your bill for you; and so be reconciled."

SPARKS, JARED, an American biographer and historian; born at Willington, Conn., May 10, 1789; died at Cambridge, Mass., March 14, 1866. He was graduated from Harvard in 1815. In 1817 he was appointed tutor in mathematics and natural philosophy in the college, and in 1819 he was ordained pastor of a Unitarian church at Baltimore. In 1823 he resigned his pastorate, and became editor of the *North American Review*, which he had aided in establishing, and to which he had been a frequent contributor. In 1839 he became Professor of Ancient and Modern History at Harvard, and in 1849 was made President of the College, but resigned the presidency in 1853 on account of impaired health. Mr. Sparks commenced his biographical work by the *Life of John Ledyard* (1828). In 1830 he originated the *American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge*, the early volumes of which were edited by him. In 1832 he published the *Life of Gouverneur Morris*. In 1834 he projected the *Library of American Biography*, which reached twenty-five volumes (1834-48), containing sixty biographies, of which those of Ethan Allen, Benedict Arnold, Marquette, La Salle, Pulaski, Ribault, Charles Lee, and Ledyard were by Sparks. As early as 1826 he began the preparatory labor on what proved to be the main work of his life, and which was carried on with the direct aid of Congress. These works are: *The Writings of George Washington* (12 vols., 1834-38); the *Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution* (12 vols., 1829-30); the *Works of Benjamin Franklin* (10 vols., 1836-1840); the *Correspondence of the*

American Revolution (4 vols., 1854). At the time of his death he was engaged upon a *History of the American Revolution*. The *Memoirs of Jared Sparks* have been best written by George E. Ellis (1869).

WASHINGTON'S DOCUMENTS.

The large mass of papers accumulated in the hands of Washington during the long period of his public life, as well as those of a private nature, were carefully preserved by him at Mount Vernon. By his will he left his estate at Mount Vernon and all his papers to his nephew, Bushrod Washington, who was for many years one of the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. These manuscripts were placed in my possession by Judge Washington for the purpose of preparing for the press and publishing the work which is now brought to a conclusion and submitted to the public.

The original papers, including Washington's own letters and those received by him, and amounting to more than two hundred folio volumes, have recently been purchased by Congress and are deposited in the archives of the Department of State. With these materials it will readily be supposed that the work might have been extended to a much larger number of volumes. The task of selection has not been without its difficulties. I feel bound to say, however, that any errors in this respect should be attributed to defects of judgment, and not to carelessness or negligence. . . .

It was Washington's custom, in all his letters of importance, first to write drafts, which he transcribed. In making the transcripts he sometimes deviated from the drafts—omitting, inserting, and altering parts of sentences; nor did he always correct the drafts so as to make them accord with the letters as sent to his correspondents. These imperfect drafts were laid aside, and from time to time copied by an amanuensis into letter-books. Hence the drafts, as now recorded, do not in

all cases agree precisely with the originals which were sent away. My researches have brought under my inspection many of these original letters. Regarding them as containing the genuine text, I have preferred it to that in the letter-books; and it has accordingly been adopted whenever it could be done. But the discrepancies are of little moment, relating to the style, not to the substance.

For the most part I have been obliged to rely upon the letter-books; and, for the reasons here mentioned, it is probable that the printed text may not in every particular be the same as in the originals—that is, the corrected copies which were sent to his correspondents. These remarks apply chiefly to private letters, written when Washington was at Mount Vernon, and to those written during the French war. In the period of the Revolution, and during the Presidency, much more exactness was observed; and as far as my observation has extended, there is generally a literal accordance between the original letters and the transcripts in the letter-books.
—*Preface to Writings of Washington.*

THE STATESMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

The acts of the Revolution derive dignity and interest from the character of the actors and the nature and magnitude of the events. Statesmen were at hand who, if not skilled in the art of governing empires, were thoroughly imbued with the principles of just government, intimately acquainted with the history of former ages, and, above all, with the condition, sentiments, and feelings of their countrymen. If there were no Richelieus nor Mazarins, no Cecils nor Chathams in America, there were men who, like Themistocles, knew how to raise a small state to glory and greatness.

The eloquence and the internal counsels of the Old Congress were never recorded; we know them only by their results. But that assembly, with no other power than that conferred by the suffrage of the people, with no other influence than that of their public virtue and

their talents, unsupported even by the arm of the law or of ancient usages — that assembly levied troops, imposed taxes, and for years not only retained the confidence and upheld the civil existence of a distracted country, but carried through a perilous war, under its most aggravated burdens of sacrifice and suffering. Can we imagine a situation in which were required higher moral courage, more intelligence and talent, a deeper insight into human nature and the principles of social and political organizations, or, indeed, any of those qualities which constitute greatness of character in a statesman?

See, likewise, that work of wonder, the Confederation — a union of independent States, constructed in the very heart of a desolating war, but with a beauty and strength, imperfect as it was, of which the ancient leagues of the Amphictyons, the Achæans, the Lycians and the modern confederacies of Germany, Holland, Switzerland afford neither exemplar nor parallel. In their foreign affairs these same statesmen showed no less sagacity and skill, taking their stand boldly in the rank of nations, maintaining it there, competing with the tactics of practised diplomacy, and extorting from the Powers of the Old World not only the homage of respect but the proffers of friendship.

The instructive lesson of history, teaching by example, can nowhere be studied with more profit, or with a better promise, than in this Revolutionary period of America; and especially by us, who sit under the tree our fathers have planted, enjoy its shade, and are nourished by its fruits.—*The Men of the Revolution.*

SPEDDING, JAMES, an English biographer; born at Mirehouse, Cumberland, June 26, 1808; died at London, March 9, 1881. For a number of years he held positions in the service of the English Government that enabled him to devote much time to critical and biographical work, and in 1843 he visited the United States as Lord Ashburton's private secretary. In 1870 he published in conjunction with R. L. Ellis and D. D. Heath, an edition of the *Works of Francis Bacon*. As a supplement to this, Mr. Spedding published in 1874 the *Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*, in seven volumes, and *Life and Times of Francis Bacon* (1878), in two volumes. Upon the preparation of these works was lavished the labor of nearly a score of years. Mr. Spedding announced that his object was "to enable posterity to form a true conception of the kind of man Bacon really was." While the fact of Bacon's having accepted bribes in his judicial capacity was admitted, his biographer did the best that could be done to palliate the enormity of his guilt.

BACON AND HIS CRIME.

I know nothing more inexplicable than Bacon's unconsciousness of the nature of his own case, unless it be the case itself. That he, of all men, whose fault had always been too much carelessness, about money, who, though always too ready to borrow, to give, to lend, and to spend, had never been either a bargainer, or a grasper, or a hoarder; and whose professional experience must have continually reminded him of the peril of meddling with anything that could be construed into corruption; that he should have allowed himself on any account to accept money from suitors, while their cases

were before him, is wonderful. That he should have done it without feeling at the time that he was laying himself open to what in law would be called bribery, is more wonderful still. That he should have done it often, and not have lived under an abiding sense of insecurity — from the consciousness that he had secrets to conceal, of which the disclosure would be fatal to his reputation, yet the safe-keeping of which did not rest wholly with himself — is most wonderful of all.

Give him credit for nothing more than ordinary intelligence and ordinary prudence — wisdom for a man's self — and it seems almost incredible. And yet I believe it was the fact. The whole course of his behavior, from the first rumor to the final sentence, convinces me that not the discovery of the thing only, but the thing itself, came upon him as a surprise; and that if anybody had told him the day before that he stood in danger of a charge of taking bribes, he would have received the suggestion with unaffected incredulity. How far I am justified in thinking so, the reader shall judge for himself, for the impression is derived solely from the tenor of the correspondence.

In 1881 Mr. Spedding's last book, *Studies in English History*, was issued. The excerpt below is taken from its pages.

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

A public funeral was of course decreed, and never in any country was such a solemnity celebrated. The procession was planned, marshalled, and carried out, with a discretion, a judgment, and a good taste which reflected the highest honor on the civil and military authorities by whom it was directed. Men of every arm and of every regiment in the service, for the first and last time in the history of the British army, marched together on this occasion. But what was more admirable still was the conduct of the incredible mass of sympathetic spectators who had congregated from all parts of the kingdom, and

who formed no insignificant proportion of its population. From Grosvenor Gate to St. Paul's Cathedral there was not one foot of unoccupied ground; not a balcony, not a window, that was not filled, and as far as could be observed, every face amidst that vast multitude wore an expression of respectful sorrow. And unbroken silence was maintained as the funeral cortège moved slowly and solemnly forward to the mausoleum prepared to receive the remains of England's greatest warrior in the centre of the stupendous masterpiece of Wren's architectural genius. —*Studies in English History.*

SPEKE, JOHN HANNING, an English explorer; born at Jordans, Somersetshire, May 4, 1827; died near Bath, September 15, 1864. At seventeen he was commissioned as ensign in the Bengal Native Infantry, served in the war of the Punjaub, and rose to the rank of lieutenant. In 1854 he accompanied Captain Burton in an exploration in Eastern Africa, and two years afterward in an expedition to ascertain the character of the great lakes supposed to exist in the interior, and especially whether they were connected with the basin of the Nile. In this expedition Lake Tanganyika was discovered. In 1858 Speke traveled northward and reached the southern end of the great lake now designated as the Victoria Nyanza, which he, in contradiction to the views of Burton, thought was the true source of the Nile. To settle this question, Speke, who was now accompanied by Captain James Grant, headed another expedition which set out in 1860. He traversed a region hitherto unvisited by Europeans,

reached the kingdom of Uganda, near the northern end of Victoria Nyanza, discovered the outlet of the lake, which he afterward showed to be the real source of the Nile, or rather of that branch of it known as the "White Nile." This he descended as far as its junction with the "Blue Nile," which rises among the mountains of Abyssinia. He was the first to ascertain practically the true character of the Nile. Returning to England, he published, in 1863, his *Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile*, which was followed by a supplementary work, *What Led to the Discovery of the Sources of the Nile*.

INTRODUCTION TO THE COURT OF UGANDA.

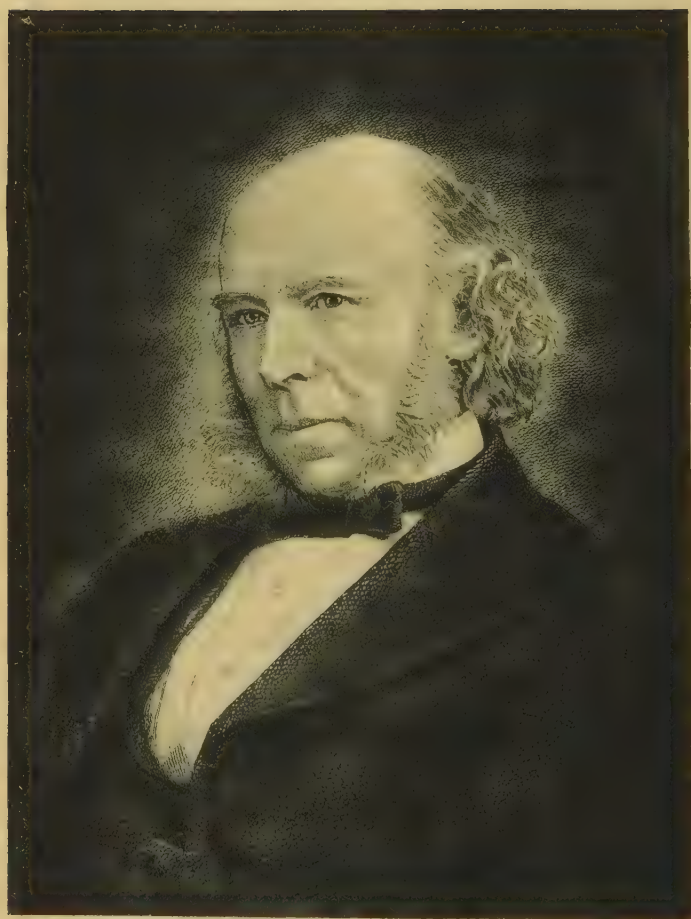
The mighty King was now reported to be sitting on his throne in the state-hut. I advanced, hat in hand, with my guard of honor following, formed in open ranks, who, in their turn, were followed by the bearers carrying the presents. I did not walk straight up to him as if to shake hands, but went outside of the ranks to a three-sided square of squatting Wakungu, all habited in skins—mostly cow-skins; some few of them had in addition leopard-skins girt around the waist—the sign of royal blood. Here I was desired to halt and sit in the glaring sun; so I donned my hat, mounted my umbrella—a phenomenon which set them all wondering and laughing—ordered the guard to close ranks, and sat gazing at the novel spectacle.

A more theatrical sight I never saw. The King—a good-natured, well-figured young man of twenty-five—was sitting on a red blanket spread upon a square platform of royal grass, incased in tiger-grass reeds, scrupulously well-dressed mbugu. The hair of his head was cut short excepting on the top, where it was combed up to a high ridge, running from stem to stern, like a cock's comb. On his neck was a very neat ornament—a large

ring of beautifully worked beads, forming elegant patterns by their various colors. On one arm was another bead ornament, prettily devised, and on the other a wooden charm, tied by a string, covered with snake-skin. On every finger and every toe he had alternate brass and copper rings; and above the ankles, half-way up to the calf, a stocking of very pretty beads. Everything was light, neat, and elegant in its way; not a fault could be found with the taste of his "getting-up." For a handkerchief he had a well-folded piece of bark, and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, which he constantly employed to hide his large mouth when laughing, or to wipe it after a drink of plantain-wine, of which he took constant and copious draughts from neat little gourd-like cups, administered by his ladies-in-waiting, who were at once his sisters and wives. A white dog, spear, shield, and woman—the Uganda cognizance—were by his side, as also a knot of staff-officers with whom he kept up a brisk conversation, on one side; and on the other was a band of Wachwézi, or lady sorcerers.

I was now asked to draw nearer within the hollow square of squatters, where leopard-skins strewn upon the ground, and a large copper kettle-drum, surmounted with brass bells on arching wires, with two other smaller drums covered with cowrie-shells and beads of color worked into patterns, were placed. I now longed to open conversation, but knew not the language, and no one near me dared speak, or even lift his head, from fear of being accused of eying the women; so the King and myself sat staring at one another for full an hour; I mute, and he pointing and remarking to those around him on the novelty of my guard and general appearance, and requiring to see my hat lifted, the umbrella shut and opened, and the guards face about and show off their red cloaks; for such wonders had never been seen in Uganda.

Then, finding the day waning, he sent Maula on an embassy to ask me if I had seen him; and on receiving my reply, "Yes, for full an hour," I was glad to see him rise, spear in hand, lead his dog, and walk unceremoniously away through the inclosure into the fourth tier of huts; for this being a pure *levée-day*, no business was



HERBERT SPENCER.

Photogravure—After an etching by Hollyer.
Specially engraved for the Ridpath Library.

transacted. The King's gait on retiring was intended to be very majestic, but did not succeed in conveying to me that impression. It was the traditional walk of his race, founded on the step of the lion; but the outward sweep of the legs, intended to represent the stride of the noble beast, appeared to me to realize only a very ludicrous kind of waddle.—*Source of the Nile.*

SPENCER, HERBERT, an English philosopher; born at Derby, April 27, 1830; died at Brighton, December 8, 1903. At the age of seventeen he became a civil engineer; but abandoned that profession after about eight years, and devoted himself to studying the problems of social life, contributing largely to periodicals. His principal works are: *The Proper Sphere of Government* (1842); *Over-Legislation* (1854); *Principles of Psychology* (1855); *Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical* (1861); *Essays: Scientific, Political, and Speculative* (1858-63); *Principles of Biology* (1863); *The Study of Sociology* (1872); *Classification of the Sciences* (1874); *Sins of Trade and Commerce* (1875); *The Principles of Sociology*, Vol. I. (1876); *The Data of Ethics* (1879); *Ceremonial Institutions* (1879); *Political Institutions* (1882); *Man Versus the State* (1884); *Ecclesiastical Institutions* (1885); *The Facts of Organic Evolution* (1887); *An Epitome of Synthetic Philosophy* (1889); *Justice* (1891); *Induction of Ethics* (1892); *Ethics of Individual Life* (1892); *Negative Beneficence* (1893); *Positive Beneficence* (1893); *Facts and Comments* (1902).

His works have passed through numerous editions,

and many of them have been translated into more than one language, that on *Education* being rendered into all of the European languages, including Greek, and into Japanese and Chinese.

THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES AND OF THE SCIENCES.

One advantage claimed for that devotion to language-learning which forms so prominent a feature in the ordinary curriculum is that the memory is thereby strengthened; and it is apparently assumed that this is an advantage peculiar to the study of words. But the truth is that the sciences afford far wider fields for the exercise of memory. It is no slight task to remember all the facts ascertained respecting our solar system, much more to remember all that is known concerning the structure of our galaxy. The new compounds which chemistry daily accumulates are so numerous that few save professors know the names of them all: and to recollect the atomic constitutions and affinities of all these compounds is scarcely possible without making chemistry the occupation of life. So vast is the accumulation of facts which men of science have before them, that only by dividing and subdividing their labors can they deal with it. To a complete knowledge of his own division each adds but a general knowledge of the rest. Surely, then, science, cultivated even to a very moderate extent, affords adequate exercise for memory. To say the very least, it involves quite as good a training for his faculty as language does.

But now mark, that while for the training of mere memory, science is as good as, if not better than, language, it has an immense superiority in the kind of memory it cultivates. In the acquirement of a language, the connections of ideas to be established in the mind correspond to facts that are in great measure accidental; whereas in the acquirement of science the connections of ideas to be established in the mind correspond to facts that are mostly necessary. It is true that the relations of words to their meaning is in one sense natural, and that the genesis of these relations may be

traced back to a certain distance, though very rarely to the beginning: to which let us add the remark that the laws of this genesis form a branch of mental science—the science of philology. But since it will not be contended that in the acquisition of languages, as ordinarily carried on, these natural relations between words and their meanings are habitually traced, and the laws regulating them explained, it must be admitted that they are commonly learned as fortuitous relations. On the other hand, the relations which science presents are casual relations; and when properly taught are understood as such. Instead of being practically accidental, they are necessary; and, as such, give exercise to the reasoning faculties. While language familiarizes with non-rational relations, science familiarizes with rational relations. While the one exercises memory only, the other exercises both memory and understanding.

Observe next that a great superiority of science over language as a means of discipline is that it cultivates the judgment. As Professor Faraday well remarks, the most common intellectual fault is deficiency of judgment. He contends that “Society, speaking generally, is not only ignorant as respects education of the judgment, but is ignorant of its ignorance.” And the cause to which he ascribes this state is want of scientific culture. The truth of his conclusion is obvious. Correct judgment with regard to all surrounding things, events, and consequences becomes possible only through knowledge of the way in which surrounding phenomena depend on each other. No extent of acquaintance with the meaning of words can give the power of forming correct inferences respecting causes and effects. The constant habit of drawing conclusions from data, and then of verifying those conclusions by observation and experiment, can alone give the power of judging. And that it necessitates this habit is one of the immense advantages of science.

Not only, however, for intellectual discipline is science the best, but also for *moral* discipline. The learning of language tends, if anything, further to increase the already undue respect for authority. Such and such are the meanings of these words, says the teacher or the dictionary.

So and so is the rule in this case, says the grammar. By the pupil these dicta are received as unquestionable. His constant attitude of mind is that of submission to dogmatic authority: and a necessary result is a tendency to accept, without inquiry, whatever is established.

Quite opposite is the attitude of mind generated by the cultivation of science. By science constant appeal is made to individual reason. Its truths are not accepted upon authority alone; but all are at liberty to test them; nay, in many cases, the pupil is required to think out his own conclusions. Every step in a scientific conclusion is submitted to his judgment. He is not asked to admit it without seeing it to be true. And the trust in his own powers thus produced is further increased by the constancy with which Nature justifies his conclusions when they are correctly drawn. From all which there flows that independence which is a most valuable element in character. Nor is this the only moral benefit bequeathed by scientific culture. When carried on, as it should always be, as much as possible under the form of independent research, it exercises perseverance and sincerity.—*Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical.*

SELF-EDUCATION.

In education the process of self-development should be encouraged to the fullest extent. Children should be led to make their own investigations, and to draw their own inferences. They should be *told* as little as possible, and induced to *discover* as much as possible. Humanity has progressed solely by self-instruction; and that to achieve the best results each mind must progress somewhat after the same fashion, is continually proved by the marked success of self-made men. Those who have been brought up under the ordinary school-drill, and have carried away with them the idea that education is practicable only in that style, will think it hopeless to make children their own teachers. If, however, they will call to mind that the all-important knowledge of surrounding objects which a child gets in its early years is got without help—if they will remember that the child is self-taught in the use of

its mother-tongue — if they will estimate the amount of that experience of life, that out-of-school wisdom, which every boy gathers for himself — if they will mark the unusual intelligence of the uncared-for London *gamin*, as shown in all the directions in which his faculties have been tasked — if, further, they will think how many minds have struggled up unaided, not only through the mysteries of our irrationally planned curriculum, but through hosts of other obstacles besides; they will find it a not unreasonable conclusion, that if the subjects be put before him in right order and right form, any pupil of ordinary capacity will surmount his successive difficulties with but little assistance. Who indeed can watch the ceaseless observation, and inquiry, and inference going on in a child's mind, or listen to its acute remarks on matters within the range of its faculties, without perceiving that these powers which it manifests, if brought to bear systematically upon any studies *within the same range*, would readily master them without help? This need for perpetual telling is the result of our stupidity, not of the child's. We drag it away from the facts in which it is interested, and which it is actively assimilating of itself; we put before it facts far too complex for it to understand, and therefore distasteful to it; finding that it will not voluntarily acquire these facts, we thrust them into its mind by force of threats and punishment; by thus denying the knowledge it craves, and cramming it with knowledge it cannot digest, we produce a morbid state of its faculties, and a consequent disgust for knowledge in general; and when, as a result partly of the stolid indolence we have brought on, and partly of still continued unfitness in its studies, the child can understand nothing without explanation, and becomes a mere passive recipient of our instruction, we infer that education must necessarily be carried on thus. Having by our method induced helplessness, we straightway make the helplessness a reason for our method. — *Education.*

SPENCER, WILLIAM ROBERT, an English poet; born in 1770; died at Paris in 1834. He was the second son of Lord Charles Spencer, himself the second son of that Lord Charles Spencer, fifth Earl of Sunderland, who succeeded as third Duke of Marlborough in 1773. He was educated at Harrow and Oxford. He held a commissionership of stamps; and spent the last ten years of his life in Paris. He was long a fashionable writer of *vers de société* and such like; but his fashionable verse is forgotten, and his name lives alone in a few simple songs and ballads, the chief being *Beth Gelert*; or, *The Grave of the Greyhound*. Aside from this beautiful ballad, his poems are but commonplace. They were collected, with a *Memoir*, in 1835.

BETH GELERT.

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obeyed Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer:
"Come, Gelert, come; wert never last
Llewellyn's horn to hear.

"Oh, where doth faithful Gelert roam,
The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase?"

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
And sentinelled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John
But no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries!

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare;
And scant and small the bounty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore:
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewellyn gazed with fierce surprise;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewellyn passed,
And on went Gelert, too;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent;
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child — no voice replied —
He searched, with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

“Hell-hound! my child’s by thee devoured,
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert’s side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert’s dying yell
Passed heavy o’er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert’s dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent’s joy could tell
To hear his infant’s cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap,
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe hath he, nor harm, nor dread,
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Llewellyn’s sorrow proved.

Ah, what was then Llewellyn’s pain!
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewellyn’s heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn’s woe;
“Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue.”



EDMUND SPENSER.

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

There, never could the spearman pass,
Or forester unmoved;
There, oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved,

And there he hung his horn and spear,
And, there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

And, till great Snowdon's rocks grow old
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of "Gelert's Grave."

SPENSER, EDMUND, an English poet; born at London in 1553; died there, January 16, 1599. In 1569 he was entered at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where he took his first degree in 1572. In 1580 he was appointed Secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, the Queen's deputy in Ireland. In 1586 he received a grant of 3,000 acres of land in the county of Cork. In 1590 he was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, who took him to England, and presented him to Queen Elizabeth. In 1594 he married, and his *Epithalamion* was written to welcome his bride to their Irish home. In 1598 he was made Sheriff of Cork. His office rendered him obnoxious to the disaffected Irish, who attacked and burned his residence

of Kilcolman Castle, his wife and infant son perishing in the flames. He returned to London, where he soon died, and at his own request was buried in Westminster Abbey, close by the tomb of Chaucer. The principal poems of Spenser are; *The Shepherd's Calendar* (1579); the *Epithalamion* (1594); *The Faerie Queene*, the first two books of which appeared in 1590, and three others in 1595. There were to have been six more books, of which only one canto, and a fragment of another, exists. In 1590 appeared a collection of his lesser poems, entitled *Complaints*; and in 1596 four *Hymns*, celebrating the Platonic doctrine of Beauty. He also wrote, in prose, a *View of Ireland*.

AT THE ALTAR.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
 Open them wide that she may enter in,
 And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
 And all the pillows deck with garlands trim.
 For to receive this saint with honor due,
 That cometh in to you
 With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
 She cometh in, before the Almighty's view;
 Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
 When so ye come into those holy places,
 To humble your proud faces:
 Bring her up to the high altar, that she may
 The sacred ceremonies there partake,
 The which do endless matrimony make;
 And let the roaring organs loudly play
 The praises of the Lord in lively notes
 The whiles, with hollow throats,
 The choristers, with joyous anthems sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
 Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,

And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
 How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
 And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil stain,
 Like crimson dyed in grain;
 That even the angels, which continually
 About the sacred altar do remain,
 Forget their service, and about her fly,
 Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair,
 The more they on it stare.
 But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground.
 Are governèd with goodly modesty,
 That suffers not one look to glance awry,
 Which may let in a little thought unsound.
 Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
 The pledge of all our band?
 Sing, ye sweet angels, alleluja sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.
 — *The Epithalamion.*

UNA AND THE LION.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
 From her unhasty beast she did alight;
 And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
 In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
 From her fair head her fillet she undight,
 And laid her stole aside; her angel's face,
 As the great eye of heaven, shinèd bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shady place;
 Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood
 A ramping lion rushèd suddenly,
 Hunting full greedy after salvage blood.
 Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have at once devoured her tender corse;
 But to the prey, when as he drew more nigh,
 His bloody rage assuagèd with remorse,
 And, with the sight amazed, forgot his furious force.

Instead thereof he kissed her weary feet,
And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue,
As he her wrongèd innocence did weet.
Oh, how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had markèd long,
Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion;
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak doth yield.
Forgetful of the hungry rage which late
Him pricked, in pity of my sad estate.
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her that him loved, and ever most adored
As the god of my life? Why hath he me abhorred!

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbor wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood:
With pity calmed, down fell his angry mood,
At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
Arose the virgin born of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again,
To seek her strayèd champion, if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate.
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard.
Still when she slept he kept both watch and ward,
And when she waked he waited diligent
With humble service to her will prepared.
From her fair eyes he took commandement,
And ever by her looks conceivèd her intent.

— *The Faerie Queene, Book I., Canto 3.*

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

And is there care in Heaven? And is there love

In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?—

There is:—else much more wretched were the case

Of men than beasts. But oh! the exceeding grace

Of mighty God, that loves his creatures so,

And all his works with mercy doth embrace,

That blessed angels he sends to and fro,

To serve the wicked man—to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave

To come to succor us that succor want!

How oft do they with golden pinions cleave

The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,

Against foul fiends to aid us militant!

For us they fight, they watch and duly ward,

And their bright squadrons round about us plant;

And all for love, and nothing for reward.

Oh, why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

—*The Faerie Queene, Book II., Canto 8.*

HEAVENLY AND EARTHLY BEAUTY.

Rapt with the rage of mine own ravished thought,

Through contemplation of those goodly sights

And glorious images in heaven wrought,

Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,

Do kindle love in high-conceited sprites,

I fain to tell the things that I behold,

But feel my wits to fail, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O thou most Almighty Sprite,

From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flow,

To shed into my breast some sparkling light

Of Thine eternal truth, that I may show

Some little beams to mortal eyes below

Of that Immortal Beauty there with Thee

Which in my weak, distraughted mind I see;

That with the glory of so goodly sight
The hearts of men, which fondly here admire
Fair seeming shows, and feed on vain delight,
Transported with celestial desire
Of these fair forms, may lift themselves up higher,
And learn to love, with zealous, humble duty,
The eternal fountain of that Heavenly Beauty.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense
Or idle thought of earthly things remain;
But all that erst seemed sweet seems now offence,
And all that pleased erst now seems to pain.
Their joy, their comfort, their desire, their gain
Is fixed all on that which now they see;
All other sights but feignèd shadows be.

And that fair lamp which useth to inflame
The hearts of men with self-consuming fire,
Thenceforth seems foul, and full of sinful blame;
And all that pomp to which proud minds aspire
By name of honor, and so much desire,
Seems to them baseness, and all riches dross,
And all mirth sadness, and all lucre loss.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And senses fraught with such satiety,
That in naught else on earth they can delight
But in th' aspect of that felicity,
Which they have written in their inward eye,
On which they feed, and in their fastened mind
All happy joy and full contentment find.

And then, my hungry soul, which long hast fed
On idle fancies of my foolish thought,
And, with false Beauty's flattering bait misled,
Hast after vain, deceitful shadows sought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee naught
But late repentance through thy folly's prief,
Ah! cease to gaze on matter of thy grief;

And look at last up to that sovereign light
From whose pure beams all perfect Beauty springs,

That kindleth love in every godly sprite —
Even the Love of God, which loathing brings
Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things;
With whose sweet pleasures being so possessed,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth forever rest.
— *From Hymn of Heavenly Beauty.*

WEDLOCK OF FREE BONDAGE.

The doubt which ye misdeem, fair love, is vain,
That fondly fear to lose your liberty;
When, losing one, two liberties ye gain,
And make him bound that bondage erst did fly.
Sweet be the bonds the which true love doth tye,
Without constraint or dread of any ill.
The gentle bird feels no captivity
Within her cage; but sings and feeds her fill;
There Pride dare not approach, nor Discord spill
The league 'twixt them that loyal love hath bound;
But simple truth, and mutual good-will,
Seeks, with sweet peace, to salve each other's wound;
There Faith doth fearless dwell in brazen tower,
And spotless Pleasure builds her sacred bower.

EASTER MORNING.

Most glorious Lord of Life, that on this day
Didst make thy triumph over Death and Sin,
And, having harrowed Hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win;
This day, dear Lord, with joy begin;
And grant that we, for whom Thou diddest die,
Being with thy dear blood clean washed from sin,
May live forever in felicity;
And that thy love we weighing worthily
May likewise love Thee for the same again.
And for thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
With love may one another entertain.
So let us love, dear Love, like as we ought:
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

Spenser's greatest work, *The Faerie Queene*, is a poem the subject of which is chivalric, allegorical, narrative, and descriptive, while the execution is in a great measure derived from the manner of Ariosto and Tasso. It was originally planned to consist of twelve books or moral adventures, each typifying the triumph of a Virtue, and couched under the form of an exploit of knight-errantry. The hero of the whole action was to be the mythical Prince Arthur, the type of perfect virtue in Spenser, as he is the ideal hero in the vast collection of mediæval legends in which he figures. This fabulous personage is supposed to become enamoured of the Faerie Queene, who appears to him in a dream; and arriving at her court in Fairy-land he finds her holding a solemn feudal festival during twelve days. At her court there is a beautiful lady for whose hand the twelve most distinguished knights are rivals; and in order to settle their pretensions these twelve heroes undertake twelve separate adventures, which furnish the materials for the action. The First Book relates the expedition of the Red-Cross Knight, who is the allegorical representative of *Holiness*, while his mistress Una represents true *Religion*; and the action of the knight's exploit shadows forth the triumph of Holiness over the enchantments and deceptions of Heresy. The Second Book recounts the adventures of Sir Guyon, or *Temperance*; the Third those of Britomartis — a female champion — or *Chastity*. It must be remarked that each of these books is subdivided into twelve cantos, consequently that the poem, even in the imperfect form under which we possess it, is extremely voluminous. The three first books were published separately in 1590, and dedicated to Eliza-

beth, who rewarded the delicate flattery which pervades innumerable allusions in the work with a pension of £50 a year. After returning to Ireland Spenser prosecuted his work; and in 1596 he gave to the world three more books, namely, the Fourth, containing the Legend of Cambell and Triamond, allegorizing *Friendship*; the Fifth, the Legend of Artegall, or of *Justice*; and the Sixth, that of Sir Calivore, or *Courtesy*. Thus half of the poet's original design was executed. What progress he made in the six remaining books it is now impossible to ascertain. There are traditions which assert that this latter portion was completed, but that the manuscript was lost at sea; while the more probable theory is, that Spenser had not time to terminate his extensive plan, but that the dreadful misfortunes amid which his life was closed prevented him from completing his design. The fragment consisting of two cantos of *Mutability* was intended to be inserted in the legend of *Constancy*, one of the books projected. The vigor, invention, and splendor of expression that glow so brightly in the first three books, manifestly decline in the fourth, fifth, and sixth; and it is perhaps no matter of regret that the poet never completed so vast a design, in which the very nature of the plan necessitated a monotony that not all his fertility of genius could have obviated. We may apply to *The Faerie Queene* the paradox of Hesiod "the half is more than the whole."

UNA AND THE RED CROSSE KNIGHT.

A gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,

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The cruel markes of many a bloody field;
 Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
 His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
 As much disdayning to the curbe to yield
 Full iolly knight he seemed, and faire did sitt,
 As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

And on his breast a bloodie crosse he bore,
 The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
 And dead, as living, ever him ador'd:
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
 For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had,
 Right faithfull, true, he was in deede and word;
 But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
 That greatest glorious queene of Faery lond,
 To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
 Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave:
 And ever as he rode, his hart did earne
 To prove his puissance in battell brave
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
 Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
 Upon a lowely asse more white than snow;
 Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
 Under a vele, that wimpled was full low;
 And over all a blacke stole shee did throw;
 As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
 And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had;
 And by her in a line a milke-white lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent as that same lambe
 She was in life and every vertuous lore;
 And by descent from royall lynage came
 Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore

Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,
 And all the world in their subjection held;
 Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
 Forwasted all their land, and then expeld;
 Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
 That lassie seemed, in being ever last,
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag
 Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
 The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
 And angry Iove an hideous storme of raine
 Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,
 That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain;
 And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
 A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
 That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;
 Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
 Did spread so broad, that heavens light did hide,
 Not perceable with power of any starr
 And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
 With footing worne, and leading inward farr:
 Faire harbour that them seemes; so in they entred ar.
 — *From The Faerie Queene, Book I., Canto 1.*

THE BOWER OF BLISS.

There the most daintie paradise on ground
 Itselfe doth offer to his sover eye,
 In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
 And none does others happinesse envye;
 The painted flowres; the trees upshooting hye;
 The dales for shade; the hilles for breathing space;
 The trembling groves; the christall running by;
 And, that which all fair workes doth most aggrace,
 The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
 And scorned partes were mingled with the fine)

That Nature had for wantonnesse ensude
 Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
 So striving each the other to undermine,
 Each did the other's worke more beautify;
 So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine:
 So all agreed, through sweete diversity,
 This gardin to adorne with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,
 Of richest substance that on earth might bee,
 So pure and shiny that the silver flood
 Through every channell running one might see;
 Most goodly it with curious ymageree
 Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
 Of which some seemed with lively iollitee
 To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
 Whylest others did themselves embay in liquid ioyes.

And over all of purest gold was spred
 A trayle of yvie in his native hew;
 For the rich metal was so coloured,
 That wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,
 Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew:
 Low his lascivious armes adowne did creepe,
 That, themselves dipping in the silver dew
 Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,
 Which drops of christall seemed for wantones to weep.

Infinit streames continually did well
 Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
 The which into an ample laver fell,
 And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
 That like a little lake it seemed to bee;
 Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
 That through the waves one might the bottom see,
 All pav'd beneath with iaspar shining bright,
 That seemed the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

.

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
 Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,

Such as attonce might not on living ground,
 Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
 Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
 To reed what manner musicke that mote bee;
 For all that pleasing is to living eare,
 Was there consorted in one harmonie;
 Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree:

The ioyous birdes, shrouded in cheerefull shade,
 Their notes unto the voice attempted sweet;
 Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made
 To th' instruments divine response meet;
 The silver-sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmure of the waters fall;
 The waters fall, with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
 The gentle, warbling wind low answered to all.
 — *From The Faerie Queene.*

THE CAVE OF SLEEP.

He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,
 And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
 To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire
 Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
 And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
 His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
 Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
 In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,
 Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

And, more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
 A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
 And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
 Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
 Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
 No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cries,
 As still are wont t' annoy the walled towne,
 Might there be heard; but carelesse Quiet lyes
 Wrapt in eternall silence, farre from enimes.
 — *From The Faerie Queene.*

PRINCE ARTHUR.

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
 A goodly Knight, faire marching by the way,
 Together with his Squyre, arrayed meet:
 His glitterand armour shined far away,
 Like glauncing light of Phœbus brightest ray;
 From top to toe no place appearèd bare,
 That deadly dint of steele endanger may:
 Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware,
 That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most pre-
 tious rare:

And, in the midst thereof, one pretious stone
 Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
 Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,
 Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,
 And strove for to amaze the weaker sights:
 Thereby his mortal blade full comely hong
 In yvory sheath, ycarv'd with curious slights,
 Whose hilts were burnisht gold; and handle strong
 Of mother perle; and buckled with a golden tong.

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
 Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour bredd:
 For all the crest a dragon did enfold
 With greedie pawes, and over all did spredd
 His golden winges; his dreadfull hideous hedd,
 Close couched on the bever, seemed to throw
 From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,
 That suddeine horroure to faint hartes did show;
 And scaly tayle stretcht adowne his back full low.

—*The Faerie Queene, Book I., Canto 7*

BELPHŒBE.

Her face so faire, as flesh it seemèd not,
 But heavenly pourtraict of bright angels hew,
 Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or blot,
 Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;

And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
 Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
 The which ambrosiall odours from them threw
 And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,
 Hable to heale the sicke and to revive the ded.

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
 Kindled above at th' Heavenly Makers light,
 And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
 So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,
 That quite bereavd the rash beholders sight;
 In them the blinded god his lustful fyre
 To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
 For, with dredd maiestie and awfull yre
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bace desyre

Her yvoire forehead, full of bountie brave,
 Like a broad table did itselfe dispred,
 For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
 And write the battailes of his great godhed;
 All good and honour might therein be red;
 For there their dwelling was. And, when she spake,
 Sweete wordes, like dropping honny, she did shed;
 And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
 A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemed to make.

— *The Faerie Queene, Book II., Canto 3.*

Among the most important of his other poetical writings are *Mother Hubbard's Tale*; *Daphnaida*, an idyllic elegy bewailing the early death of the accomplished Sidney; and *Amoretti*, or love poems, the most beautiful of which is his *Epithalamion*, or Marriage-Song on his own nuptials with the "fair Elizabeth." This is certainly one of the richest marriage-hymns to be found in the whole range of literature, combining warmth with dignity, the intensest passion with a noble elevation and purity of sentiment. Here, too, as well as in innumerable passages of *The Faerie Queene*, do we see the influence of that lofty and

abstract philosophical idea of the identity between Beauty and Virtue, which he borrowed from the Platonic speculations.

BEAUTY.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight;
For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Therefore wherever that thou dost behold
A comely corpse, with beauty fair endued,
Know this for certain, that the same doth hold
A beauteous soul, with fair conditions thewed,
Fit to receive the seed of virtue strewed;
For all that fair is, is by nature good;
That is a sign to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falls that many a gentle mind
Dwells in deformedèd tabernacle drowned,
Either by chance, against the course of kind,
Or through unaptness in the substance found,
Which it assumed of some stubborne ground,
That will not yield unto her form's direction,
But is performed with some foul imperfection.

And oft it falls (aye me, the more to rue!)
That goodly beauty, albeit heavenly born,
Is foul abused, and that celestial hue,
Which doth the world with her delight adorn,
Made but the bait of sin, and sinners' scorn,
Whilst every one doth seek but to deprave it.

Yet nathèmore is that faire beauty's blame,
But theirs that do abuse it unto ill:
Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame

May be corrupt, and wrested unto will;
 Natheless the soule is fair and beauteous still,
 However fleshe's fault it filthy make;
 For things immortal no corruption take.

—*From Hymn in Honor of Beauty.*

THE BRIDE.

Loe! where she comes along with portly pace,
 Lyke Phœbe from her chamber of the East,
 Aysing forth to run her mighty race,
 Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
 So well it her beseems, that ye would weene
 Some angell she had beene.
 Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
 Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres at weene,
 Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre,
 And, being crowned with a girland greene,
 Seem lyke some mayden queene.
 Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
 So many gazers as on her do stare,
 Upon the lowly ground affixèd are,
 Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
 But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud —
 So farre from being proud.
 Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see
 So fayre a creature in your towne before;
 So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
 Adorned with beautyes grace and vertues store?
 Her goodly eyes lyke saphyres shining bright,
 Her forehead yvory white,
 Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,
 Her lips lyke cherries, charming men to byte,
 Her brest lyke to a bowl of creame uncrudded,
 Her paps lyke lyllies budded,
 Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre,
 And all her body like a pallace fayre,
 Ascending up, with many a stately stayre.

To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre. 8
Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring?
—*The Epithalamion.*

SPIELHAGEN, FRIEDRICH, a German novelist; born at Magdeburg, February 27, 1829. He was educated at the University of Berlin, studied law in Bonn, and in 1854 went to Leipsic, where he taught in the Gymnasium. Devoting himself to literature, he has gained a foremost place among modern German novelists. His works are: *Clara Vere* (1854); *On the Downs* (1858); *Problematical Natures* (1861); *Through Night to Light*, a sequel (1862); *At the Twelfth Hour* (1863); *The Rose of the Court* (1864); *The Hohensteins* (1864); *Rank and File* (1866); *Hans and Margaret* (1868); *The Village Coquette* (1869); *Hammer and Anvil* (1869); *German Pioneers* (1870); *Ever Forward* (1872); *What the Swallows Sang* (1873); *Ultimo* (1873); *Love for Love* (1875); *Storm-Floods* (1878); *Low Land* (1879); *The Skeleton in the House* (1879); *Quisisana* (1880); *Angela* (1881); *Uhlenhanns* (1883); *A New Pharaoh* (1888); *Finder und Erfinder* (1890); *Poems* (1891); and *Faustulus* (1897). *Hans and Margaret* was dramatized as a comedy in 1876.

AMONG UNSEEN FOES.

They left the grotto and looked around. They could not see much as yet. A dense fog floated in waving masses over the meadows, now allowing green islands to rise from the gray sea, and then swallowing them up again. The forest from which they had come was lost to sight. Munzer thought it was on one side, Antonia on the other; they went first in this direction, then in that, and still the pine-trees which they sought would not show themselves. At last they saw them at some distance; but a brook, which had changed the meadow into a swamp, prevented the wanderers from approaching in a straight line. They turned aside, and instantly the wood was lost again in the mist. All of a sudden they found themselves near the stump on which they had been sitting last night. To the left of it, about a hundred yards farther on the edge of the wood, the little path led to the camp of the corps.

"All is right now," said Munzer, "but it was high time. What is that?"

A peculiar noise of bushes being trod down, and then again a low sound as of many men marching with equal step on a soft ground, and between, every now and then, a word of command — thus it came up the hill.

They stood still and listened, breathless, into the mist.

"The enemy!" whispered Munzer, taking down his rifle.

"What are you going to do?"

"Give a warning before it is too late!" He fired; almost at the same instant several shots fell, which had been fired at hap-hazard by the approaching troops, and Munzer fell at Antonia's feet.

With a wild cry she sank down by his side and raised his bleeding head. She thought he had been killed, but she soon perceived that the ball had only glanced along the temple, and that all hope was not lost. She pressed her handkerchief on the gaping wound; she tore her silk fichu from her neck and bound it around his head. In vain! The blood but ran all the faster over her

trembling hands. She loosened her belt, tore off her blouse, and wrapped it around him; she sat down on the grass and placed the dear head on her lap; she saw nothing but the flowing blood, nothing but the fading face. What did it matter to her that gray forms slipped by her on all sides, that soon the firing became more serious, large masses being engaged, and that at last the mist rose, and so deprived her of the only protection which had concealed her until now, as by a miracle, from the eyes of the attacking party. One company after another came up, sharp-shooters on the flanks, at the beat of the drum, charging the edge of the wood, which it seemed was held by the revolutionary troops, and obstinately defended. Again and again the bugle gave the signal for retreat. At last, however, they had apparently succeeded in gaining a hold on the forest; for the trees now resounded with the cheers of the soldiers and the crack of the rifles. A new battalion came to the support of the troops who were already engaged in the forest. The sharp-shooters, deploying in line, approached the spot where Antonia was sitting motionless, with her terrible burden.

"There are some more dogs of republicans!" cried one, aiming at Antonia.

"Save your cartridge, my man!" said an officer, knocking up the barrel of the gun with his sword.

Lieutenant Todwitz had seen that the man who was lying on the ground, with his head in the lap of the handsome young woman, was either dead or grievously wounded: the sight had excited his pity. He rushed up to the group. Antonia looked at him with fixed, imploring eyes. She knew the young officer well; she had danced with him often enough in the city.

"Save him, Baron Todwitz!" she cried, forgetting everything else.

The officer was petrified. Was this Antonia?—the brilliant Antonia Hohenstein?—in this costume?—in such a position?

Nevertheless he was a good fellow, and not so hardened against the impulse of doing a heroic thing that he was not touched by what he saw.



BARUCH SPINOZA.

"I will do what I can," he said, "but I fear that will be little enough."—*The Hohensteins; translation of SCHELE DE VERE.*

SPINOZA, BARUCH, a Dutch philosopher; born at Amsterdam, November 24, 1632; died at The Hague, February 21, 1677. He Latinized his name of Baruch into BENEDICTUS, by which he is usually designated. He received a careful Rabbinical training; but at an early age he began to hold heterodox opinions, and was repeatedly summoned before a Rabbinical Council. As he failed to appear, the *anathema maranatha* was pronounced against him in 1656. At the urgency of the Rabbis he was banished from Amsterdam, and finally took up his residence at The Hague, where he devoted himself to speculative philosophy. He had learned the art of grinding lenses for optical instruments, by the exercise of which craft he supported himself, though poorly, for most of his time was devoted to study. In 1673 he was offered a professorship in the University of Marburg, on condition that he would teach nothing opposed to the established religion; this he declined. A suggestion was made to him that he should dedicate some work to Louis XIV. of France, in the expectation of being rewarded by a pension; he replied that he had nothing to dedicate to that monarch. During his lifetime Spinoza published several profound treatises, but he withheld several of his most notable works, which were not published until after his death. Among these are the *Ethica*, the *Tractatus de Intellectus Emendatione*, the *Trac-*

tatus Theologico-Politicus. Our selections from his writings are given in the translation of J. A. Froude. The First Book of his *Ethica* contains a series of "Definitions" and "Axioms," which may be regarded as the basis of his philosophical system.

PHILOSOPHICAL DEFINITIONS.

(1.) By a thing which is *causus sui*—its own cause—I mean a thing the essence of which involves the existence of it, or a thing which cannot be conceived except as existing.—(2.) I call a thing finite, *suo genere*, when it can be limited by another (or others) of the same nature. For example, a given body is called finite, because we can always conceive another body enveloping it; but body is not limited by thought, nor thought by body.—(3.) By substance I mean what exists in itself, and is conceived by itself; the conception of which, that is, does not involve the conception of anything else as the cause of it.—(4.) By attribute I mean whatever the intellect perceives of substance as constituting the essence of substance.—(5.) Mode is an affection of substance, or is that which is in something else, by and through which it is conceived.—(6.) God is a being absolutely infinite; a substance consisting of infinite attributes, each of which expresses His eternal and infinite essence.

PHILOSOPHICAL AXIOMS.

(1.) All things that exist, exist either themselves or in virtue of something else.—(2.) What we cannot conceive of as existing in virtue of something else, we must conceive through and in itself.—(3.) From a given cause an effect necessarily follows, and if there be no cause, no effect can follow.—(4.) Things which have nothing in common with each other cannot be understood through one another; that is, the conception of one does not involve the conception of the other.—(5.) To understand an effect implies that we understand the cause of it.—(6.) A true idea is one which corresponds with its *ideate*.—

(7.) The essence of anything which can be conceived as non-existent does not involve existence.

SUBSTANCE AN ETERNAL VERITY.

If anyone affirms that he has a clear, distinct — that is to say, a true — idea of substance, but that nevertheless he is uncertain whether any such substance exists, it is the same as if he were to affirm that he had a true idea, but yet was uncertain whether it were not false. Or if he says that substance can be created, it is like saying that a false idea can become a true idea: as absurd a thing as it is possible to conceive. And therefore the existence of substance, as well as the essence of it, must be acknowledged as an eternal verity.

THE BODY AND THE MIND.

What Body can or cannot do, no one has yet determined; Body, that is, by the law of its own nature and without any assistance from mind. No one has so probed the human frame as to have detected all its functions, and exhausted the list of them. There are powers exhibited by animals far exceeding human sagacity; and, again, feats are performed by somnambulists on which in the waking state the same persons would never venture — itself a proof that Body is able to accomplish what Mind can only admire.

Men *say* that Mind moves Body; but how it moves it they cannot tell, or what degree of motion it can impart to it; so that, in fact, they do not know what they say, and are only confessing their own ignorance in specious language. They will answer me that whether or not they understand how it can be, yet they are assured by plain experience that unless Mind could perceive, Body would be altogether inactive; they know that it depends on the Mind whether the tongue speaks or is silent. But do they not equally experience that if their bodies are paralyzed their minds cannot think? that if their bodies are asleep their minds are without power? that their minds are not at all times able to exert themselves even on the

same subject, but depend on the state of their bodies? And as for experience proving that the members of the Body can be controlled by the Mind, I fear experience proves very much the reverse.

But it is absurd, they rejoin, to attempt to explain, from the mere laws of Body, such things as pictures, or palaces, or works of art; the Body could not build a church unless the Mind directed it. I have shown, however, that we do not yet know what Body can or cannot do, or what would naturally follow from the structure of it; that we experience in the feats of somnambulists something which, antecedently to that experience, would have seemed incredible. This fabric of the human body exceeds infinitely any contrivance of human skill, and an infinity of things, as I have already proved, ought to follow from it.

SPOFFORD, HARRIET ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, an American novelist and poet; born at Calais, Me., April 3, 1835. In 1855 she became the wife of Richard S. Spofford, a lawyer of Boston. In 1859 she sent to the *Atlantic Monthly* a story of Parisian life entitled *In a Cellar*, which was held in abeyance for some time under the impression that it was an unacknowledged translation from the French. This misapprehension was removed; the story was published, and she soon became a frequent contributor to the best magazines. Among her works are *Sir Rohan's Ghost* (1859); *The Amber Gods and Other Stories* (1863); *Azarian* (1864); *New England Legends* (1871); *The Thief in the Night* (1872); *Art Decoration Applied to Furniture* (1881); *Marquis of Carabas* (1882); *Poems* (1882);



HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Hester Stanley at St. Mark's (1883); *The Servant-Girl Question* (1884); *Ballads About Authors* (1888); *A Lost Jewel* and *House and Hearth* (1891); *A Scarlet Poppy* (1894); *In Titian's Garden*, verse (1896); *That Betty* (1903); and *Four Days of God* (1905).

RUTH YETTON'S ART-STUDIES.

Without premeditation or affectation or search Miss Yetton had found an art; an art in which she stood almost alone. As she began to give herself rules, one that she found absolute was to work from nothing but the life. During the winter, and while yet her means were very small, the opposite course had been needful; but even then some little card where a handful of brown stems and ruddy berries from the snowy roadside seemed to have been thrown where she had caught just the top-most tips of the bare tree in the square, lined like any evanescent sea-moss, delicate as the threads of smoke that wander upward, faintly lined in rosy purple and etched upon a calm, deep sky with most exquisite and intricate entanglement of swaying spray and swinging bud; even then things like these commanded twice the price of any copy of her past sketches. Something of this was due to growth, perhaps. Already she felt that she handled her pencil with a swifter decision, and there was a courage in her color.

But when spring came she revelled. She took jaunts deeper among the outlying regions. One day, luncheon in pocket, she went pulling apart old fallen twigs and bits of stone on the edge of a chasm where dark and slumbrous waters forever mantled, and returning the forty miles in the afternoon train, brought home with her bountiful bunches, root and blood-red leaf, downy bud and flaky flower of the purple hepatica — the hepatica whose pristine element, floating out of heaven and sinking into the sod with every star-sown fall of snow, answers the first touch of wooing sunshine, assailed of dazzle, enriched with some tincture of the mould's own strain,

and borrowing from the crumbling granites that companion it all winter an atom of fibre, a moment of permanence; breezy bits of gold and purple at last; cuddled in among old gnarls and roots, and calling the wild March sponsor. These before her she wrought patiently on ivory, with all delicate veinery and tender tint, painting in a glossy jet of background, till, rivalling the Florentine, the dainty mosaic was ready for the cunning goldsmith who should shape it to the pin that gathers the laces deep in any lady's bosom.

Then, when the brush had exhausted their last essence, some messenger of the year, some little stir in her pulse, warned her of hurrying May-flowers, and she sped down to the Plymouth woods, within sound of their rustling sea-shore, to pull up clustered wet trailing masses, flushed in the warmest, wealthiest pink, with the heartsomest flower that blows. And there, in the milder weather, she took her only familiar, her father, that he might plunge his trembling hands deep down among the flowers; or sitting on a mossy knoll, listen to the wild song of the pines above. Sometimes, too, she stood with him through long reveries in the wide rhodora marshes, where some fleece of burning mist seemed to be falling, and caught and tangled in the filaments on the bare twigs and sprays that lovingly detained it. At other times she lingered over the blushing wild honeysuckle, and every tribe of fragrance poured strength and light into her spirit. Always in gathering her trophies from among their natural surroundings she felt half her picture painted. . .

At length, when — summer ended and her tramps among pastures on fire with their burning huckle-berry bushes, just begun — there came an order from across the seas for a book of autumn leaves, accompanied by a check for two hundred dollars, Miss Yetton thought her fortune made.—*Azarian*.

A SIGH.

It was nothing but a rose I gave her,
Nothing but a rose;
Any wind might rob of half its savor,
Any wind that blows.

When she took it from my trembling fingers
With a hand as chill —
Ah, the flying touch upon the fingers,
Stays and thrills them still!

Withered, faded, pressed between the pages,
Crumpled fold on fold —
Once it lay upon her breast, and ages
Cannot make it old!

HAPPY DAY OF HAPPY JUNE.

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
Forever in mid afternoon,
Ah, happy day of happy June!
Pour out thy sunshine on the hill
The piny wood with perfume fill,
And breathe across the surging sea
Land-scented breezes that shall be
Sweet as the gardens that they pass
Where children tumble in the grass!

Ah, happy day refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
And long not for thy blushing rest
In the soft bosom of the west;
But bid gray evening get her back
With all the stars upon her track!
Forget the dark, forget the dew,
The mystery of the midnight blue,
And only spread thy wide, warm wings,
While Summer her enchantment flings!

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
Forever let thy tender mist
Lie, like dissolving amethyst,
Deep in the distant dales, and shed
Thy mellow glory overhead!
Yet wilt thou wander — call the thrush,

And have the wilds and waters hush
To hear his passion-broken tune
Ah, happy day of happy June!

VANITY.*

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And day and night are the same as one;
The year grows green, and the year grows brown,
And what is it all when all is done?
Grains of sombre or shining sand,
Gliding into and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas,
And a hundred ships are the same as one;
And backward and forward blows the breeze,
And what is it all, when all is done?
A tide with never a shore in sight
Getting steadily on to the night.

The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,
And what is it all when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And always the dreaming the dreamer wakes.

SPRAGUE, CHARLES, an American poet; born at Boston, Mass., October 26, 1791; died there, January 22, 1875. He was engaged in mercantile business until 1825, when he became cashier of the Globe Bank, Boston, a position from which he retired in 1864. A collection of his poems was published in 1850, and a later one in 1876. Be-

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sides numerous occasional poems his verses include the *Shakespeare Ode*, recited in 1823; *Curiosity*, delivered as a Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard, in 1829; and the *Boston Centennial Ode* (1830).

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

[*Addressed to two little birds, who flew into a church during service, and remained perched there.*]

Gay, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep;
Penance is not for you,
Blest wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On Nature's charms to feed,
And Nature's own great God adore.

I SEE THEE STILL.

I see thee still!
Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust.
Thou comest in the morning light,
Thou'rt with me in the gloomy night;
In dreams I meet thee as of old,
Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,
And thy sweet voice is in mine ear.
In every scene to memory dear
I see thee still!

I see thee still!
In every hallowed token round:
This little ring thy finger bound,
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
This silken chain by thee was braided;
These flowers, all withered now like thee,
Sweet sister, thou didst cull for me;
This book was thine — here didst thou read,
This picture — ah yes! here indeed
I see thee still!

I see thee still!
Here was thy summer noon's retreat;
Here was thy favorite fireside seat;
This was thy chamber — here, each day,
I sat and watched thy sad decay,
Here on this bed thou last didst lie,
Here on this pillow thou didst die:

Dark hour! once more its woes unfold!
As then I saw thee pale and cold,
I see the still!

I see thee still!
Thou art not in the grave confined —
Death cannot claim the immortal Mind.
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
But goodness dies not in the dust.
Thee, O my sister! 'tis not thee
Beneath the coffin's lid I see;
Thou to a fairer land art gone:
There let me hope, my journey done,
To see thee still!

THE FAMILY MEETING.

We are all here!
All who hold each other dear,
Each chair is filled — we're all at home;
To-night let no cold stranger come:
It is not often thus around
Our old, familiar hearth we're found;
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle Peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour;
We're all — all here.

We're *not* all here!
Some are away — the dead ones dear,
Who throng'd with us this ancient hearth,
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Looked in and thinned our little band:
Some, like a night-flash, passed away,
And some sank, lingering, day by day;
The quiet graveyard — some lie there —
And cruel Ocean has his share —
We're *not* all here.

We *are* all here !

Even they — the dead — though dead, so dear ;
 Fond memory to her duty true,
 Brings back their faded forms to view.
 How life-like, through the mist of years,
 Each well-remembered face appears !
 We see them as in times long past ;
 From each to each kind looks are cast ;
 We hear their words, their smiles behold ;
 They're round us as they were of old —

We *are* all here.

We are all here !

Father, Mother,

Sister, Brother,

You that I love with love so dear,
This may not long of us be said ;
 Soon must we join the gathered dead ;
 And by the hearth we now sit round,
 Some other circle will be found.
 O ! then, that wisdom we may know,
 Which yields a life of peace below !
 So, in the world to follow this,
 May each repeat, in words of bliss,
 We're all — all *here* !

ODE ON ART.

When from the sacred garden driven,
 Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
 An angel left her place in heaven,
 And crossed the wanderer's sunless path.
 'Twas Art, sweet Art ! new radiance broke
 When her light foot flew o'er the ground,
 And thus with seraph voice she spoke :
 " The curse a blessing shall be found."

She led him through the trackless wild,
 Where noontide sun had never blazed ;
 The thistle shrunk, the harvest smiled,
 And Nature gladdened as she gazed.

Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At Art's command, to him are given;
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to heaven.

He sends the oak, and bids it ride
To guard the shores its beauty graced;
He smites the rock — upheaved in pride,
See towers of strength and domes of taste
Earth's teeming cares their wealth reveal;
Fire bears his banner on the wave,
He bids the mortal poison heal,
And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky;
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
That quivers round the throne on high;
In war renowned, in peace sublime,
He moves in greatness and in grace;
His power, subduing space and time,
Links realm to realm, and race to race.

LA FAYETTE.

While we bring our offerings to the mighty of our *own* land, shall we not remember the chivalrous spirits of *other* shores, who shared with them the hour of weakness and woe? Pile to the clouds the majestic column of glory; let the lips of those who can speak well hallow each spot, where the bones of your bold repose; but forget not those who with your bold, went out to battle.

Among these men of noble daring, there was *one*, a young and gallant stranger, who left the blushing vine-hills of his delightful France. The people whom he came to succor were not *his* people; he knew them only in the melancholy story of their wrongs. He was no mercenary adventurer, striving for the spoil of the vanquished; the palace acknowledged him for its lord, and the valley yielded him its increase. He was no nameless

man, staking life for reputation; he ranked among nobles, and looked unawed upon kings.

He was no friendless outcast, seeking for a grave to hide a broken heart; he was girdled by the companions of his childhood; his kinsmen were about him; his wife was before him. Yet from all these loved ones he turned away. Like a lofty tree that shakes down its green glories, to battle with the winter's storm, he flung aside the trappings of place and pride to crusade for Freedom, in Freedom's holy land. He came; but not in the day of successful rebellion; not when the new-risen sun of independence had burst the cloud of time, and careered to its place in the heavens.

He came when darkness curtained the hills, and the tempest was abroad in its anger; when the plow stood still in the field of promise, and briers cumbered the garden of beauty; when fathers were dying, and mothers were weeping over them; when the wife was binding up the gashed bosom of her husband, and the maiden was wiping the death-damp from the brow of her lover. He came when the brave began to fear the power of man, and the pious to doubt the favor of God. It was then that this ONE joined the ranks of a revolted people.

Freedom's little phalanx bade him a grateful welcome. With them he courted the battle's rage; with theirs, his arm was lifted; with theirs, his blood was shed. Long and doubtful was the conflict. At length, kind Heaven smiled on the good cause, and the beaten invaders fled. The profane were driven from the temple of Liberty, and at her pure shrine the pilgrim warrior, with his adored Commander, knelt and worshiped. Leaving there his offering, the incense of an uncorrupted spirit, he, at length, rose, and crowned, with benedictions, turned his happy feet toward his long-deserted home.

After nearly fifty years, that ONE has come again. Can mortal tongue tell, can mortal heart feel the sublimity of that coming? Exulting millions rejoice in it; and their loud, long, transporting shout, like the mingling of many winds, rolls on, undying to freedom's farthest mountains. A congregated nation comes around him. Old men bless him, and children reverence him. The

lovely come out to look upon him; the learned deck their halls to greet him; the rulers of the land rise up to do him homage.

How his full heart labors! He views the rusting trophies of departed days; he treads the high places where his brethren molder; he bends before the tomb of his FATHER, Washington; his words are tears, the speech of sad remembrance. But he looks round upon a ransomed land and a joyous race; he beholds the blessings those trophies secured, for which those brethren died, for which that FATHER lived; and again his words are tears, the eloquence of gratitude and joy.

Spread forth creation like a map; bid earth's dead multitude revive; and of all the pageant splendors that ever glittered to the sun, when looked his burning eye on a sight like this? Of all the myriads that have come and gone, what cherished minion ever ruled an hour like this? Many have struck the redeeming blow for their *own* freedom; but who, like this man, has bared his bosom in the cause of strangers? Others have lived in the love of their own people; but who, like this man, has drank his sweetest cup of welcome with another? Matchless Chief! of glory's immortal tablets, there is one for him, for *him* alone! Oblivion shall never shroud its splendor; the everlasting flame of liberty shall guard it, that the generations of men may repeat the name recorded there, the beloved name of LA FAYETTE.

SPRAGUE, WILLIAM BUELL, an American clergyman and historian; born at Andover, Conn., October 16, 1795; died at Flushing, N. Y., May 7, 1876. He was graduated from Yale in 1815; studied at the Princeton Theological Seminary, and in 1819 was settled as associate pastor of the Congregational Church at West Springfield,

Mass. In 1829 he became pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Albany, N. Y., retaining this post until his resignation in 1869. Among his numerous writings are *Letters to a Daughter* (1822); *Letters from Europe* (1828); *Lectures on Revivals* (1832); *Aids to Early Religion* (1847); *Words to a Young Man's Conscience* (1848). His most important work, to which the labor of many years was devoted, was the *Annals of the American Pulpit*, containing biographies of clergymen of all denominations, with Historical Introductions to the biographies of each denomination, the whole being brought down to 1855. The publication of this work was begun in 1857, the ninth and concluding volume was issued in 1867.

In the Preface he thus sets forth the plan of the work:

PLAN OF THE "ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN PULPIT."

In the construction of this work I had an eye to the history of the Church, as well as to the biography of its ministers. I have therefore kept each denomination by itself, and have arranged the names under each chronologically, so that the gradual changes of the ministry can be easily traced, and the progress of each denomination, also, so far as it is identified with the characters and doings of its ministers.

The work is chiefly distinguished by two characteristics. One is that the testimony concerning character is, with very few exceptions, original. It is not only the sentiments but the very language of the individual who could speak from actual knowledge. The other characteristic feature of the work is that it at least claims an exemption from denominational partiality. My only aim has been to present what I supposed to be a faithful outline of the life and character of each individual, without justifying or condemning opinions that they have respectively held. . . . One of the most difficult and

delicate things in connection with the work has been the selection of its subjects. The general principle that has controlled me has been the following: to include those who were eminent for their talents, their acquirements, or their usefulness, or who were particularly distinguished in their history.

SPURGEON, CHARLES HADDON, an English clergyman and controversialist; born at Kelvedon, Essex, June 19, 1834; died at Mentone, France, January 31, 1892. His literary school education was brief, and was received chiefly at Colchester, with a subsequent year at an agricultural college at Maidstone, where he supported himself as usher, and a short time later filled the same office at Cambridge. His chief preparation as one of the greatest preachers of his age was obtained in a determined system of book-reading and training. He became pastor of a small congregation at Waterbeach, about five miles from Cambridge, in 1851, at the age of seventeen, and while still an usher. His first sermon in London was in 1853. A year later he began to preach in New Park Street. Soon after his congregation so enlarged that it was transferred to Exeter Hall, and later to the great Surrey Music Hall. In 1861 he erected at a cost of \$160,000 his Metropolitan Tabernacle, which accommodated an audience of 6,000 people.

Mr. Spurgeon's sermons were published from the first week of 1855, and were translated into various foreign languages. As an author he produced numerous works, the chief being the *Treasury of David*;

he also edited *The Sword and Trowel*. In 1887, he severed his connection with the Baptist Union—a step which had led to a long controversy in the papers under the title of the *Down Grade Question*. In 1888 Mr. Spurgeon celebrated the issue of his 2,000th sermon. Shortly before his death he published two volumes of proverbs under the title of *Salt-cellars*. At the time of his death he was at Mentone in quest of health.

THE GIFT OF SLEEP.

“So He giveth His beloved sleep.” In my revery, as I was on the border-land of dreams, methought I was in a castle. Around its massive walls there ran a deep moat. Watchmen paced the walls both day and night. It was a fine old fortress, bidding defiance to the foe; but I was not happy in it. I thought I lay upon a couch; but scarcely had I closed my eyes, ere a trumpet blew, “To arms! to arms!” and when the danger was overpast, I laid me down again. “To arms! to arms!” once more resounded, and again I started up. Never could I rest. I thought I had my armor on, and moved about perpetually clad in mail, rushing each hour to the castle-top, aroused by some fresh alarm. At one time a foe was coming from the west, at another time from the east. I thought I had treasure somewhere down in some deep part of the castle, and all my care was to guard it. I dreaded, I feared, I trembled, lest it should all be taken from me. I awoke, and I thought I would not live in such a tower as that for all its grandeur. It was the castle of discontent, the castle of ambition, in which a man never rests. It is ever, “To arms! to arms! to arms!” It is a foe here or a foe there. His dear-loved treasure must be guarded. Sleep never crossed the draw-bridge of the castle of discontent. Then I thought I would supplement by another revery. I was in a cottage. It was in what poets call a beautiful and pleasant place, but I cared not for that, I had no treasure in the world, save one sparkling jewel on my heart; and I thought I

put my hand on that and went to sleep, nor did I awake till the morning light. That treasure was a quiet conscience and the love of God — “the peace that passeth all understanding.” I slept, because I slept in the house of content, satisfied with what I had. Go, ye overreaching misers! Go, ye grasping, ambitious men! I envy not your life of inquietude. The sleep of statesmen is often broken; the dream of the miser is always evil; the sleep of the man who loves gain is never hearty; but “God giveth his beloved sleep.” . . . The sleep of the body is the gift of God. So said Homer of old when he described it as descending from the clouds, and resting on the tents of the warriors around old Troy. And so said Virgil, when he spoke of Palinurus falling asleep upon the prow of a ship. Sleep is the gift of God, and not a man would close his eyes did not God put his fingers on his eyelids; did not the Almighty send a soft and balmy influence over his frame which lulled his thoughts into quiescence, making him enter into that blissful state of rest which we call sleep. True, there be some drugs and narcotics whereby men can poison themselves well nigh to death, and then call it sleep; but the sleep of the healthy body is the gift of God. He bestows it; He rocks the cradle for us every night; He draws the curtain of darkness; He bids the sun shut up his burning eyes, and then He comes and says, “Sleep, sleep, my child, I give thee sleep.”

SQUIER, EPHRAIM GEORGE, an American traveler and archæologist; born at Bethlehem, N. Y., June 17, 1821; died at Brooklyn, N. Y., April 17, 1888. In early life he worked on a farm; afterward taught school, studied civil engineering, and became a newspaper editor, lastly at Chillicothe, Ohio. Here, in conjunction with Dr. A. H. Davis, he pre-

pared an account of the Ancient Monuments in the Mississippi Valley, which was published in the *Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge* for 1848, where also was printed in the next year his account of the Aboriginal Monuments in the State of New York. In 1849 he was appointed Special Envoy to the States of Central America. In 1853 he again visited Central America in connection with a projected railway to connect the Atlantic and the Pacific, which occupied his attention for several years. In 1863 he was appointed United States Commissioner to Peru, where he made a thorough examination of the existing remains of Inca civilization. For several years thereafter he resided in New York, employed in literary labor. Besides several monographs, mainly upon American archæology, his works are *Nicaragua: Its People, Scenery, etc.* (1852); *Notes on Central America* (1854); *Waikna, or Adventures on the Mosquito Shore*, a romance published under the pseudonym of Samuel A. Bard (1855); *The States of Central America* (1870); *Peru, the Land of the Incas* (1871).

TIAHUANUCO, THE BAALBEC OF THE NEW WORLD.

Tiahuanuco lies almost in the very centre of the great terrestrial basin of lakes Titicaca and Aullagas, and in the heart of a region which may be characterized as the Tibet of the New World. Here, at an elevation of 12,900 feet above the sea, in a broad, open, and uncultivated plain, cold in the wet, and frigid in the dry season, we find the evidences of an ancient civilization regarded by many as the oldest and the most advanced of both the American continents. The first thing that strikes the visitor in the village of Tiahuanuco is the great number of beautifully cut stones built into the rudest edifices, and paving the squalidest courts. They are used as lintels, jambs, seats, tables, and as recep-

tacles for water. The church is mainly built of them; the cross in front of it stands on a stone pedestal which shames the symbol it supports in excellence of workmanship. On all sides are vestiges of antiquity from the neighboring ruins, which have been a real quarry whence have been taken the cut stones not only for Tiahuanuco and all the churches of its valley, but for erecting the cathedral of La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, situated in the deep valley of one of the streams falling into the river Beni, twenty leagues distant. The monuments of the past have furnished most of the materials for the public edifices, the bridges, and highways of the present day.

The ruins of Tiahuanuco have been regarded by all students of American antiquities as in many respects the most interesting and important, and at the same time most enigmatical, of any on the continent. They have excited the admiration and wonder alike of the earliest and the latest travelers, most of whom, vanquished in their attempts to penetrate the mystery of their origin, have been content to regard them as the solitary remains of a civilization that disappeared before that of the Incas began, and was contemporaneous with that of Egypt and of the East. Unique, yet perfect in type, and harmonious in style, they appear to be the work of a people who were thorough masters of an architecture which had no infancy, and passed through no period of growth, and of which we find no other examples. Tradition, which mumbles more or less intelligibly of the origin of many other American monuments, is dumb concerning these. The wondering Indians told the first Spaniards that "they existed before the sun shone in the heavens;" that they were raised by giants; or that they were the remains of an impious people whom an angry Deity had converted into stone because they had refused hospitality to his vicegerent and messenger.—*Land of the Incas.*

SACSAHUAMAN, THE ANCIENT FORTRESS OF CUZCO.

The capital of the Inca empire was not defended by walls, such as protected some of the ancient Inca cities. Its valley, surrounded by high mountains, was itself naturally almost impregnable, and the approaches to it were covered by fortifications. But the city nevertheless had its citadel or fortress. It was built upon the bold headland projecting into the valley of Cuzco, between the rivulets Huatenay and Rodadero, looking from below like a high, abrupt hill, but being really only the spur of a shell or plateau, somewhat irregular in surface, which in turn is commanded by higher hills or mountains, themselves the escarpments of remote natural terraces or *puna* lands. This headland is called *Los Altos del Sacsahuaman*, the latter being a compound word signifying "Gorge thyself, Hawk!" Thus metaphorically did the Incas glorify the strength of their fortress: "Dash thyself against its rocky and impregnable sides, if thou wilt; the hawks will gather up the fragments!"

The usual ascent to the Sacsahuaman, and which is practicable by horses, is through the gorge of the Rodadero to the right of the eminence, where a road is partly cut out of the hill and partly built up against it—a cliff on one side and a precipice on the other. As we ascend, we observe, high above us, long lines of walls, which are the faces of the eastern terraces of the fortress. These become heavier as we advance, until when we reach the level of the plateau, up the rugged front of which we have been struggling, they cease to be simply retaining-walls, and rise in massive independent walls, composed of great blocks of limestone. A gateway flanked by heavy stones opens on our left. Passing through this gateway, we have our first view of the great, Cyclopean walls of the fortress of Sacsahuaman, the most massive among monuments of this character either in the Old or in the New World. The outline of the eminence, on the side toward the rocks of the Rodadero, is rather concave than otherwise, and it is along this face that the heaviest works of the fortress

were built. They remain substantially perfect, and will remain so — unless disturbed by violence which is not to be anticipated — as long as the Pyramids shall last, or Stonehenge and the Coliseum endure, for it is only with these works that the fortress of the Sacsahuaman can be properly compared. . . .

The stones composing the walls are massive blocks of blue limestone, irregular in size and shape. One of these stones is 27 feet high, 14 feet broad, and 12 in thickness. Stones of 15 feet in length, 12 in width, and 10 in thickness, are common in the outer walls. They are all slightly bevelled on the face, and near the joints chamfered down sharply to the contiguous faces. The joints are not now, if they ever were, so perfect as they are represented by the chroniclers. They are nevertheless wonderfully close, and cut with a precision rarely seen in modern fortifications.—*Land of the Incas.*

STAËL-HOLSTEIN, ANNE LOUISE GERMAINE NECKER DE, a French writer of great versatility; born at Paris, April 22, 1766; died there, July 14, 1817. She was the only child of the finance minister, Necker. She early showed literary genius and brilliant conversational gifts. At the age of twenty she was married to the Swedish ambassador, Baron de Staël-Holstein. She was in sympathy with the French Revolution, but deplored its excesses, and she devised a plan for the safety of the royal family, which was not acted upon; saved Montmorency and others from the guillotine, and in 1793 went to London, where she published an appeal in behalf of Marie Antoinette. She met Talleyrand there, and on his return to France aided him to enter the Ministry. She

was conspicuous in Paris as a leader of the constitutional party, but was banished and went to Germany, where she became acquainted with the royal family, and with Goethe and Schiller. On the death of her father, she went to Italy, where she collected material for her story *Corinne*. In 1805 she went to Switzerland, and alternately resided at Geneva and Coppet. *Corinne* was published in France in 1807; but in Germany, the work, which had been printed with the approval of the censors, was confiscated. For political reasons Napoleon oppressed Mme. de Staël, and converted her residence at Coppet into a prison. In 1812 she escaped, went through Switzerland to Vienna, and, pursued by Napoleon's officers, traveled to Russia, where she was received by the imperial family. She afterward took refuge in London. During Napoleon's banishment to Elba she resided in Paris. She excelled in every branch of composition, was a linguist, a singer of some talent, and a clever amateur actress and dramatist. Her works are *Delphine*, a novel, in which she idealizes herself (1802); *Corinne, en l'Italie* (1807); *De l'Allemagne* (1813), all of which have passed through many editions and translations. Her other works include *Lettres sur les Ecrits et le Caractère de J. J. Rousseau* (1788); *Reflexions sur la Paix* (1794); *De l'Influence des Passions sur le Bonheur des Individus et des Nations* (1796); *De la Littérature considérée dans ses Rapports avec les Institutions Sociales* (1800); *Considerations sur les Principaux Evénements de la Révolution Française* (1818), and *Dix Années d'Exil* (1821). Her complete works were edited by her son, Auguste, with notes by her daughter, Mme. Necker de Saussure (17 vols., 1820-21). This was followed by a new edition supplemented by

Œuvres Diverses (5 vols., 1828-29). Mme. de Staël's correspondence with the grand duchess Louisa of Saxe-Weimar, in 1800-17, was published in 1862, and her other letters were published by Saint-René Taillandier in the following year.

CONTRASTED MERITS OF FRENCH AND GERMAN WRITERS.

Perspicuity is in France one of the first merits of a writer; for the first object of a reader is to give himself no trouble, but to catch, by running over a few pages in the morning what will enable him to shine in conversation in the evening. The Germans, on the contrary, know that perspicuity can never have more than a relative merit: a book is clear according to the subject and according to the reader. Montesquieu cannot be so easily understood as Voltaire, and nevertheless he is as clear as the object of his meditations will permit. Without doubt clearness should accompany depth of thought; but those who confine themselves only to the graces of wit and the play on words, are much more sure of being understood. They have nothing to do with mystery, why then should they be obscure? The Germans, through an opposite defect, take pleasure in darkness; they often wrap in obscurity what was before clear, rather than follow the beaten road; they have such a disgust for common ideas, that when they find themselves obliged to recur to them, they surround them with abstract metaphysics, which give them an air of novelty till they are found out. German writers are under no restraint with their readers; their works being received and commented upon as oracles, they may envelop them with as many clouds as they like; patience is never wanting to draw those clouds aside; but it is necessary at length to discover a divinity; for what the Germans can least support is to see their expectations deceived; their efforts and their perseverance render some great conclusion needful. If no new or strong thoughts are discovered in a book, it is soon disdained; and if all is pardoned in behalf of superior talent, they scarcely know how to appreciate

the various kinds of address displayed in endeavoring to supply the want of it.

The prose of the Germans is often too much neglected. They attach more importance to style in France than in Germany; it is a natural consequence of the interest excited by words, and the value they must acquire in a country where society is the first object. Every man with a little understanding is a judge of the justness or suitability of such and such a phrase, while it requires much attention and study to take in the whole compass and connection of a book. Besides, pleasantry finds expressions much sooner than thoughts, and in all that depends on words only we laugh before we reflect.

It must be agreed nevertheless that beauty of style is not merely an external advantage, for true sentiments almost always inspire the most noble and just expressions; and if we are allowed to be indulgent to the style of a philosophical writing, we ought not to be so to that of a literary composition; in the sphere of the fine arts, the form in which a subject is presented to us is as essential to the mind as the subject itself.

The dramatic art offers a striking example of the distinct faculties of the two nations. All that relates to action, to intrigue, to the interest of events, is a thousand times better combined, a thousand times better conceived, among the French; all that depends on the development of the impressions, of the heart, on the secret storms of strong passion, is much better investigated among the Germans.

In order to attain the highest point of perfection in either country, it would be necessary for the Frenchman to be religious, and the German more a man of the world. Piety opposes itself to levity of mind, which is the defect and the grace of the French nation; the knowledge of men and of society would give to the Germans that taste and facility in literature which is at present wanting to them. The writers of the two countries are unjust to each other; the French, nevertheless, are more guilty in this respect than the Germans; they judge without knowing the subject, and examine after they have decided; the Germans are more impartial. Ex-

tensive knowledge presents to us so many different ways of beholding the same object that it imparts to the mind the spirit of toleration which springs from universality.

The French would, however, gain more by comprehending German genius than the Germans would in subjecting themselves to the good taste of the French. In our days, whenever a little foreign leaven has been allowed to mix itself with French regularity, the French have themselves applauded it with delight. J. J. Rousseau, Bernardin de Saint Pierre, Chateaubriand, etc., are, in some of their works, even unknown to themselves, of the German school; that is to say, they draw their talent only out of the internal sources of the soul. But if German writers were to be disciplined according to the prohibitory laws of French literature, they would not know how to steer amid the quicksands that would be pointed out to them; they would regret the open sea, and their minds would be much more disturbed than enlightened. It does not follow that they ought to hazard all, and that they would do wrong in sometimes imposing limits on themselves; but it is of consequence to them to be placed according to their own modes of perception. In order to induce them to adopt certain necessary restrictions, we must recur to the principle of those restrictions without employing the authority of ridicule, which is always highly offensive to them.

Men of genius in all countries are formed to understand and esteem each other; but the vulgar class of writers and readers, whether German or French, bring to our recollection that fable of La Fontaine, where the stork cannot eat in the dish, nor the fox in the bottle. The most complete contrast is perceived between minds developed in solitude, and those formed by society. Impressions from external objects and the inward recollections of the soul, and knowledge of men and abstract ideas, action and theory, yield conclusions totally opposite to each other. The literature, the arts, the philosophy, the religion of these two nations attest this difference; and the eternal boundary of the Rhine separates two intellectual regions which, no less than the two countries, are foreign to each other.—*Germany (L'Allemagne)*.

VESUVIUS.

Leaving Pompeii, they proceeded to Portici, whose inhabitants beset them with loud cries of "Come and see the mountain!" thus they designate Vesuvius. Has it need of name? It is their glory; their country is celebrated as the shrine of this marvel. Oswald begged Corinne to ascend in a sort of palanquin to the Hermitage of St. Salvatore, which is half-way up, and the usual resting-place for travelers. He rode by her side to overlook her bearers; and the more his heart filled with the generous sentiments such scenes inspire, the more he adored Corinne.

The country at the foot of Vesuvius is the most fertile and best cultivated of the kingdom most favored by Heaven in all Europe. The celebrated Lachryma Christi vine flourishes beside land totally devastated by lava, as if nature here made a last effort, and resolved to perish in her richest array. As you ascend, you turn to gaze on Naples, and on the fair land around it — the sea sparkles in the sun as if strewn with jewels; but all the splendors of creation are extinguished by degrees as you enter the region of ashes and of smoke that announces your approach to the volcano. The iron waves of other years have traced their large black furrows in the soil. At a certain height, birds are no longer seen; farther on, plants become very scarce; then even insects find no nourishment. At last all life disappears; you enter the realm of death, and the slain earth's dust alone slips beneath your unassured feet. . . . A hermit lives betwixt the confines of life and death. One tree, the last farewell to vegetation, stands before his door, and beneath the shade of its pale foliage are travelers wont to wait the night ere they renew their course; for during the day the fires and lava, so fierce when the sun is set, look dark beneath his splendor. This metamorphose is in itself a glorious sight, which every eve renews the wonder that a continual glare would awaken.—*Corinne; translation of* ISABEL HILL.

KLOPSTOCK.

Those who have known Klopstock respect as much as they admire him. Religion, liberty, love, occupied all his thoughts. His religious profession was found in the performance of all his duties: he even gave up the cause of liberty when innocent blood would have defiled it; and fidelity consecrated all the attachments of his heart. Never had he recourse to his imagination to justify an error; it exalted his soul without leading it astray. It is said that his conversation was full of wit and taste; that he loved the society of women, particularly of French women, and that he was a good judge of that sort of charm and grace which pedantry reproves. I readily believe it, for there is always something of universality in genius, and perhaps it is connected by secret ties to grace, at least to that grace which is bestowed by nature. How far distant is such a man from envy, selfishness, excess of vanity, which many writers have excused in themselves in the name of the talents they possessed!—*De L'Allemagne.*

STAGNELIUS, ERIK JOHAN, a Swedish poet; born at Oland, October 14, 1793; died at Stockholm, April 13, 1823. His father became Bishop of Kalmar, and the son was educated at the University of Lund. His reputation as a poet in his native country is second only to that of Tegnér. Many of his poems are in the form of Sonnets, some of which have been translated into English by Edmund Gosse, who says of them: "Though exceedingly mystical, and often obscure, they are certainly the most original in the Swedish language."

THE SIGHS OF THE CREATURES.

What sighs the hill,
 What the North wind through the pine-wood that blows?
 What whispers the rill,
 Whilst through the valley so softly it flows?
 What says the morning,
 Golden mists born in?
 What the night's moon all heaven adorning,
 Silently gazing on valleys below?
 What thinks the red rose? what the narcissé?
 Or the stern precipice,
 Gloomy and threatening, what does it know?
 We know, and we think, and we sigh, and we speak!
 O man, from the trance of thy stupor awake,
 And up to the primal-life's region go back!
 If thou wilt ascend to the true world ideal,
 Into light will transform all the gloomy, the real,
 We also transfigured shall follow thy track.
 Thou thyself art in bonds to material powers.
 Alas! The same terrible bondage is ours,
 For lead where thou wilt we must still follow thee!
 One law, that is common to both, we lie under;
 Unfetter the creatures — thy bonds burst asunder;
 Unfetter thyself, and thou them settest free!

LUNA.

Deep slumber hung o'er sea and hill and plain;
 With pale, pink cheek fresh from her watery caves,
 Slow rose the sun out of the midnight waves,
 Like Venus out of ocean born again;
 Olympian blazed she on the dark blue main:
 "So shall, ye gods!" hark how my weak hope raves —
 "My happy star ascend the sea that laves
 Its shores with quiet, and silence all my pain!"
 With that, there sighed a wandering midnight breeze
 High up among the topmost tufted trees
 And o'er the Moon's face blew a veil of cloud.
 And in the breeze my Genius spake, and said,

“While thy heart stirred, thy glimmering hope has
fled,
And, like the Moon, lies muffled in a shroud.”

MEMORY.

O camp of flowers, with poplars girdled round,
The guardians of life's soft and purple bud!
O silver spring, beside whose brimming flood
My dreaming childhood its Elysium found!
O happy hours with love and fancy crowned,
Whose horn of plenty flatteringly subdued
My heart into a trance, whence with a rude
And horrid blast, fate came my soul to hound,
Who was the goddess who empowered you all
Thus to bewitch me? — Out of wasting snow
And lily-leaves her head-dress should be made!
Weep, my poor lute, nor on Astræa call:
She will not smile, nor I who mourn below,
Till I, a shade, in heaven clasp her, a shade.

ETERNITY.

Up through the ruins of my earthly dreams
I catch the stars of immortality.
What store of joy can lurk in heaven for me?
What other hope feed those celestial gleams?
Can there be other grapes whose nectar streams
For me, whom earth's vine fails? Oh! can it be
That this most helpless heart again may see
A forehead garlanded, an eye that beams?
Alas! 'tis childhood's dream that vanisheth!
The heaven-born soul that feigns it can return
And end in peace this hopeless strife with fate!
There is no backward step; 'tis only death
Can break those cords of wasting fire that burn,
Can break the chain, the captive liberate.

STANHOPE, PHILIP HENRY, EARL, an English statesman and historian; born at London, January 31, 1805; died at Bournemouth, December 24, 1875. He succeeded his father in the earldom in 1855, previous to which he was known by his courtesy title of Lord Mahon. He was graduated from Oxford in 1827, and entered Parliament in 1830. In 1834-35 he was made Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs; and Secretary to the Indian Board of Control in 1845-46. He was elected President of the Society of Antiquaries in 1846, and Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen in 1858. His principal works are *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles*; *History of the War of the Succession in Spain*; *Life of the Great Condé*; *Life of William Pitt*; and a volume of *Miscellanies*.

CHARLES EDWARD STUART, "THE YOUNG PRETENDER."

Charles Edward Stuart is one of the characters that cannot be portrayed at a single sketch, but have so greatly altered as to require a new delineation at different periods. View him in his later years, and we behold the ruins of intemperance—as wasted but not as venerable as those of time. We find him in his anticipated age a besotted drunkard, a peevish husband, a tyrannical master; his understanding debased, and his temper soured.

But not such was the Charles Stuart of 1745. Not such was the gallant Prince, full of youth, of hope, of courage, who, landing with seven men in the wilds of Moidart, could rally a kingdom round his banner, and scatter his foes before him at Preston and at Falkirk. Not such was the gay and courtly host of Holyrood. Not such was he whose endurance of fatigue and eagerness for battle shone pre-eminent even amongst High-

land chiefs; while fairer critics proclaimed him the most winning in conversation, the most graceful in the dance.

Can we think lowly of one who could acquire such unbounded popularity in so few months, and over so noble a nation as the Scots; who could so deeply stamp his image on their hearts that even thirty or forty years after his departure, his name, as we are told, always awakened the most ardent praises from all who had known him? The most rugged cheeks were seen to melt at his remembrance, and tears to steal down the furrowed cheeks of the veteran. Let us then, without denying the faults of his character, or extenuating the degradation of his age, do justice to the lustre of his manhood.—*History of England.*

STANLEY, ARTHUR PENRHYN, an English clergyman; born at Alderley, Cheshire, December 13, 1815; died at London, July 18, 1881. His father, who was Rector of Alderley, afterward became Bishop of Norwich, and his *Memoirs* have been written by his son. He was trained at Rugby, where he was the favorite pupil of Dr. Arnold; thence he proceeded to Oxford, and in 1838 was made a Fellow of University College, in which he also became a tutor. He was made Canon of Canterbury in 1851; Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford in 1858; Dean of Westminster in 1864. In 1872 he was elected one of the select preachers before the University of Oxford, notwithstanding the vehement opposition of the High Church party. Among the principal works of Dean Stanley are *Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold* (1844); *Sermons and Essays on the Apostolic Age* (1846); *The Epistles to the Corinthi-*

ans (1854); *Sinai and Palestine* (1855); *Lectures on the Eastern Church* (1861); *Lectures on the Jewish Church* (1865); *Lectures on the Church of Scotland* (1871); *Christian Institutions* (1878). He also published several series of *Essays* and *Sermons*, preached on various occasions. In 1862 he accompanied the Prince of Wales upon an extended tour in the East. The following is from a sermon preached at Ehden, at the foot of the "Mountain of the Cedars."

LESSONS FROM THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

Our last Sunday in Syria has arrived, and it has been enhanced to us this morning by the sight of these venerable trees which seemed to the Psalmist and the Prophets of old one of the chief glories and wonders of the creation. Two main ideas were conveyed to the minds of those who then saw them, which we may still bear away with us:

One is that of their greatness, breadth, solidity, vastness. "The righteous," says the Psalmist, "shall flourish like a palm-tree." That is one part of our life; to be upright, graceful, gentle, like that most beautiful of Oriental trees. But there is another quality added—"He shall spread abroad like a cedar in Libanus." That is, his character shall be sturdy, solid, broad; he shall protect others, as well as himself; he shall support the branches of the weaker trees around him; he shall cover a vast surface of the earth with his shadow; he shall grow, and spread, and endure; he and his works shall make the place where he was planted memorable for future times.

The second feeling is the value of reverence for these great trees which caused them to be employed for the sacred service of Solomon's Temple, and which has ensured their preservation for so long. It was reverence for Almighty God that caused these trees, and these only, to be brought down from this remote situation to be employed for the Temple of Old. Reverence, we

may be sure, whether to God or to the great things which God has made in the world, is one of the qualities most needful for every human being, if he means to pass through life in a manner worthy of the place which God had given him in the world.

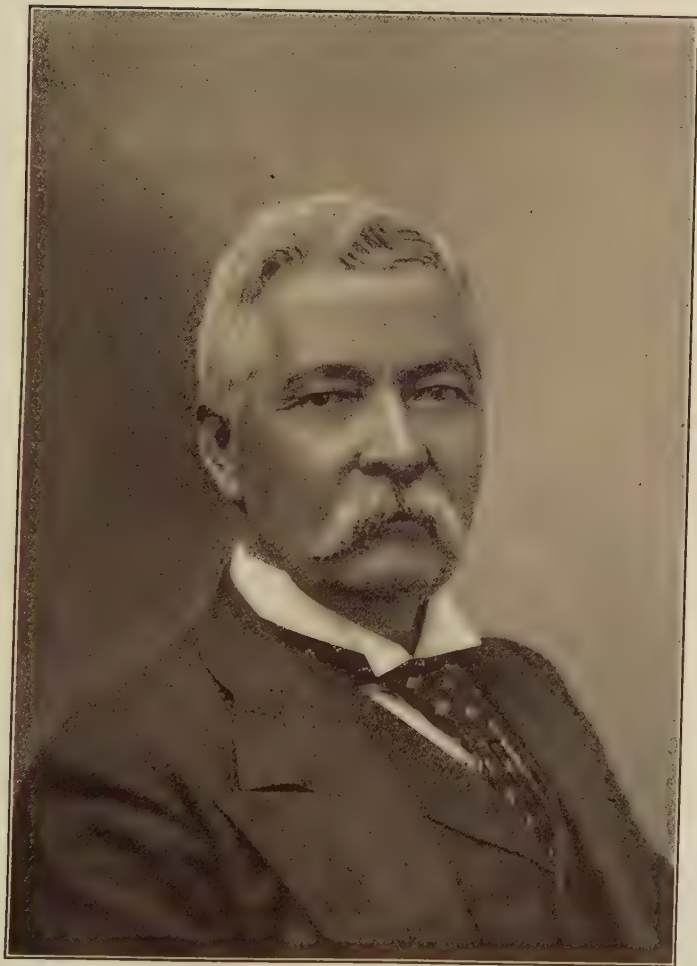
But the sight of the Cedars, and our encampment here, recall to us that this is the close of a manner of life which, in many respects, calls to mind that of the ancient Israelites, as we read it in the lessons of this and of last Sunday, the Book of Numbers and of Deuteronomy: "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel"—so unlike our common life, so suggestive of thoughts which can hardly come to us again. It brings us back, even with all the luxuries which surround us, to something of the freshness and rudeness and simplicity of primitive life, which it is good for us all to feel at one time or other. It reminds us, though in a figure, of the uncertainty and the instability of human existence, so often compared to the pitching and striking of a tent. The spots on which, day after day for the last six weeks, we have been encamped, have again become a desolate open waste; "The Spirit of the Desert stalks in," and their place will be known no more. How like the way in which happy hopes rise and sink, and vanish, and are lost.

.

May I take this occasion of speaking of the importance of this one solemn ordinance of religion, never to be forgotten, wherever we are—morning and evening prayer? It is the best means of reminding ourselves of the presence of God. To place ourselves in His hands before we go forth on our journey, on our pleasure, on our work—to commit ourselves again to Him before we retire to rest—this is the best security for keeping up our faith and trust in Him in whom we all profess to believe, whom we all expect to meet after we leave this world. It is also the best security for our leading a good and a happy life. It has been well said twice over by the most powerful delineator of human character (with one exception) ever produced by our country, that prayer to the Almighty Searcher of Hearts is the best check to

murmurs against Providence, or to the inroad of worldly passions, because nothing else brings before us so strongly their inconsistency and unreasonableness. We shall find it twice as difficult to fall into sin if we have prayed against it every morning, or if we thank God for having kept it from us that very evening. It is the best means of gaining strength and refreshment and courage and self-denial for the day. It is the best means of gaining content and tranquillity and rest for the night, for it brings us, as nothing else can bring us, into the presence of Him who is the source of all these things, and who gives them freely to those who truly and sincerely ask for them.

STANLEY, SIR HENRY MORTON, an Anglo-American explorer; born near Denbigh, Wales, January 28, 1841; died at London, May 10, 1904. In 1855 he went as cabin-boy to New Orleans, was befriended by a merchant, served in the Confederate army, and, after capture, in the Federal navy; was newspaper correspondent in Turkey, and with the British army in the Abyssinian war. In 1870 he was sent by the New York *Herald* to find Livingstone, found him, and returned in 1872. His second exploration, beginning 1874, added much to the knowledge of the Victoria and Albert lakes, and ended with his famous descent of a great river which proved to be the Congo. From 1879 to 1884, sent by the King of Belgium, he completed the grand work of founding the Free State of Congo. From 1887, for two years, he went to the relief of Emin Pasha, making a journey of 1,670 miles through the vast central forest of Africa. His works are: *How I Found Livingstone*



HENRY M. STANLEY.

(1872); *My Kalulu* (1872); *Coomassie and Magdala* (1874); *Through the Dark Continent* (1878); *The Congo and the Founding of Its Free State* (1885); *In Darkest Africa* (1890); *My Dark Companions and Slavery and the Slave Trade in Africa* (1893). Mr. Stanley later entered political life in England, as a member of Parliament.

STANLEY'S MEETING WITH LIVINGSTONE.

I pushed back the crowds, and passing from the rear walked down a long avenue of people until I came to the semicircle of Arabs, in front of which stood "the white man with the gray beard." As I advanced slowly toward him I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a gray beard; wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it; had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of gray tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob; would have embraced him, only he was an Englishman, and I did not know how he would receive me. So I did what cowardice and false shame suggested was the best thing — walked deliberately up to him, took off my hat, and said —

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Yes," said he, with a smile, lifting his cap slightly.

I replace my hat on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both shake hands, and I then say aloud — "I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you."

He answered — "I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you."

I turn to the Arabs, take off my hat to them, in response to a saluting chorus of "Yambos" I receive, and the Doctor introduces them to me by name. Then, oblivious of the crowds, of the men who shared with me my dangers, we — Livingstone and I — turn our faces toward his *tembe*. He points to the veranda — or, rather, stone platform — under the broad, overhanging eaves. He points to his own particular seat, which I see his age and experience in Africa has suggested; namely, a

straw mat with a goat-skin over it, and another skin nailed to the wall to protect his back from contact with the cold mud. I protest against taking this seat, which so much more befits him than me; but the Doctor will not yield; I must take it.

We are seated—the Doctor and I—with our backs against the wall. The Arabs take seats on our left. More than a thousand natives are in our front, filling the whole square densely; indulging their curiosity, and discussing the fact of two white men meeting at Ujiji—one of them just come from Manye'ma, in the west, the other from Unyanyebuke, in the east.

Conversation began. What about? Oh, we mutually asked questions of each other, such as—"How did you come here?" and "Where have you been all this long time? The world has believed you dead."

Yes, that was the way it began; but whatever the Doctor informed me, and that which I communicated to him, I cannot correctly report; for I found myself gazing at him, conning the wonderful man at whose side I now sat in Central Africa. Every hair of his head, every wrinkle of his face, the wanness of his features, and the slightly wearied look he wore, were all imparting intelligence to me—the knowledge I craved for ever since I heard the words—"Take what you want; but find Livingstone!" What I saw was deeply interesting to me, and unvarnished truth. I was listening and reading at the same time. What did these dumb witnesses relate to me? Oh, reader, had you been at my side on this day in Ujiji, how eloquently could be told the nature of this man's work! Had you been there, but to see and hear! His lips gave me the details—lips that never lie. I cannot repeat what he said. I was too much engrossed to take my note-book out, and begin to stenograph his story. He had so much to say that he began at the end, seemingly oblivious of the fact that five or six years had to be accounted for. But his account was fast oozing out; it was growing fast into grand proportions—into a most marvellous history of deeds.—*How I Found Livingstone.*

ENTERING THE GREAT FOREST.

This was on the 28th day of June, and until the 5th of December, for one hundred and sixty days, we marched through the forest, bush, and jungle, without ever having seen a bit of greensward of the size of a cottage-chamber floor. Nothing but miles and miles, endless miles of forests, in various stages of growth and various degrees of altitude, according to the ages of the trees, with varying thickness of undergrowth according to the character of the trees which afforded thicker or slighter shade. It is to the description of the march through this forest and to its strange incidents I propose to confine myself for the next few chapters, as it is an absolutely unknown region opened to the gaze and knowledge of civilized man for the first time since the waters disappeared and were gathered into the seas, and the earth became dry land. . . .

The head of the column arrived at the foot of a broad, cleared road, twenty feet wide and three hundred yards long, and at the farther end probably three hundred natives of the town of Yankondé stood gesticulating, shouting, with drawn bows in their hands. In all my experience of Africa I had seen nothing of this kind. The pioneers halted, reflecting, and remarking somewhat after this manner: "What does this mean? The pagans have carved a broad highway out of the bush to their town for us, and yet there they are at the other end, ready for a fight! It is a trap, lads, of some kind, so look sharp."

With the bush they had cut they had banked and blocked all passage to the forest on either side of the road for some distance. But, with fifty pairs of sharp eyes searching around above and below, we were not long in finding that this apparent highway through the bush bristled with skewers six inches long sharpened at both ends, which were driven into the ground half their length, and slightly covered with green leaves so carelessly thrown over them that we had thought at first

these strewn leaves were simply the effect of clearing bush.

Forming two lines of twelve men across the road, the first line was ordered to pick out the skewers, the second line was ordered to cover the workers with their weapons, and at the first arrow-shower to fire. A dozen scouts were sent on either flank of the road to make their way into the village through the woods. We had scarcely advanced twenty yards along the cleared way before volumes of smoke broke out of the town, and a little cloud of arrows came toward us, but falling short. A volley was returned. The skewers were fast being picked out, and an advance was steadily made until we reached the village at the same time that the scouts rushed out of the underwood, and as all the pioneers were pushed forward the firing was pretty lively, under cover of which the caravan pressed through the burning town to a village at its eastern extremity, as yet unfired.—*In Darkest Africa.*

LEAVING THE GREAT FOREST.

This, then, was the long-promised view and the long-expected exit out of gloom! Therefore I called the tall peak terminating the forested ridge, of which the spur whereon we stood was a part, and that rose two miles east of us to a height of 4,000 feet above the sea, Pisgah — Mount Pisgah — because, after one hundred and fifty-six days of twilight in the primeval forest, we had first viewed the desired pasture-lands of Equatoria.

The men crowded up the slope eagerly, with inquiring, open-eyed looks, which, before they worded their thoughts, we knew meant "Is it true? Is it no hoax? Can it be possible that we are near the end of this forest hell?" . . .

"Aye, friends, it is true. By the mercy of God we are wellnigh the end of our prison and dungeon!" They held their hands far out yearningly toward the superb land, and each looked up to the bright blue heaven in grateful worship, and after they had gazed as though fascinated, they recovered themselves with a deep sigh,



HENRIETTA STANNARD.

and as they turned their heads, lo! the sable forest heaved away to the infinity of the west, and they shook their clinched hands at it with gestures of defiance and hate. Feverish from a sudden exultation, they apostrophized it for its cruelty to themselves and their kinsmen; they compared it to Hell, they accused it of the murder of one hundred of their comrades, they called it the wilderness of fungi and wood-beans; but the great forest which lay vast as a continent before them, and drowsy, like a great beast, with monstrous fur thinly veiled by vaporous exhalations, answered not a word, but rested in its infinite sullenness, remorseless and implacable as ever.—*In Darkest Africa.*

STANNARD, HENRIETTA ELIZA VAUGHAN PALMER ("JOHN STRANGE WINTER"), an English novelist; born at York, January 13, 1856. She was married to Arthur Stannard in 1884. She began to write at an early age, and contributed to the *Yorkshire Chronicle*. Among her books are *Regimental Martyrs* (1878); *The Ordeal by Pain* (1879); *Cavalry Life* (1881); *Regimental Legends* (1882); *Mignon, or Bootle's Baby*, on which her fame chiefly rests (1883); *Mignon's Secret* (1887); *Garrison Gossip* and *A Siege Baby* (1887); *Beautiful Jim of the Blankshire Regiment* (1888); *Mrs. Bob* (1890); *A Blaze of Glory* (1895); *Heart and Sword* (1899); and *Little Joan* (1903).

LETTER VERSUS SPIRIT.

For hours after he left the ante-room Bootles kept out of everyone's way — indeed until Lacy came to tell him that Gilchrist was dead. Then, it being close upon the

hour of eleven, he went and knocked at the door of Mignon's nursery. The nurse opened it a few inches, and seeing who it was, set it open wide.

"Is Miss Mignon asleep?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; hours ago," the woman answered.

He passed into the inner room, where the child was lying. A candle burned on a table beside the cot, casting its light on the fair baby face, now flushed in sleep, and on the tangled coverlet one hand grasping the whip with which he had ridden and won that day, the other holding the card of the races. Bootles bent and scanned her face closely, but not one trace could he discern of likeness to the father—not one—and he drew a deep breath of relief that it was so.

Well he remembered Lacy's puzzled scrutiny of the year-old baby. "There's a likeness to Gilchrist, but I don't know where to plant it." If there had been a likeness then, it had now passed away; and as Bootles satisfied himself that it was so, his love for her, which during the last few hours had hung trembling in the balance, though he would hardly have acknowledged it, even to himself, reasserted itself, and rose up in his heart stronger than ever. Just then she moved uneasily in her sleep.

"Lal, where *is* Bootles?" she asked. Then, after a pause, "Gotted *another* headache?" And an instant later, "Miss Grace said Mignon was to be *very* kind to Bootles."

Bootles bent down and kissed her, and she awoke.

"Bootles," she said in sleepy surprise; then imperatively, "Take me up."

So Bootles carried her to the fire in the adjoining room, where the nurse was sewing a fresh frill of lace on the pretty velvet frock, with its braidings of scarlet and gold, which she had worn that day.

"Lal said Mignon wasn't to go to Bootles," she said, reproachfully.

"Bootles has been bothered, Mignon," he answered.

"Poor Bootles!" stroking his cheek with her soft hand.

"Bootles was vexed; Lal said so. But not with Mignon. Mignon told Lal so," confidently.

"Never with Mignon," answered Bootles, resting his

check against the tossed golden curls, and feeling as if he had done this faithful baby heart a moral injustice by his hours of anger and doubt.

There was a moment of silence, broken by the nurse. "Have you heard, sir, how Mr. Gilchrist is?" she asked.

Bootles roused himself. "He is dead, nurse. Died half an hour ago."

"Then, if you please, sir," she asks, hesitatingly, "might I ask if it is true about Miss Mignon?"

"Yes, it is true," his face darkening.

"Because, sir, Miss Mignon should have mourning," she began, when Bootles cut her short.

"I shall not allow her to wear mourning for Mr. Gilchrist," he said, curtly; so the nurse dared say no more.

Three days later the funeral took place; and if the facts of the dead man's having acknowledged Miss Mignon as his child, and having admitted to Bootles that he had transferred her that night from his own quarters to Bootles' rooms, created a sensation, it was as nothing to the intense surprise caused by the will, which was read, by the dead man's desire, before all the officers of the regiment.

In it he left his entire property to his daughter Mary Gilchrist, now in the care of Captain Ferrers, and commonly known as Mignon, on condition that Captain Ferrers consented to be her sole guardian and trustee until she had attained the age of twenty-one, or until her marriage, provided it should be with her guardian's sanction, and on the express understanding that Captain Ferrers should not give up the care of the child to her mother, even temporarily. To his wife, Helen Gilchrist, a copy of this testament was to be sent forthwith. Should any of the conditions be violated, the whole property of which he died possessed should go to his cousin, Lucian Gavor Gilchrist; but if the conditions be faithfully observed Captain Ferrers should have the power of applying any or all of the income arising from the estate for the use and maintenance of said Mary Gilchrist.

"Cwazy!" murmured Lacy to Bootles, who listened in contemptuous silence, and wondered in no small dismay

what kind of a life he should have if Mignon's mother chose to make herself objectionable.

But the will was not crazy at all; far from it. It was only a very cleverly thought out plan for keeping mother and child apart. Bootles would take care not to endanger Mignon's inheritance, and Gilchrist had taken advantage of it to carry out his animosity toward his wife to the bitter end.

But of course there was one contingency he had never thought of or provided for — *marriage*.

It was less than a week after Gilchrist's death that Bootles received a note by hand, signed Helen Gilchrist.

"Already!" he groaned, impatiently.

"May I trouble you to send the child to see me for half an hour during this afternoon?" she said, and that was all.

But Bootles did not see *sending* the child to be quietly stolen away. He forgot quite that since Gilchrist had not left his widow a farthing she would probably be now no better able to provide for the child than she had been when compelled to cast her baby upon the father's mercy. Therefore, immediately after lunch, he drove down to the hotel from which the note had been written. Yes; Mrs. Gilchrist was within — this way. And then — then — Bootles, with the child fast holding his hand, was shown into a room, and there they found — *Miss Grace!*

The truth flashed into his mind instantly. She rose hurriedly, and he saw that she was clad in black, but was not in widow's dress. She fell upon her knees and almost smothered Mignon with kisses.

"Mignon! Mignon!" she cried.

"Mignon has been very kind to Bootles," Mignon explained, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

"My Mignon! my baby!" the mother sobbed. Bootles watched them — the two things he loved best on earth.

"Have you nothing to say to me?" he asked at last.

"What shall I say?" She had risen from her knees, and now moved shyly away.

"You might say," said Bootles, severely, "that you are very sorry that you, a married woman, deceived me,



ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

and stole my heart away. You might say that, for one thing."

"But I am not sorry," cried Mignon's mother, audaciously.

"Then you might take a leaf out of Mignon's book, and say, as she says when I have a headache, 'Mignon loves Bootles.'"

"I weally do think," remarked Lacy to the fellows, when the astounding news had been told and freely discussed, "that now we must let the poor, malicious, cwooked-minded chap west in his gwave in peace. Seems to me," he continued, with his most reflective air, "that—er—Solomon was wight, and said a vewy wise thing, when he said, 'love laughs at locksmiths.'"

"Solomon!" cried a voice, amid a shout of laughter.

"Oh, wasn't it Solomon?" questioned Lacy mildly. "It's of no consequence; someone said it. But only think of that poor devil spending his last moments wais-ing barwier to keep mother and child apart, and old Bootles fulfils all the conditions to the letter, and bweaks them all in the spirit by—marwiage!"—*Bootles' Baby*.

STANTON, ELIZABETH CADY, an American reformer; born at Johnstown, N. Y., November 12, 1815; died at New York City, October 25, 1902. She was educated at Johnstown Academy and at Mrs. Willard's seminary in Troy, N. Y., graduating in 1832. In 1840 she married Henry B. Stanton. Her study of Blackstone, Story, and other legal writers first drew her attention to the subject of woman suffrage. With Lucretia Mott, whose acquaintance she had made at the Anti-Slavery Convention in London, in 1840, she signed the call for the

first Woman's Rights Convention, which met in Seneca Falls, N. Y., in 1848. She circulated petitions for the Married Woman's Property Bill, and addressed a legislative committee on the subject in 1844. She lectured throughout the United States, and frequently addressed Congressional committees and State Conventions. She was President of the Woman's Rights Committee (1855-65), of the Woman's Loyal League in 1863, and of the National Association until 1892. She traveled in England and Scotland, addressing large conventions. She was one of the editors of *The Revolution*, contributed to the *Westminster Review* and to American journals and periodicals. With Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Matilda J. Gage she wrote *The History of Woman Suffrage*.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

We ask woman's enfranchisement as the first step toward the recognition of that essential element in government that can only secure the health, strength, and prosperity of the nation. Whatever is done to lift woman to her true position will help to usher in a new day of peace and perfection for the race. In speaking of the masculine element, I do not wish to be understood that all men are hard, selfish, and brutal, for many of the most beautiful spirits the world has known have been clothed with manhood; but I refer to those characteristics, though often marked in women, that distinguish what is called the stronger sex. For example, the love of acquisition and conquest, the very pioneers of civilization, when expended on the earth, the sea, the elements, the riches and forces of nature, are powers of destruction when used to subjugate one man to another or to sacrifice nations to ambition. 'Here that great conservator of woman's love, if permitted to assert itself, as it naturally would in freedom against oppression, violence, and war, would hold all these destructive forces in check, for

woman knows the cost of life better than man does, and not with her consent would one drop of blood ever be shed, one life sacrificed in vain. With violence and disturbance in the natural world, we see a constant effort to maintain an equilibrium of forces. Nature, like a loving mother, is ever trying to keep land and sea, mountain and valley, each in its place, to hush the angry winds and waves, balance the extremes of heat and cold, of rain and drought, that peace, harmony, and beauty may reign supreme. There is a striking analogy between matter and mind, and the present disorganization of society warns us that in the dethronement of woman we have let loose the elements of violence and ruin that she only has the power to curb. If the civilization of the age calls for the extension of the suffrage, surely a government of the most virtuous educated men and women would better represent the whole, and protect the interests of all, than could the representation of either sex alone.

STANTON, FRANK LEBBY, an American journalist and poet; born at Charleston, S. C., in 1857. He went to Smithville, Ga., and began the publication of a little weekly called the *Smithville News*. He was editor, typesetter, pressworker, and office-boy. It was while editing this paper that his writings began to attract attention. His poems and humorous articles were copied into other papers in the State, and later by the press generally, and he soon began to receive requests for contributions to other periodicals. He declined a reportorial post on the *Atlanta Constitution*, but after the death of Henry W. Grady he accepted an editorial position on that paper. As a poet he has become known and admired both in this country and in England. He has published *Songs*

of a Day and Songs of the Soil (1894); Comes One With a Song (1898); Songs from Dixie Land (1900); and Up from Georgia (1902).

THE SHIPS OF MELTON.

How sail the ships to Melton,
That lieth far and fair
And dreamlike in the haven,
Where skies are calm and clear?
With blown sails leaning whitely,
Sure winged 'neath storm or star,
They straightly steer — for still they hear
The love-bells o'er the bar.

How sail the ships to Melton,
Within whose cots of white
Love dreams of love and listens
For footsteps in the night?
Like gulls their glad way winging,
They speed from lands afar;
For still they hear in music clear
The love-bells o'er the bar.

How sail the ships to Melton?
Love-blown across the foam;
For still the sea sings ever
The songs of love and home;
Nor spicy isles with splendid smiles
Can win their sails afar,
While softly swells that chime of bells —
The love-bells o'er the bar.

Oh, ships that sail to Melton,
With captains glad and grand,
The stars that light the ocean
Are the stars that light the land;
But say for me, adrift at sea
On lonely wrecks afar:
My heart still hears, and dreaming nears
The love-bells o'er the bar!

— *Songs of the Soil.*

TO THE NEW YEAR.

One song for thee, New Year,
One universal prayer:
Teach us — all other teaching far above —
To hide dark Hate beneath the wings of Love.
To slay all hatred, strife
And live the larger life!
To bind the wounds that bleed;
To lift the fallen, lead the blind
As only love can lead —
To live for all mankind!

Teach us, New Year, to be
Free men among the free,
Our only master, Duty; with no God
Save one — our Maker; monarchs of the sod!
Teach us with all its might,
Its darkness and its light;
Its heart-beats tremulous,
Its grief, its gloom
Its beauty and its bloom —
God made the world for us!
— *Songs of the Soil.*

WEARY THE WAITING.

There's an end to all toiling some day — sweet day,
But it's weary the waiting, weary!
There's a harbor somewhere in a peaceful bay,
Where the sails will be furled and the ship will stay
At anchor — somewhere in the faraway —
But it's weary the waiting, weary!

There's an end to the troubles of souls oppress,
But it's weary the waiting, weary!
Some time in the future, when God thinks best,
He'll lay us tenderly down to rest;
And roses 'll bloom from the thorns in the breast —
But it's weary the waiting, weary!

There's an end to the world, with its stormy frown,
 But it's weary the waiting, weary!
 And where life's sad burdens are all laid down,
 There's a light somewhere that no dark can drown,
 A crown—thank God!—for each cross—a crown!
 But it's weary the waiting, weary!

—*Songs of the Soil.*

WHAT BOTHERS HIM.

There ain't so much of pleasure
 In fishin' South in May,
 Or any other blessed month—
 No matter what they say!

Because the river bank is green;
 The grass is soft an' deep,
 An' where the shady willows lean
 A feller falls to sleep.

An' jest when he begins to nod
 'Longside his empty cup,
 A fish comes jerkin' at his rod
 An' always wakes him up!

—*Songs of the Soil.*

A HAPPY PHILOSOPHER.

Some folks they'rc complainin
 Because it ain't rainin,
 An some 'cause the weather is dry,
 But I kinder content me
 With all that is sent me
 An don't go to askin 'em "why."

There's lots o' good fun in
 The world the Lord's runnin,
 Though it's sometimes a song an a sigh,
 But when troubles are rilin,
 I jes' keep a-smilin
 An don't go to askin 'em "why."

Jes' hear the birds singin
When death bells are ringin
An thrillin the world an the sky!
They'll sing so awhile hence
When I'm in the silence —
But I don't go to askin 'em "why."

If life has one flower,
One beautiful hour,
One song that comes after a sigh,
For me there'll be fun in
The world the Lord's runnin —
An I won't go to askin him "why!"

THE CHILDREN.

Jest let 'em make all the noise that they wants to —
that's what I say!

Never wuz yit any children that ever got into my way.
Talk erbout stompin an rompin — bless you, that's joy
to my soul!

An never a child wuz too little for these big arms to
hug an hol.

Jest let 'em make all the noise that they wants to —
that's what I say!

Pelt me with snowballs in winter or roses — God bless
'em! — in May.

Talk erbout trouble — it's nothin! I'm never so happy,
not me,

As when one's in my arms an another has bridled an
saddled my knee!

Jest let 'em make all the noise that they wants to —
that's what I say!

The worl, it belongs to the children; it's wher' the Lord
tole 'em to play.

Talk erbout worry — it's nothin! Never was sorrow
but smiled

And melted away into music at a kiss from the lips of a
child.

So jest let 'em make all the noise they wants to—
that's what I say!
The Lord made the roses fer children, an I think that
he piled up the hay
Pertickler fer children to roll in, an I thank God with all
of my soul
That never a child wuz too little fer these big arms to
hug an to hol.

A SONG OF LIBERTY.

Across the land from strand to strand
Loud ring the bugle notes,
And Freedom's smile, from isle to isle,
Like Freedom's banner, floats.

The velvet vales sing "Liberty!"
To answering skies serene;
The mountains sloping to the sea
Wave all their flags of green.

The rivers dashing to the deep
Still echo loud and long,
And all their waves in glory leap
To one immortal song!

One song of liberty and life
That was and is to be
Till tyrant flags are trampled rags
And all the world is free!

One song—the nations hail the notes
From sounding sea to sea
And answer from their thrilling throats
That song of liberty!

They answer, and echo comes
From chained and troubled isles
And roars like ocean's thunder drums
Where glad Columbia smiles.

Where, crowned and great, she sits in state
Beneath her flag of stars,
Her hero's blood the sacred flood
That crimsoned all its bars!

Hail to our country! Strong she stands
Nor fears the war drum's beat:
The sword of freedom in her hands,
The tyrant at her feet!

WEARYING FOR YOU.

Jes' a-wearyin for you,
All the time a-feelin blue;
Wishin for you — wonderin when
You'll be comin home agen.
Restless, don't know what to do —
Jes' a-wearyin for you!

Room's so lonesome with your chair
Empty by the fireplace there;
Jes' can't stand the sight of it!
Go outdoors an roam a bit.
But the woods is lonesome, too —
Jes, a-wearyin for you!

Comes the wind, with soft caress,
Like the rustlin of your dress;
Blossoms fallin to the ground,
Softly, like your footstep sound;
Violets like your eyes so blue —
Jes, a-wearyin for you!

Mornin comes; the birds awake;
Use to sing so for your sake!
But there's sadness in the notes
That come thrillin through from throats;
Seem to feel your absence, too —
Jes' a-wearyin for you!

Evenin comes; I miss you more
When the dark glooms in the door;

Seems jes' like you orter be
There to open it for me!
Latch goes tinklin, thrills me through —
Sets me wearyin for you!

STEAD, WILLIAM THOMAS, an English journalist, mystic and social economist; born at Embleton, July 5, 1849. He became editor of the *Northern Echo* in 1871, and in 1880 became sub-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* under John Morley, whom Stead eventually succeeded as editor. The *Pall Mall*, both with Mr. Morley and Mr. Stead, was a power. Mr. Morley used it to reverse the Irish policy of Mr. Forster. Mr. Stead employed it to work up a feeling for a big Navy, to get Gordon sent to the Soudan, to represent the Russian side of the controversy about Penjdeh, and finally, to enter on such a crusade as was never before preached by a journalistic Peter the Hermit. The *Maiden Tribute to Modern Babylon* created an immense sensation. It was unpleasant reading, but called attention to a grave evil, and led to the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Act (1885). In 1890, having left the *Pall Mall* some time previously, Mr. Stead brought out the *Review of Reviews*, which has been a great success. He also started later a series of Penny Editions of the Poets. In the meantime he had traveled and written much that brought him into notoriety. He went to Ireland in 1886, and wrote *No Reduction, No Rent: a Plea for the Plan of Campaign*. Two years later he visited Russia, and

published *The Truth About Russia*. In 1893 he started *Borderland*, a quarterly, in the interest of Spiritualism, and visited the World's Fair, Chicago. He published *If Christ Came to Chicago*, a book which held up the city to opprobrium, and created very intense feeling against him in America.

THE REAL CZAR OF RUSSIA.

Nicholas II., Czar of all the Russias, like the rest of the human race, is a man full of contradictions. In the famous lawsuit about the Free Church of Scotland, Mr. Haldane bothered the judges no little by his constant use of the blessed word antinomy when referring to the mystery in which was wrapped the reconciliation between the doctrines of Predestination and Freewill. At last one of the judges begged the learned counsel to explain in plain English what he meant by antinomy. Whereupon Mr. Haldane replied that it meant an apparent contradiction.

The Czar is a crowned and anointed antinomy. He is the sworn champion of universal peace, and yet he wages a sanguinary war. He is one of the most humanitarian of men, yet he is trampling on Finland, and his ministers, with his approval or at least without his interference, are oppressing Armenians, Jews, and nearly all the other races within his dominions. What can we make of him? Is he a man or a monster? Is he the leader in the van of progress, or is he a tyrant who is the representative of the forces of reaction? People decide according to their predilections, thinking the worst or the best of him, as their prejudice and their temperament rather than their judgment advise. But it is impossible to explain him by any one formula, unless it be that of a crowned and consecrated antinomy.

The writer, who recently painted him in the blackest colors in *The Quarterly Review*, may be taken as an exponent of those who think the worst of him. It has been my lot to think the best of him, and to hope

the most. The truth as usual lies between the two extremes.

Nothing can ever make me believe that the genial, kindly, sympathetic man who received me at Livadia and at Tsarskoye Selo has the instincts of a despot. That he is a good-hearted man who wishes sincerely to do right, I have no more doubt than I have of my own existence. That he is an intelligent and well-informed man, I know from personal conversation. I interviewed his father, I have met most of the leading people of the world, and I have met few who were more keenly alive than Nicholas II. to the events of their time or better informed about men and affairs. It is not information that is lacking, nor good-will, nor a kindly sympathy with human suffering. That he is a charming and sympathetic human being, a man of all the domestic virtues, devoted to his wife, and never so happy as when he is with his children, everyone knows who has been privileged to meet him in his own home.

And yet it is impossible to deny the fact that his reign has been characterized by acts of impolicy and of repression which to the outsider seem to be as lunatic from the point of view of the statesman as they are indefensible from that of the moralist. What is the explanation of this paradox?

The explanation is probably to be sought in the hopeless incongruity that exists between the man and the situation. He would do good, but the evil is present with him. The phenomenon is not so unfamiliar as to be incomprehensible. The Czar is in the position occupied by every Liberal British minister who resorts to coercion in Ireland. When I think of him I cannot prevent myself recalling the memory of Mr. Forster. But when he was confronted with the Land League agitation he became "Buck-shot Forster," who crammed the English prisons with untried men and brought Ireland to the verge of revolution.

What English Liberals are when they govern Ireland under coercion, that is the Czar under the existing system of government in Russia. He has not the saving grace of liberty to save him from perdition. He has to

do the things he hates, and pursue a policy most repugnant to his temperament, so he stumbles on from bad to worse. He is a humane man charged with the administration of an inhuman system. He is an honest man at the head of a vast bureaucracy honeycombed with corruption. He is an intelligent man, who is the sovereign of an Empire steeped in ignorance. To crown everything else, he is a religious man who is profoundly convinced that the domination assumed by the European over the Asiatic is harmful to both, and yet he is waging a war which can be justified only on the theory that that domination is just and beneficial. Never was there any man in so false a position. Small wonder if he should cry out with the Apostle: "Oh, miserable man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" He is a crowned Hamlet,

The time is out of joint: O, cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!

The natural result follows. He does not put it right. He made a heroic effort to stem the mill-stream of militarism, and the results of The Hague Conference stand to his credit, against all the errors and crimes of his internal administration. But in internal affairs he has failed to impress anyone with a conviction that he has in him the capacity for heroic resolution.

That which tells against him worse in the general estimation is his deplorable acquiescence in the policy of repression in Finland. No one saw more clearly than the Czar the folly of that fatal departure from the long-established policy of his dynasty. He did not like it. He disliked it cordially. He saw only too clearly how hopelessly Bobrikoff's policy in Finland compromised his policy at The Hague. Yet he could not nerve himself to reverse it.

And as it was in Finland so it has been elsewhere.

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This modern man with his head full of kindly sympathy has permitted himself to be dragged along the dreary road of repression and retrogression. If he had

in him the demoniac energy of Peter the Great, or even the resolute courage of the Mikado, he might have averted many of the worst evils which are overtaking him. But he was not built on these lines. His innate modesty, and the painful sense of being altogether out of his element in administering a system with which he was out of harmony, held him back from taking the steps which his own inclination prompted. It is deplorable. But do not let anyone underrate the cruel difficulties of the situation.

Never can I forget the pathetic earnestness with which the Czar, in replying to some observation of mine as to the difficulty which he must experience, he being a modern man in the midst of medievalism: "Difficult? No one knows how difficult! I would not inflict my position upon my worst enemy."

It may be said that if the Czar feels this so keenly why does he not abdicate? Russians, however, like Britons, have a constitutional horror of running away. The Czar may feel that he is in a hopeless position, but the idea of deserting his post never crosses his mind. Was he not consecrated and anointed? Did he not solemnly swear before God to reign over his people? Abdication would be cowardice and treason not to be thought of under any circumstances. Besides, is there, even among his worst detractors, one who will assert that his disappearance from the throne would mend matters? The Czar may do badly, but who is there among the Grand Dukes who would not be immeasurably worse?

No one doubts that the Czar would be immensely delighted if by some act of divine Providence the burden of empire could be lifted from his shoulders, and he could lead the simple life of a country gentleman with wife and bairns for the rest of his days. But nothing short of a divine decree could justify his retirement. Where he is, there he must remain. For him there can be no retreat.

His attitude in relation to the war with Japan ought to be easily understood by Englishmen who within the last few years saw the president of our Peace Society declare in favor of carrying on the war with the Boers.

The Czar was absolutely opposed to the war. He believed that peace was almost assured. He gave sufficient proof of the sincerity of his belief in that he had withdrawn almost the whole of the Russian army from Manchuria. People who knew nothing of the facts blamed him for not evacuating Manchuria, but as a matter of fact the evacuation was far more complete than anyone dreamed of.

The Russians were not asked to evacuate Port Arthur. They had a treaty right to maintain a garrison along the railway to defend it from attacks. But when the war broke out it was discovered that the Czar had reduced the garrison below the permitted minimum. Vereshchagin found to his amazement when he arrived at the front that the Russians had only six thousand men in Port Arthur, and not more than twelve thousand instead of the sixty thousand needed for the railway in the whole of Manchuria. The Czar was misled exactly as Lord Salisbury was misled by the men on the spot.

Admiral Alexieff, like Mr. Rhodes with regard to the Boers, was certain the Japanese were only bluffing. The Czar permitted the negotiations to drag on just as Lord Salisbury did, and in both cases the other side lost patience and precipitated the war. Once the war began no one except the Stop-the-War Party in England and the Tolstoians in Russia could have been expected to advocate a policy of submission to the invader. That the Czar took the course followed by the whole front Opposition Bench in the case of the South African War may be deplored, but it can hardly be wondered at. And once they are entered upon a war, men naturally urge their own side to do its best, peace apostles though they be.

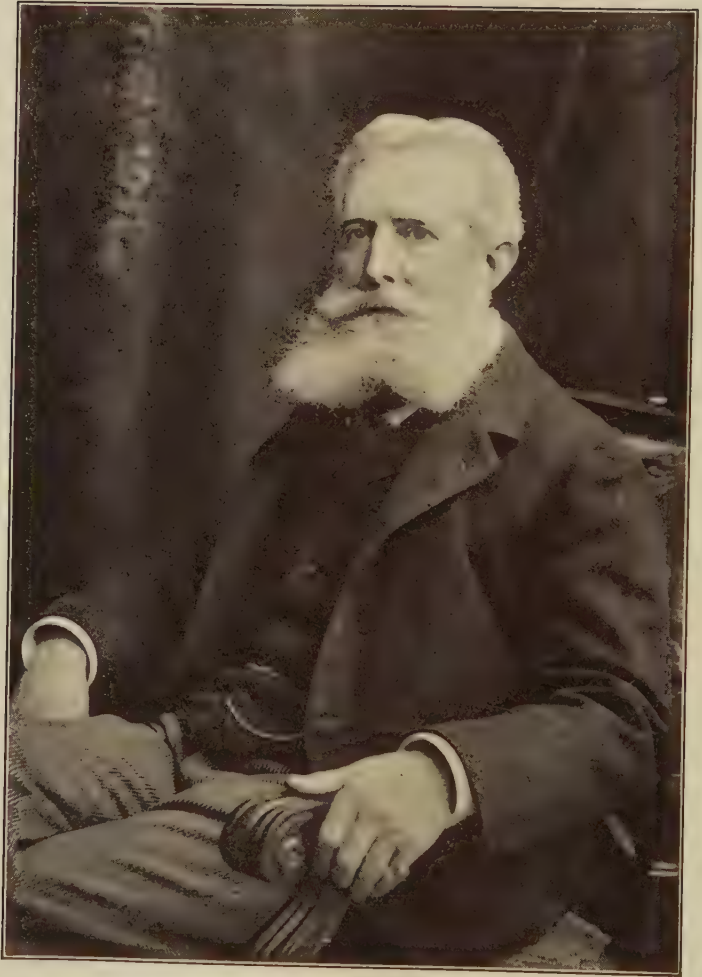
The Czar is not a Hercules, either physically or intellectually. Even a Hercules might sink appalled from the task of cleansing the Augean stables of the Russian administration. In this country the comparatively trivial task of reorganizing the army in a time of profound peace seems to overstrain the resources of our ministry. Yet that is a child's play compared with the work that needs to be done in Russia. Not even Peter the Great

could overcome the *vis inertiae* of his Moscovites, and Nicholas II. is not a Peter.

Whatever may be said to the discredit of the Czar, Englishmen have at least good cause to be grateful to him for the uniform opposition which he has offered since his accession to all the efforts made to embroil Russia in war with this Empire. During the South African War, although the Czar personally regarded the conquest of the Republics just, as everyone else did outside our frontiers, he resolutely refused to permit any advantage to be taken of our difficulties. An angry feeling prevailed among some influential Russians at the refusal of the Czar to make trouble for England in those days, but he loyally stood by his pledged neutrality.

At the beginning of the war with Japan he had his work cut out for him in restraining his "Jingoes" from precipitating war with England. During the negotiations occasioned by the seizure of British ships, he was uniformly reasonable, peaceable and moderate. He was devoted to Queen Victoria, he is much attached to the Prince of Wales, and he has always used his personal influence to maintain good relations with Great Britain. He is indeed regarded as something of an Anglo-phil. He always speaks English with his wife. The children are brought up to speak our language as their mother-tongue. The Czar is a diligent reader of English newspapers and magazines; and this may be said also to apply to America.

In all the world there is not at this moment a more pathetic and tragic figure than that of the Russian Czar, driven by an apparent irresistible Destiny to sanction policies which he abhors, and to wage wars which even if successful will only increase the well-nigh intolerable weight of his imperial burden.—[Copyright, 1904, by CENTRAL NEWS AND PRESS EXCHANGE.]



EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE, an American poet and critic; born at Hartford, Conn., October 8, 1833. He studied at Yale College about two years. In 1852 he became editor of the *Winsted Herald*, in Litchfield County, Conn., which he conducted until 1855, when he removed to New York. In 1859 he became connected with the *New York Tribune*. In 1860 he published his first volume, *Poems, Lyric and Idyllic*, containing many pieces which had already appeared in periodicals. In the same year he became connected with the *New York World*, and during the first two years of the Civil War he was the Washington correspondent of that journal. In 1864 he abandoned journalism as a profession, and became a stock-broker in New York, but was active in literary pursuits. His subsequent volumes of poems are *Alice of Monmouth and Other Poems* (1864); *The Blameless Prince and Other Poems* (1869). As a critic and historian of literature he has attained a foremost place. His principal works in this department are *The Victorian Poets* (1875); *The Poets of America* (1885), and, in conjunction with Ellen Mackay Hutchinson, *The Literature of the Republic*, an extensive selection from the whole circle of American literature in every department (1888-90); *The Nature and Elements of Poetry* (1892); and *An American Anthology* (1900).

TOUJOURS AMOUR.

Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin,
At what age does love begin?
Your blue eyes have scarcely seen
Summers three, my fairy queen,

But a miracle of sweets,
 Soft approaches, sly retreats,
 Show the little archer there,
 Hidden in your pretty hair.
 When didst thou learn a heart to win?
 Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin!
 "Oh," the rosy lips reply,
 "I can't tell you if I try.
 'Tis so long I can't remember:
 Ask some younger lass than I."

Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face,
 Do your heart and head keep pace?
 When does hoary love expire?
 When do frosts put out the fire?
 Can its embers burn below
 All that chill December snow?
 Care you still soft hands to press,
 Bonny heads to smooth and bless?
 When does love give up the chase?
 Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face!
 "Ah!" the wise old lips reply,
 "Youth may pass, and strength may die;
 But of love I can't foretoken:
 Ask some older sage than I!"

THE DOOR-STEP.

The conference-meeting through at last,
 We boys around the vestry waited
 To see the girls come tripping past,
 Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
 By level musket-flashes litten
 Than I, who stepped before them all
 Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no: she blushed and took my arm!
 We let the old folks have the highway,
 And started toward the Maple Farm
 Along a kind of lover's by-way.

I can't remember what we said —
'Twas nothing worth a song or story;
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed, and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff —
O sculptor, if you could but mould it!
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone,
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended,
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home;
Her dimpled hand the latches fingered;
We heard the voices nearer come,
Yet on the door-step still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her hood
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled;
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said —
"Come, now or never! do it! *do it.*"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister;
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth — I kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still —
 O listless woman, weary lover! —
 To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
 I'd give — but who can live youth over?

WHAT THE WIND BRINGS.

"Which is the wind that brings the cold?" —
 The North Wind, Freddy, and all the snow;
 And the sheep will scamper into the fold
 When the North begins to blow.

"Which is the wind that brings the heat?"
 The South Wind, Katy; and corn will grow
 And peaches redden for you to eat,
 When the South begins to blow.

"Which is the wind that brings the rain?" —
 The East Wind, Arty; and farmers know
 That cows come shivering up the lane
 When the East begins to blow.

"Which is the wind that brings the flowers?"
 The West Wind, Bessy; and soft and low
 The birds sing in the summer hours
 When the West begins to blow.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

Could we but know
 The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
 Where be those happier hills and meadows low —
 Ah, if beyond the spirit's inmost cavel,
 Aught of that country could we surely know,
 Who would not go?

Might we but hear
 The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
 Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
 One radiant vista of the realm before us,
 With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
 Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze on eyes that here were love-lit only —
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure?

BETROTHED ANEW.*

The sunlight fills the trembling air,
And balmy days their guerdons bring;
The Earth again is young and fair,
And amorous with musky Spring.

The golden nurslings of the May
In splendor strew the spangled green,
And hues of tender beauty play,
Entangled where the willows lean.

Mark how the rippled currents flow;
What lustres on the meadows lie!
And hark! the songsters come and go,
And trill between the earth and sky.

Who told us that the years had fled,
Or borne afar our blissful youth?
Such joys are all about us spread,
We know the whisper was not truth.

The birds that break from grass and grove
Sing every carol that they sung
When first our veins were rich with love,
And May her mantle round us flung.

O fresh-lit dawn! immortal life!
O Earth's betrothal, sweet and true,
With whose delights our souls are rife,
And aye their vernal vows renew!

* Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Then, darling, walk with me this morn;
Let your brown tresses drink its sheen;
These violets, within them worn,
Of floral fays shall make you queen.

What though there comes a time of pain
When autumn winds forbode decay?
The days of love are born again;
That fabled time is far away!

And never seemed the land so fair
As now, nor birds such notes to sing,
Since first within your shining hair
I wove the blossoms of the spring.

CAVALRY SONG.*

(From "Alice of Monmouth.")

Our good steeds snuff the evening air,
Our pulses with their purpose tingle;
The foeman's fires are twinkling there;
He leaps to hear our sabres jingle!

HALT!

Each carbine sends its whizzing ball:
Now, cling! clang! forward all,
Into the fight!

Dash on beneath the smoking dome:
Through level lightnings gallop nearer!
One look to Heaven! No thoughts of home:
The guidons that we bear are dearer.

CHARGE!

Cling! clang! forward all!
Heaven help those whose horses fall:
Cut left and right!

They flee before our fierce attack!
They fall! they spread in broken surges.
Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,

* Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

And leave the foeman to his dirges.

WHEEL!

The bugles sound the swift recall:

Cling! clang! backward all!

Home, and good-night!

THE OLD ADMIRAL.*

(Admiral Stewart, U. S. N.)

Gone at last,

That brave old hero of the past!

His spirit has a second birth,

An unknown, grander life;

All of him that was earth

Lies mute and cold,

Like a wrinkled sheath and old

Thrown off forever from the shimmering blade

That has good entrance made

Upon some distant, glorious strife.

From another generation,

A simpler age, to ours Old Ironsides came;

The morn and noontide of the nation

Alike he knew, nor yet outlived his fame —

O, not outlived his fame!

The dauntless men whose service guards our shore

Lengthen still their glory-roll

With his name to lead the scroll,

As a flagship at her fore

Carries the Union, with its azure and the stars,

Symbol of times that are no more

And the old, heroic wars.

He was one

Whom Death had spared alone

Of all the captains of that lusty age,

Who sought the foeman where he lay,

On sea or sheltering bay,

* Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Nor till the prize was theirs repressed their rage.
They are gone — all gone:
They rest with glory and the undying Powers;
Only their name and fame, and what they saved, are
ours!

It was fifty years ago.
Upon the Gallic Sea,
He bore the banner of the free,
And fought the fight whereof our children know, —
The deathful, desperate fight!
Under the fair moon's light
The frigate squared, and yawed to left and right.
Every broadside swept to death a score!
Roundly played her guns and well, till their fiery ensigns
fell,
Neither foe replying more.
All in silence, when the night-breeze cleared the air,
Old Ironsides rested there,
Locked in between the twain, and drenched with blood.
Then homeward, like an eagle with her prey!
O, it was a gallant fray, —
That fight in Biscay Bay!
Fearless the captain stood, in his youthful hardihood:
He was the boldest of them all,
Our brave old Admiral!

And still our heroes bleed,
Taught by that olden deed.
Whether of iron or of oak
The ships we marshal at our country's need,
Still speak their cannon now as then they spoke;
Still floats our unstruck banner from the mast
As in the stormy past.

Lay him in the ground:
Let him rest where the ancient river rolls;
Let him sleep beneath the shadow and the sound
Of the bell whose proclamation, as it tolls,
Is of Freedom and the gift our fathers gave.
Lay him gently down:

The clamor of the town
Will not break the slumbers deep, the beautiful, ripe
 sleep,
Of this lion of the wave,
Will not trouble the old Admiral in his grave.

Earth to earth his dust is laid.
Methinks his stately shade
 On the shadow of a great ship leaves the shore;
Over cloudless western seas
Seeks the far Hesperides,
 The islands of the blest.
Where no turbulent billows roar, —
 Where is rest.

His ghost upon the shadowy quarter stands
Nearing the deathless lands.
 There all his martial mates, renewed and strong,
 Await his coming long.
I see the happy Heroes rise
With gratulation in their eyes:
“Welcome, old comrade,” Lawrence cries;
“Ah, Stewart, tell us of the wars!
Who win the glory and the scars?

 How floats the skyey flag — how many stars?
 Still speak they of Decatur’s name,
 Of Bainbridge’s and Perry’s fame?
 Of me, who earliest came?
Make ready, all:
Room for the Admiral!
 Come, Stewart, tell us of the wars!”

STEELE, SIR RICHARD, a British essayist and dramatist; born at Dublin in March, 1672; died near Caermarthen, Wales, September 1, 1729. He was educated at Charterhouse School, London, Addison being one of his school-fellows. He afterward entered the University of Oxford, but left without taking a degree, and enlisted in the Horse Guards, where he rose to the rank of captain. In 1701 he published *The Christian Hero*, a religious treatise, and within a few years produced several fairly successful comedies, the earliest being *The Funeral, or Grief à la Mode* (1702), the last, and best, being *The Conscious Lovers* (1722). He was a gay and clever man about town, and in 1706 was appointed Court Gazetteer, and was made Gentleman Usher to Prince George of Denmark, husband of Queen Anne. He advocated Whig principles, and when, in 1711, that party went out of power, he was ousted from his office of Gazetteer, and was formally expelled from the House of Commons, to which he had been returned. It was not long, however, before the Whig party again returned to power and Steele was restored to Court favor, and received the honor of knighthood.

Steele was an industrious pamphleteer; but his fame rests upon his essays on life and manners, rather than upon his dramas or his political writings. In this department he ranks next after Addison, though at a wide interval. In 1709 Steele started *The Tatler*, a tri-weekly periodical devoted to town gossip, domestic and foreign news, and essays upon social topics. Addison, at Steele's request, began early to furnish papers for *The Tatler*; and, said Steele, "I fared like a dis-

tressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbor to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in, I could not subsist without him. The paper was advanced indeed. It was raised to a greater thing than I intended it." It was decided, after two years, that the paper should be discontinued, and a new periodical established, embracing the best features of *The Tatler*. This was *The Spectator*, the plan of which was Addison's, though Steele drew up roughly the characters of the Club who were to be its ostensible conductors. Steele contributed to the first series of *The Spectator* some of his cleverest essays. But Steele had become immersed in political discussions, and Addison went on without him. Steele set up *The Guardian*, and subsequently *The Englishman*, in both of which he had some assistance from Addison. The date of these publications falls within the years 1711 and 1714; that is, up to the time when Steele was involved in the temporary ruin caused by the overthrow of the Whig party. They add nothing to the reputation of Steele.

ON CASTLE-BUILDING.

Mr. Spectator: I am a fellow of a very odd frame of mind, as you will find by the sequel; and I think myself fool enough to deserve a place in your paper. I am unhappily far gone in building, and am one of that species of men who are properly denominated Castle-builders, who scorn to be beholden to the earth for a foundation, or dig in the bowels of it for materials; but erect their structures in the most unstable of elements—the air; fancy alone laying the line, marking the extent, and shaping the model. It would be difficult to enumerate what august palaces and stately porticos have grown under my forming imagination, or what verdant meadows

and shady groves have started into being by the powerful heat of a strong fancy.

A castle-builder is ever just what he pleases; and as such I have grasped imaginary sceptres, and delivered uncontrollable edicts from a throne to which conquered nations yielded obedience. I have made I know not how many inroads into France, and ravaged the very heart of the kingdom. I have dined in the Louvre, and drunk champagne at Versailles; and I would have you to take notice I am not only able to vanquish a people already cowed and accustomed to flight, but I could, Almanzor-like, drive the British general from the field, were I less a Protestant, or had ever been affronted by the confederates.

There is no art or profession whose most celebrated masters I have not eclipsed. Wherever I have afforded my salutary presence, fevers have ceased to burn and agues to shake the human fabric. When an eloquent fit has been upon me, an apt gesture and proper cadence have animated each sentence, and gazing crowds have found their passions worked up into rage, or soothed into a calm. I am short, and not very well made; yet upon the sight of a fine woman I have stretched into proper stature, and killed with a good air and mien.

These are the phantoms that dance before my waking eyes, and compose my day-dreams. I should be the most contented man alive were the chimerical happiness which springs from the paintings of fancy less fleeting and transitory. But alas! it is with grief of mind I tell you, the least breath of wind has often demolished my magnificent edifices, swept away my groves, and left no more trace of them than if they had never been. My exchequer has sunk and vanished by a rap on my door; the salutation of a friend has cost me a whole continent; and in the same moment I have been pulled by the sleeve, my crown has fallen from my head. The ill consequences of these reveries is inconceivably great, seeing the loss of imaginary possessions makes impressions of real woe. Besides, bad economy is visible and apparent in builders of invisible mansions. My tenants' advertisements of ruins and dilapidations often cast a damp on my spirits,

even in the instant when the sun, in all his splendor, gilds my eastern palaces. Add to this the pensive drudgery in building, and constant grasping aërial trowels, distracts and shatters the mind, and the fond builder of Babels is often cursed with an incoherent diversity and confusion of thoughts. I do not know to whom I can more properly apply myself for relief from this fantastical evil than myself, whom I earnestly implore to accommodate me with a method how to settle my head and cool my brain-pan. A dissertation on Castle-building may not only be serviceable to myself, but all architects who display their skill in the thin element. Such a favor would oblige me to make my next soliloquy not contain the praises of my dear self, but of the Spectator, who shall by complying with this make me his obliged and humble servant.—*The Spectator*, No. 167.

THE DREAM.

I was once myself in agonies of grief that are unutterable, and in so great a distraction of mind that I thought myself even out of the possibility of receiving comfort. The occasion was as follows: When I was a youth in a part of the army which was then quartered at Dover, I fell in love with an agreeable young woman of a good family in those parts, and had the satisfaction of seeing my addresses kindly received, which occasioned the perplexity I am going to relate.

We were, in a calm evening, diverting ourselves upon the top of a cliff with the prospect of the sea, and trifling away the time in such little fondnesses as are most ridiculous to people in business, and most agreeable to those in love.

In the midst of these our innocent endearments, she snatched a paper of verses out of my hand, and ran away with them. I was following her, when on a sudden the ground, though at a considerable distance from the verge of the precipice, sunk under her, and threw her down from so prodigious a height upon such a range of rocks, as would have dashed her into ten thousand pieces, had her body been made of adamant. It is much easier for

my reader to imagine my state of mind upon such an occasion, than for me to express it. I said to myself, It is not in the power of Heaven to relieve me! when I awaked, transported and astonished, to see myself drawn out of an affliction which, the very moment before, appeared to me altogether inextricable.

The impressions of grief and horror were so lively on this occasion, that while they lasted they made me more miserable than I was at the real death of this beloved person, which happened a few months after, at a time when the match between us was concluded; inasmuch as the imaginary death was untimely, and I myself in a sort an accessory; whereas her real decease had at least these alleviations, of being natural and inevitable.

The memory of the dream I have related still dwells so strongly upon me that I can never read the description of Dover Cliff in Shakespeare's tragedy of *King Lear*, without a fresh sense of my escape. The prospect from that place is drawn with such proper incidents that whoever can read it without growing giddy must have a good head, or a very bad one.

STEFFENS, HEINRICH, a Norwegian philosopher and theologian; born at Stavanger in 1773; died in 1845. He was originally a Lutheran; for a time wandered from that faith, but ultimately returned to it. He describes the process of his re-conversion in his *How I Became a Lutheran Once More*. He wrote several scientific works, many essays, among which is one upon *Scandinavian Myths*, and several imaginative stories, among which are *Walseth and Leith*; *The Four Norwegians*, and *Malcolm*.

PHYSIOGNOMY OF LEGENDS.

Amid my researches in natural history I always had a great curiosity in exploring what I may call the physiognomy of the legends of various districts, or, in other words, the resemblance which these legends bear to the natural scenery amid which they have their birth. Various districts are marked by the prevalence of various kinds of plants and grasses. Granite, limestone, and other rocks give peculiar formations to chasms, hills, and valleys; and these distinctions affect the varieties of trees. The effects of light and shade in the morning and evening, the aspects of waters, and tones of waterfalls are various in different districts. And, as I have often imagined, the natural characteristics of a district may be recognized in its legends. I know of no better instance to support my supposition than such as may be found on the northern side of the Hartz Mountains, where a marked difference may be found between the legends of the granite regions and those of a neighboring district of slate-rocks; and the legend of Hans Heiling in Bohemia is a genuine production of a granite district.

Seeland, the island home of my childhood, is on the whole a level country, and only here and there hilly; but in some parts it can show prospects of surpassing beauty. The hills are rounded with an indescribable gracefulness; there is a charm in the fresh greenness of the pastures; the beechwoods have an imposing and venerable aspect; the sea winds its arms about amid the verdure of these woodland solitudes; and lakes of silver brightness lie encircled by graceful trees. The leaves rustling, brooks murmuring, the sounds of many insects, the plaintive notes of birds, and the gentle plashing of waves upon the lonely shore are the only sounds which break the silence. In such a solitude I have sometimes felt as if I had approached the sacred place of one of the old legends, and in such a solitude we still may feel their power. When twilight gathers over woods, lakes, and pastures, we may see once more the phantom-ships, guided by departed spirits of the olden times, sailing among the green islands;

we may hear the melancholy dirges for fallen heroes, or the plaintive song of the forsaken maid; and when the storm is bending all the boughs of the beech-woods, we may hear, blended in the gale, the loud cries of the Wild Huntsman and his followers.

STEPHEN, SIR LESLIE, an English biographer and essayist; born at Kensington, November 28, 1832; died at London, February 22, 1904. In 1857 he took his degree of M.A. at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he remained several years as Fellow and tutor. In 1864 he left Cambridge and engaged in literary work at London. In 1871 he became editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, retaining the position until 1882, when he relinquished it in order to assume the editorship of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which position he occupied until 1891. In 1883 he was elected to the lectureship of English Literature at Cambridge. His principal works are *The Playground of Europe* (1871); *Hours in a Library* (three series, 1874, 1876, 1879); *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* (1876); *The Science of Ethics* (1882); *An Agnostic Apology* (1893); *Social Rights and Duties* (1896); *Studies of a Biographer* (1898); and *Life of Thomas Hobbes* (1903). He wrote the *Lives* of Johnson, Pope, and Swift in the "English Men of Letters;" edited the works of Fielding, with a Biographical Sketch, and was a constant contributor to periodicals.

PERSONAL TRAITS OF JOHNSON.

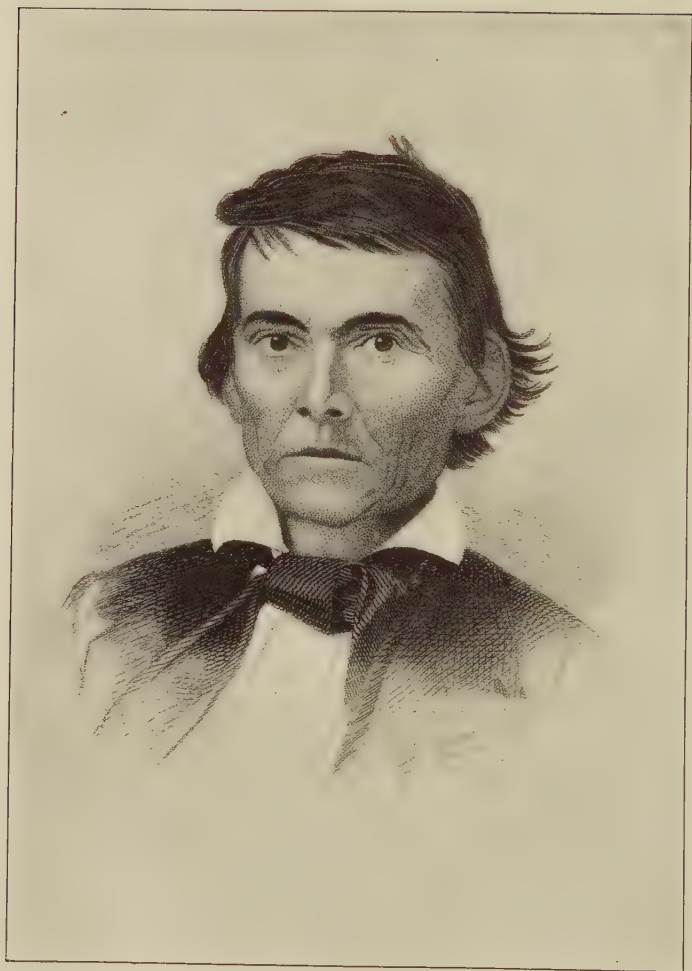
It was not until some time after Johnson came into the enjoyment of his pension that we first see him through the eyes of competent observers. The Johnson of our knowledge—the most familiar figure to all students of English literary history—had already long passed the prime of life, and had done the greatest part of his literary work. His character, in the common phrase, had been “formed” years before; as, indeed, people’s characters are chiefly formed in the cradle; and not only his character but the habits which are learned in the great school-room of the world were fixed beyond any possibility of change. The strange eccentricities which had now become a second nature amazed the society in which he was for twenty years the prominent figure. Unsympathetic observers—those especially to whom the Chesterfieldian type represented the ideal of humanity—were simply disgusted or repelled. The man, they thought, might be in his place in a Grub Street pot-house; but he had no business in a lady’s drawing-room. If he had been modest and retiring they might have put up with his defects; but Johnson was not a person whose qualities, good or bad, were of a kind to be ignored. Naturally enough, the fashionable world cared little for the rugged old giant. “The great,” said Johnson, “had tried him, and given him up; they had seen enough of him;” and his reason was very much to the purpose: “Great lords and ladies don’t love to have their mouths stopped;” especially not, one may add, with an unwashed fist.

It is easy to blame them now. Everybody can see that a saint in beggar’s rags is intrinsically better than a sinner in gold lace. But the principle is one of those which serves for judging of the dead much more than for regulating our own conduct. Those, at any rate, may throw the first stone at the Horace Walpoles and Chesterfields who are quite certain that they would ask a modern Johnson to their houses.—*Life of Johnson*.

POPE'S TRANSLATION OF HOMER.

Pope undoubtedly achieved, in some true sense, an astonishing success. . . .

He succeeded in the judgment both of the critics and of the public of the next generation. Johnson calls the Homer "the noblest version of poetry the world has ever seen." Gray declared that no other would ever equal it; and Gibbon that it had every merit except that of faithfulness to the original. This merit of fidelity, indeed, was scarcely claimed by any one. Bentley's phrase, "A very pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer," expresses the uniform view taken from the first by those who could read both. Its fame, however, has survived into the present century. Byron speaks—and speaks, I think, with genuine feeling—of the rapture with which he first read Pope as a boy, and says that no one will ever lay him down except for the original. Indeed, the testimonies of opponents are as signal as those of admirers. Johnson remarks that the Homer "may be said to have turned the English tongue;" and that no writer since its appearance has wanted melody. Coleridge virtually admits the fact, though drawing a different conclusion, when he says that the translation of Homer has been one of the main sources of that "pseudo-poetic diction" which he and Wordsworth were trying to put out of credit. Cowper, the earliest representative of the same movement, tried to supplant Pope's Homer by his own; and his attempt proved at least the reputation held in general by his rival. If, in fact, Pope's Homer was a recognized model for near a century, we may dislike the style, but we must admit the power implied in a performance which thus became the accepted standard of style for the best part of a century.—*Life of Pope*.



ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

STEPHENS, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, an American statesman and historian; born at Crawfordville, Ga., February 11, 1812; died at Atlanta, Ga., March 4, 1883. He was graduated from the University of Georgia in 1832; studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1834. He was elected to Congress in 1843, and held his seat by successive re-elections until 1859, when he resigned. Upon the formation of the Southern Confederacy he was elected Vice-President. After the downfall of the Confederacy he was imprisoned for several months at Fort Warren, in Boston harbor, but was released upon his own recognizance. He afterward lectured upon law, and in 1870 became editor of a newspaper at Atlanta, Ga. In 1874 he was again elected to the Congress of the United States. He resigned in 1882, and was elected Governor of Georgia. His principal works are *Constitutional View of the Late War Between the States* (2 vols., 1867-70); *School History of the United States* (1870); *History of the United States* (1883). *The War Between the States* takes the form of a series of imaginary colloquies between himself and several other persons, held at his residence, "Liberty Hall," near Crawfordville.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF GENERAL GRANT.

I was never so much disappointed in my life in my previously formed opinions either of the personal appearance or bearing of one about whom I had heard and read so much. The disappointment, moreover, was in every respect favorable and agreeable. I was instantly struck with the great simplicity and perfect naturalness of his manners, and the entire absence of everything like affect-

tation, or even the usual military air or mien of men in his position. He was plainly attired, sitting in a log cabin [at City Point, near Petersburg, February 1, 1865], busily writing at a small table by a kerosene lamp. There was nothing in his appearance or surroundings which indicated his official rank. There were neither guards nor aides around him. His conversation was easy and fluent, without effort or constraint. In this nothing was so closely noticed by me as the point and terseness with which he expressed whatever he said. He did not seem either to court or avoid conversation; but whenever he did speak, what he said was directly to the point and covered the whole matter in a few words. I saw, before very long, that he was exceedingly quick in perception and direct in purpose, with a vast deal more of brain than of tongue, as ready as that was at his command. We were with General Grant two days. The more I became acquainted with him, the more I became thoroughly impressed with the very extraordinary combination of rare elements of character which he exhibited. . . . Upon the whole, the result of this first acquaintance with General Grant was the conviction on my mind that, taken all in all, he was one of the most remarkable men I had ever met with; and that his career in life, if his days should be prolonged, was hardly entered upon; that his character was not yet fully developed; that he was not aware of his own power; and that if he lived he would in the future exert a controlling influence in shaping the destinies of this country, either for good or for evil. Which it would be, time and circumstances alone could disclose.—*The War Between the States, Colloquy XXII.*

STEPHENS, ANN SOPHIA WINTERBOTHAM, an American novelist; born at Derby, Conn., in 1813; died at Newport, R. I., August 20, 1886. In 1831 she married Edward Stephens of Portland, Me. Mrs. Stephens had already commenced her literary career, which was thenceforth actively pursued almost to the close of her life. She was from time to time connected, as editor or contributor, with various magazines, and also wrote several popular novels. A uniform edition of her writings was completed in 1886, in twenty-three volumes. The most successful of her novels were *Fashion and Famine* (1854); *The Old Homestead* (1855); *Silent Struggles* (1865); and *Mabel's Mistake* (1868).

THE WAIF AND THE HUCKSTER-WOMAN.

With the earliest group that entered Fulton Market that morning was a girl perhaps thirteen or fourteen years old, but tiny in her form, and appearing far more juvenile than that. A pretty quilted hood of rose-colored calico was turned back from her face, which seemed naturally delicate and pale; but the fresh air, and perhaps a shadowy reflection from her hood, gave the glow of a rosebud to her cheeks. Still, there was anxiety upon her young face. Her eyes, of a dark violet blue, drooped heavily beneath her black and curling lashes if anyone from the numerous stalls addressed her; for a small splint basket on her arm, new and perfectly empty, was a sure indication that the child had been sent to make a purchase; while her timid air, the blush that came and went on her face, bespoke as plainly that she was altogether unaccustomed to the scene, and had no regular place to make her humble bargains.

The child seemed a waif cast upon the market, and she was so beautiful, notwithstanding her humble dress of

faded and darned calico, that at almost every stand she was challenged pleasantly to pause and fill her basket. But she only cast down her eyes and blushed more deeply as with her little bare feet she hurried on through the labyrinth of stalls toward that portion of the market occupied by the huckster-women. Here she began to slacken her pace, and to look about her with no inconsiderable interest. . . .

At length the child — for she seemed scarcely more than that — was growing pale, and her eyes turned with a sort of sharp anxiety from one face to another, when suddenly they fell upon the buxom old huckster-woman whose stall we have described. There was something in the good dame's appearance that brought an eager and satisfied look to that pale face. She drew close to the stand, and stood for some seconds, gazing timidly on the old woman.

It was a pleasant face and a comfortable form that the timid girl gazed upon. Smooth and comely were the full and rounded cheeks, with their rich autumn color, dimpled like an over-ripe apple. Fat and good-humored enough to defy wrinkles, the face looked far too rosy for the thick gray hair that was shaded, not concealed, by a cap of clear white muslin with a deep border, and tabs that met like a snowy girth to support the firm double-chin. Never did your eyes dwell upon a chin so full of health and good-humor as that. It sloped with a sleek, smiling grace down from the plump mouth, and rolled with a soft, white wave into the neck, scarcely leaving an outline, or the want of one, before it was lost in the white of that muslin kerchief folded so neatly beneath the ample bosom of her gown. Then the broad linen apron of blue and white check, girdling her waist, and flowing over the rotundity of person, was a living proof of the ripeness and wholesome state of her merchandise. I tell you, reader, that woman, take her for all in all, was one to draw the attention — aye, and the love — of a child who had come bare-footed and alone in search of kindness.— *Fashion and Famine.*

STEPHENS, JOHN LLOYD, an American traveler and archæologist; born at Shrewsbury, N. J., November 28, 1805; died at New York, October 10, 1852. He was graduated from Columbia College in 1822; studied law, and commenced practice at New York. He subsequently traveled for two years in Egypt, the Holy Land, Greece, European Turkey, and parts of Russia, and upon his return published *Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petræa and the Holy Land* (1837), and *Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia and Poland* (1838). In 1839 he was appointed United States Minister to the States of Central America and made explorations of the ancient ruins in that region, and published *Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas and Yucatan* (1841). In 1842 he again visited Yucatan, and wrote *Incidents of Travel in Yucatan* (1843). Both these works were profusely illustrated. He became Vice-President of the Panama Railroad Company, and in 1849 negotiated a treaty with New Granada, by which the right to construct the railroad was granted; and, as president of the company, he superintended the construction of the railroad up to the time of his death.

THE SLAVE-MARKET AT CAIRO.

One of my first rambles in Cairo was to the slave-market. It is situated nearly in the centre of the city, as it appeared to me, although after turning half-a-dozen corners in the narrow streets of a Turkish city I will defy a man to tell where he is exactly. It is a large old building enclosing a hollow square, with chambers all around, above and below. There were probably five or six hundred slaves sitting on mats in groups of ten or twenty,

each group belonging to a different proprietor. Most of them were entirely naked, though some, whose shivering forms evinced that even there they felt the want of their native burning sun, were covered with blankets. They were mostly from Dongola and Sennaar, but some were Abyssinians with yellow complexions, fine eyes and teeth, and decidedly handsome. The Nubians were very dark, but with oval, regularly formed, and handsome faces, mild and amiable expression, and no mark of the African except the color of their skin.

The worst spectacle in the bazaar was that of several lots of sick, who were separated from the rest, and arranged on mats by themselves; their bodies, thin and shrunk, their chins resting upon their knees, their long, lank arms hanging helplessly by their sides, their faces haggard, their eyes fixed with a painful vacancy, and altogether presenting the image of man in his most abject condition. Meeting them on their native sands, their crouching attitudes, shrunk jaws, and rolling eyes might have led one to mistake them for those hideous animals, the ourang-outang and the ape. Prices vary from twenty to one hundred dollars; but the sick, as carrying with them the seeds of probable death, are coolly offered for almost nothing, as so much damaged merchandise which the seller is anxious to dispose of before it becomes utterly worthless on his hands. There was one—an Abyssinian—who had mind as well as beauty in her face. She was dressed in silk, and wore ornaments of gold and shells, and called me as I passed, and peeped from behind a curtain, smiling and coquetting, and wept and pouted as I went away; and she thrust out her tongue to show me that she was not like those I had just been looking at, but that her young blood ran pure and healthy in her veins.—*Travels in Egypt.*

SUMMARY OF EXPLORATIONS IN YUCATAN.

I have now finished my journey among ruined cities. In our long, irregular, and devious route we have discovered the crumbling remains of forty-four ancient cities, most of them but a short distance apart, though from the

great change that has taken place in the country, and the breaking up of the old roads, having no direct communication with each other. With but few exceptions all were lost, buried, and unknown, never before visited by a stranger, and some of them perhaps never looked upon by the eyes of a white man. Involuntarily we turn for a moment to the frightful scenes of which this region now, so desolate must have been the theatre; the scenes of blood, agony, and war which preceded the destruction, desolation, or abandonment of these cities. But leaving the boundless space in which imagination might rove, I confine myself to the consideration of facts. If I may be permitted to say so, in the whole history of discoveries there is nothing to be compared with those here presented. They give an entirely new aspect to the great continent on which we live, and bring up with more force than ever the question which I once, with some hesitation, undertook to answer—who were the builders of these American cities?—*Travels in Yucatan.*

STEPHENS, ROBERT NELSON, an American novelist; born at New Bloomfield, Pa., July 22, 1867. He was a stenographer for some years; then joined the editorial staff of the *Philadelphia Press*, became a theatrical manager, and later a writer of plays. His first novel, *An Enemy to the King*, appeared in 1897. In April, 1898, his second novel, *The Continental Dragoon*, appeared, and in the following June the latest of his plays, *The Ragged Regiment*, was produced at the Herald Square Theatre, New York. In October of that year appeared his third novel, *The Road to Paris*; in May, 1899, *A Gentleman Player*; in May, 1900, his highly popular Revolutionary romance, *Philip Winwood*, written almost en-

tirely in England. His next novel, *Captain Ravenshaw*, returns to the scene of *A Gentleman Player*, Elizabethan London. Shortly after the publication of *A Gentleman Player*, the novelist, in the assurance of a handsome income and of consequent ease, went abroad with his wife. Abroad he has lived ever since. His later works include *The Mystery of Murray Davenport* (1902); *The Bright Face of Danger* (1903); and *The Flight of Georgiana* (1905).

THE RIDERS.

"I dare say 'tis a wild, foolish, dangerous thing; but I do it, nevertheless! As for my reasons, they are the strongest. First, I wish to do it. Second, you've all opposed my doing it. So there's an end to the matter!"

It was, of course, a woman that spoke,—moreover, a young one.

And she added:

"Drat the wind! Can't we ride faster? 'Twill be dark before we reach the manor-house. Get along, Cato!"

She was one of three on horseback, who went northward on the Albany post-road late in the afternoon of a gray, chill, blowy day in November, in the war-scourged year 1778. Beside the girl rode a young gentleman, wrapped in a dark cloak. The third horse, which plodded a short distance in the rear, carried a small negro youth and two large portmanteaus. The three riders made a group that was, as far as could be seen from their view-point, alone on the highway.

There were reasons why such a group, on that road at that time, was an unusual sight,—reasons familiar to any one who is well informed in the history of the Revolution. Unfortunately, most good Americans are better acquainted with the French Revolution than with our own, know more about the state of affairs in Rome during the reign of Nero than about the condition of things in New York City during the British occupation,

and compensate for their knowledge of Scotch-English border warfare in remote times by their ignorance of the border warfare that ravaged the vicinity of the island of Manhattan for six years, little more than a century ago.

Our Revolutionary War had reached the respectable age of three and a half years. Lexington, Bunker Hill, Brooklyn, Harlem Heights, White Plains, Trenton, Princeton, the Brandywine, Germantown, Bennington, Saratoga, and Monmouth — not to mention events in the South and in Canada and on the water — had taken their place in history. The army of the King of England had successively occupied Boston, New York, and Philadelphia; had been driven out of Boston by siege, and had left Philadelphia to return to the town more pivotal and nearer the sea,—New York. One British commander-in-chief had been recalled by the British ministry to explain why he had not crushed the rebellion, and one British major-general had surrendered an army, and was now back in England defending his course and pleading in Parliament the cause of the Americans, to whom he was still a prisoner on parole. Our Continental army — called Continental because, like the general Congress, it served the whole union of British-settled Colonies or States on this continent, and was thus distinguished from the militia, which served in each case its particular Colony or State only — had experienced both defeats and victories in encounters with the King's troops and his allies, German, Hessian, and American Tory. It had endured the winter at Valley Forge while the British had fed, drunk, gambled, danced, flirted, and wenched in Philadelphia. The French alliance had been sanctioned. Steuben, Lafayette, DeKalb, Pulaski, Kosciusko, Armand, and other Europeans, had taken service with us. One plot had been made in Congress and the army to supplant Washington in the chief command, and had failed. The treason of General Charles Lee had come to naught,—but was to wait for disclosure till many years after every person concerned should be graveyard dust. We had celebrated two anniversaries of the Fourth of July. The new free and independent States had organized local governments. The King's appointees still

made a pretence of maintaining the royal provincial governments, but mostly abode under the protection of the King's troops in New York. There also many of those Americans in the North took refuge who distinctly professed loyalty to the King. New York was thus the chief lodging-place of all that embodied British sovereignty in America. Naturally the material tokens of British rule radiated from the town, covering all the island of Manhattan, most of Long Island, and all of Staten Island, and retaining a clutch here and there on the mainland of New Jersey.

It was the present object of Washington to keep those visible signs of English authority penned up within this circle around New York. The Continental posts, therefore, formed a vast arc, extending from the interior of New Jersey through Southeastern New York State to Long Island Sound and into Connecticut. This had been the situation since midsummer of 1778. It was but a detachment from our main army that had coöperated with the English fleet in the futile attempt to dislodge a British force from Newport in August of that year.

The British commander-in-chief and most of the superior officers had their quarters in the best residences of New York. That town was packed snugly into the southern angle of the island of Manhattan, like a gift in the toe of a Christmas stocking. Southward, some of its finest houses looked across the Battery to the bay. Northward the town extended little beyond the common fields, of which the City Hall Square of 1898 is a reduced survival. The island of Manhattan—with its hills, woods, swamps, ponds, brooks, roads, farms, sightly estates, gardens, and orchards—was dotted with the cantonments and garrisoned forts of the British. The outposts were, largely, entrusted to bodies of Tory allies organized in this country. Thus was much of Long Island guarded by the three Loyalist battalions of General Oliver De Lancey, himself a native of New York. On Staten Island was quartered General Van Cortlandt Skinner's brigade of New Jersey Volunteers, a troop which seems to have had such difficulty in finding officers in its own State that it had to go to New York for many

of them,—or was it that so many more rich New York Loyalists had to be provided with commissions than the New York Loyalist brigades required as officers?

But the most important British posts were those which guarded the northern entrance to the island of Manhattan, where it was separated from the mainland by Spuyten Duyvel Kill, flowing westward into the Hudson, and the Harlem, flowing southward into the East River. King's Bridge and the Farmers' Bridge, not far apart, joined the island to the main; and just before the Revolution a traveler might have made his choice of these two bridges, whether he wished to take the Boston road or the road to Albany. In 1778 the British "barrier" was King's Bridge, the northern one of the two, the watch-house being the tavern at the mainland end of the bridge. Not only the bridge, but the Hudson, the Spuyten Duyvel, and the Harlem, as well, were commanded by British forts on the island of Manhattan. Yet there were defences still further out. On the mainland was a line of forts extending from the Hudson, first eastward, then southward, to the East River. Further north, between the Albany road and the Hudson, was a camp of German and Hessian allies, foot and horse. Northeast, on Valentine's Hill, were the Seventy-first Highlanders. Near the mainland bank of the Harlem were the quarters of various troops of dragoons, most of them American Tory corps with English commanders, but one, at least, native to the soil, not only in rank and file, but in officers also,—and with no less dash and daring than by Tarleton, Simcoe, and the rest, was King George III. served by Captain James De Lancey, of the county of West Chester, with his "cowboys," officially known as the West Chester Light Horse.

Thus the outer northern lines of the British were just above King's Bridge. The principal camp of the Americans was far to the north. Each army was affected by conditions that called for a wide space of territory between the two forces, between the outer rim of the British circle, and the inner face of the American arc. Of this space the portion that lay bounded on the west by the Hudson, on the southeast by Long Island Sound, and

cut in two by the southward-flowing Bronx, was the most interesting. It was called the Neutral Ground, and neutral it was in that it had the protection of neither side, while it was ravaged by both. Foraged by the two armies, under the approved rules of war, it underwent further a constant, irregular pillage by gangs of mounted rascals who claimed attachment, some to the British, some to the Americans, but were not owned by either. It was, too, overridden by the cavalry of both sides in attempts to surprise outposts, cut off supplies, and otherwise harass and sting. Unexpected forays by the rangers and dragoons from King's Bridge and the Harlem were reciprocated by sudden visitations of American horse and light infantry from the Greenburg Hills and thereabove. The Whig militia of the county also took a hand against British Tories and marauders. Of the residents, many Tories fled to New York, some Americans went to the interior of the country, but numbers of each party held their ground, at risk of personal harm as well as of robbery. Many of the best houses were, at different times during the war, occupied as quarters by officers of either side. Little was raised on the farms save what the farmers could immediately use or easily conceal. The Hudson was watched by British war-vessels, while the Americans on their side patrolled it with whale-boats, long and canoe-like, swift and elusive. For the drama of partisan warfare, Nature had provided, in lower West Chester County,—picturesquely hilly, beautifully wooded, pleasantly watered, bounded in part by the matchless Hudson and the peerless Sound,—a setting unsurpassed.

Thus was it that Miss Elizabeth Philipse, Major John Colden, and Miss Philipse's negro boy, Cuff, all riding northward on the Albany post-road, a few miles above King's Bridge, but still within territory patrolled daily by the King's troops, constituted, on that bleak November evening in 1778, a group unusual to the time and place.—*The Continental Dragoon*. (Copyright 1898, by L. C. PAGE & COMPANY.)

STEPNIAK, SERGIUS, otherwise known as KAZCHEFFSKY and as MICHAEL DRAGOMANOFF, a Russian political reformer; born at Gadiatch, in the Ukraine Mountains, about 1841; died at Chiswick, England, December 23, 1895. He studied at the University of Kieff, 1859-63; became docent in ancient history there in 1865; a professor in 1870; and was removed by the government in 1873. His writings were prohibited as early as 1862; and he was exiled in 1876. He lived for some time in Geneva, and afterward settled in London. He published many works in the Little Russian and Ukraine dialects, advocating equal political rights and declaring against socialism and absolutism. He wrote English with ease, and contributed many papers to the *London Times* and to the magazines. Besides several books on the ethnography, history, literature, and folk-songs of Little Russia, he was author of *The Career of a Nihilist* (1879); *Tyrannicide in Russia* (1880); *The Russian Storm Cloud* (1879); *Russia Under the Tzars* (1880); *The Turks Within and Without* (1881); *Underground Russia* (1882); *Little Russian Internationalism* (1885); *Historical Poland and Muscovite Democracy* (1887); *Past European Peoples* (1888); *The Propaganda of Socialism* (1890).

SHOOTING AT THE TZAR.

The great and terrible day had come.

From early dawn Audrey only slumbered, awakened every quarter of an hour by his excessive dread of missing his time. A strip of dazzling light, penetrating through a rent in the blind, played upon the wall opposite his couch, announcing a splendid day. When that strip

reached the corner of the chest of drawers, he knew that it would be time for him to rise. But he preferred to get up at once. He pulled the bed-clothes from the leather couch which had served him as bed during his stay at head-quarters, and, carefully folding them up, he put them away in the yellow chest of drawers standing opposite.

"To-night I shall sleep in the cell of the Fortress, if I am not killed on the spot," said he to himself.

He closed the drawers, and proceeded to pull up the blinds of the two windows.

The remark was made in the plainest matter-of-fact tone, just as if he had been merely stating that the weather promised to be fair that day.

He was in a peculiar state of mind this morning, as distant from despondent resignation as from exaltation or from passion of any kind. It was the cold, absolute, inward peace of a man who had settled all accounts with life, and had nothing to expect or to fear, or to give. True, there was yet that deed for him to do. But so much had been already overcome toward its completion, and the little which yet remained was now so certain to be carried out, that this great deed of his life he almost considered as accomplished. While still a living man in full command of his mental and physical energy, he had the strange but perfectly tangible sensation of being already dead, looking upon himself, all those connected with him, and the whole world, with the unruffled, somewhat pitying serenity of a stranger.

The whole of his life was clearly present to his mind, in the minutest details, very clear, the proportions well preserved. He thought of Tania, of the friends he was leaving behind him, of their party, of the country,—but in a calm, dispassionate way, as if everything that held him to life had receded to an enormous distance.

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The distance to the Palace Square, where the attempt had to take place, was considerable. But Audrey intended to traverse it all on foot: he would be more independent of chance in walking than in riding, and could easily regulate his pace so as to reach the spot in time, not one

minute too soon or too late. Besides, as a foot-passenger he would be much less noticeable on approaching the Tzar's promenade ground, which teemed with spies.

In his calm, stoical mood, Audrey walked along Lafonskaia Street, Transfiguration Square, and a part of Taurida Street, partly with, partly against the human stream, receiving upon his retina the images of faces — young, old, merry, serious; of horses, carriages, shops, policemen — all instantly forgotten as soon as he had passed them, attentive only to keep at his regular pace. Thus he reached the corner of the Taurida Garden, where a chance meeting with two perfect strangers upset his mental equilibrium, and brought disorder and tumult into the mental calm which he thought no longer subject to any disturbance.

These strangers, whose path came so unseasonably across his own, were two young folks — a girl and a young man, looking like students, and to all appearances lovers. They came from the Greek Street, and were going arm-in-arm, talking, along the outer railing of the Taurida Garden, smiling, caressing each other with their eyes. The young man was telling the girl in a low voice something very tender, judging from the radiant face of the girl. The pair went on slowly, almost reluctantly, as if burdened with their happiness, paying no attention to anything around.

But Audrey could not take his eyes off that girl; she was so remarkably like his own Tania. She was a little taller, and the lower part of her face was heavier, but the complexion, the quaint set of the head, the long eyebrows, resembling the outstretched wings of a bird, and that something which gives character to a face and to a figure, were exactly those of Tania. She was even dressed in dark blue, Tania's favorite color. Audrey would have given much to have seen her eyes; he was sure they would be like those he was never to look into again. But the girl's face was turned in profile to him, and she never bestowed one glance in his direction. . . .

The girl passed, smiling and blushing, little suspecting the emotions she had caused in the stranger against whom she had brushed. The couple turned the corner and dis-

appeared. But Audrey could not at once recover his self-control. The layer of ice, with which by an effort of will he had succeeded in covering up all his feelings, was broken, and the sea of bitter sadness hidden beneath burst forth. The image of his Tania rose before him no longer as a distant shadow, but warm with life, suffering, love, and beauty, as close and real as the girl who had just passed him.

How was the poor child now? How will she be tonight, when the act anticipated has become an accomplished fact? How will she bear it, when all is over with him? . . .

The Tzar was at this moment a few paces beyond the monument to Alexander I. facing the Palace.

From the window of a house opposite two young men looked upon the scene of the coming encounter with beating hearts.

George was one of them.

He had seen Audrey's coming in collision with the three spies, and had already given him up for lost. Now he saw the Master of all the Russias turning the corner, and Audrey, calm, stern as fate, moving toward him. On seeing a stranger in his way the Tzar gave a momentary start, but still went on.

In breathless suspense George watched as the distance between the two diminished step by step until they seemed to him to have come within a few paces of each other, and nothing had yet happened, and they were still advancing.

Why does he wait? What could it mean? . . . But it was a delusion; the distance which appeared in perspective so short was about fifteen yards.

Here, according to regulations, Audrey had to take off his hat and stand bareheaded until his master should pass. But instead of doing that act of obeisance, he plunged his hand into his pocket, drew a revolver, pointed and fired at the Tzar instantaneously.

The ball struck in the wall of the house at the Tzar's back some forty yards off, almost under the cornice. The shot had missed; the revolver kicked strongly, and had to be pointed at the feet for a fatal shot. This Audrey discovered too late. For a moment he stood petrified with

consternation, both hands hanging down. The next moment he rushed onward, his brow knitted, his face pale, firing shot after shot. The Tzar, pale likewise, the flaps of his long overcoat gathered up in his hands, ran from him as quickly as he could. But he did not lose his presence of mind: instead of running straight, he ran in zig-zags, thus offering a very difficult aim to the man running behind him. That saved him; only one of the shots pierced the cape of his overcoat, the rest missed altogether.

In less than a minute Audrey's six shots were spent. The flock of spies, who at first had made themselves scarce, now appeared from all sides, their numbers growing every moment. George saw Audrey encompassed at all points by the crowd of them, wild at his having eluded their vigilance. For a moment they stood at a distance, cautious, none daring to be the first to approach him. Then seeing him disarmed and making no show of resistance, they rushed on him all at once. But George heard only their fierce shouts and cries, for he had covered his face with both hands, and saw nothing more.

Audrey was thrown into prison, half dead. He recovered, and was in due time tried, condemned, and executed.
— *The Career of a Nihilist.*

STERLING, JOHN, an English poet and novelist; born on the island of Bute, July 20, 1806; died at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, September 18, 1844. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and began the study of law, with the ultimate purpose of entering political life; but in 1834 took orders, and became curate to his friend Julius Charles Hare, the Rector of Hurstmonceaux. After eight months he resigned the curacy, and entered upon a literary life in London, where he was intimate in the

best literary society — with Carlyle more than any other man. His published works are *Arthur Coningsby*, a novel (1833); *The Onyx Ring*, a tale which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* (1836); *Minor Poems* (collected in 1839); *The Election*, a poem (1841); *Strafford*, a tragedy (1843). A collection of his *Prose Writings* was published in 1848, edited by Archdeacon Hare, who also wrote a *Life of Sterling*. Carlyle, in his *Life of Sterling*, introduces extracts from his Letters, which are in fact Essays.

Sterling's longest poem, *The Sexton's Daughter*, a narrative, contains more than four hundred stanzas. Perhaps the best of all his poems are some of the eighteen *Hymns of a Hermit*, though some of the *Minor Poems* are worthy to stand by their side. The world, indeed, hardly knows how much poorer it is by the early death of John Sterling.

ALFRED THE HARPER.

Dark fell the night, the watch was set,
The host was idly spread,
The Danes around their watchfires met,
Caroused, and fiercely fled.

The chiefs beneath a tent of leaves,
And Guthrum, king of all,
Devoured the flesh of England's bees,
And laughed at England's fall.
Each warrior proud, each Danish earl,
In mail and wolf-skin clad,
Their bracelets white with plundered pearl,
Their eyes with triumph mad.

From Humber-land to Severn-land,
And on to Tamar stream,
Where Thames makes green the towery strand,
Where Medway's waters gleam —

With hands of steel and mouths of flame
They raged the kingdom through;
And where the Norseman sickle came,
No crop but hunger grew.

They loaded many an English horse
With wealth of cities fair;
They dragged from many a father's corse
The daughter by her hair.
And English slaves, and gems and gold,
Were gathered round the feast;
Till midnight in their woodland hold,
O, never that riot ceased.

In stalked a warrior tall and rude
Before the strong sea-kings;
"Ye lords and earls of Odin's brood,
Without a harper sings.
He seems a simple man and poor,
But well he sounds the lay;
And well, ye Norseman chiefs, be sure
Will ye the song repay."

In trod the bard with keen, cold look,
And glanced along the board,
That with the shout and war-cry shook
Of many a Danish lord.
But thirty brows, inflamed and stern,
Soon bent on him their gaze,
While calm he gazed, as if to learn
Who chief deserved his praise.

Loud Guthrum spake, — "Nay, gaze not thus,
Thou Harper weak and poor!
By Thor! who bandy looks with us
Must worse than looks endure.
Sing high the praise of Denmark's host,
High praise each dauntless earl;
The brave who stun this English coast
With war's unceasing whirl."

The Harper slowly bent his head,
And touched aloud the string;
Then raised his face, and boldly said,
"Hear thou my lay, O King!
High praise from every mouth of man
To all who boldly strive,
Who fall where first the fight began,
And ne'er go back alive.

"Fill high your cups, and swell the shout
At famous Regnar's name;
Who sank his host in bloody rout,
When he to Humber came.
His men were chased, his sons were slain
And he was left alone.
They bound him in an iron chain
Upon a dungeon stone.

"With iron links they bound him fast;
With snakes they filled the hole,
That made his flesh their long repast,
And bit into his soul.

"Great chiefs, why sink in gloom your eyes?
Why champ your teeth in pain?
Still lives the song though Regnar dies!
Fill high your cups again!
Ye, too, perchance, O Norseman lords!
Who fought and swayed so long,
Shall soon but live in minstrel words,
And owe your names to song.

"This land has graves by thousands more
Than that where Regnar lies.
When conquests fade, and rule is o'er,
The sod must close your eyes.
How soon, who knows? Not chief, nor bard;
And yet to me 'tis given
To see your foreheads deeply scarred,
And guess the doom of Heaven.

"I may not read or when or how,
But, earls and Kings, be sure
I see a blade o'er every brow,
Where pride now sits secure.
Fill high the cups, raise loud the strain!
When chief and monarch fall,
Their names in song shall breathe again,
And thrill the feastful hall."

Grim sat the chiefs; one heaved a groar
And one grew pale with dread,
His iron mace was grasped by one,
By one his wine was shed.
And Guthrum cried, "Nay, bard, no more
We hear thy boding lay;
Make drunk the song with spoil and gold!
Light up the joyous fray!"

"Quick throbs my brain"—so burst the song
"To hear the strife once more.
The mace, the axe, they rest too long;
Earth cries, My thirst is sore.
More blithely twang the strings of bows
Than strings of harps in glee;
Red wounds are lovelier than the rose
Or rosy lips to me.

"O, fairer than a field of flowers,
When flowers in England grew,
Would be the battle's marshalled powers,
The plain of carnage new.
With all its deaths before my soul
The vision rises fair;
Raise loud the song, and drain the bowl!
I would that I were there!"

Loud rang the harp, the minstrel's eye
Rolled fiercely round the throng;
It seemed two crashing hosts were nigh,
Whose shock aroused the song.

A golden cup King Guthrum gave
To him who strongly played;
And said, "I won it from the slave
Who once o'er England swayed."

King Guthrum cried, "'Twas Alfred's own;
Thy song befits the brave:
The King who cannot guard his throne
Nor wine nor song shall have."
The minstrel took the goblet bright,
And said, "I drink the wine
To him who owns by justest right
The cup thou bid'st be mine.

"To him, your lord, O shout ye all!
His meed be deathless praise!
The King who dares not nobly fall
Dies basely all his days."

"The praise thou speakest," Guthrum said,
"With sweetness fills mine ear;
For Alfred swift before me fled,
And left me monarch here.
The royal coward never dared
Beneath mine eye to stand.
O, would that now this feast he shared,
And saw me rule his land!"

Then stern the minstrel rose, and spake,
And gazed upon the King —
"Not now the golden cup I take,
Nor more to thee I sing.
Another day, a happier hour,
Shall bring me here again:
The cup shall stay in Guthrum's power,
Till I demand it then."

The Harper turned and left the shed,
Nor bent to Guthrum's crown;
And one who marked his visage said
It wore a ghastly frown.

The Danes ne'er saw that Harper more,
For soon as morning rose,
Upon their camp King Alfred bore,
And slew ten thousand foes.

THE SPICE-TREE.

The spice-tree lives in the garden green;
Beside it the fountain flows;
And a fair bird sits the boughs between,
And sings his melodious woes.

No greener garden e'er was known
Within the bounds of an earthly king;
No lovelier skies have ever shone
Than those that illumine its constant spring.

That coil-bound stem has branches three;
On each a thousand blossoms grow;
And, old as aught of time can be,
The root stands fast in the rocks below.

In the spicy shade ne'er seems to tire
The fount that builds a silvery dome;
And flakes of purple and ruby fire
Gush out, and sparkle amid the foam.

The fair white bird of flaming crest,
And azure wings bedropt with gold,
Ne'er has he known a pause of rest,
But sings the lament that he framed of old:

"O princess bright! how long the night
Since thou art sunk in the waters clear?
How sadly they flow from the depth below —
How long must I sing and thou wilt not hear?"

"The waters play, and the flowers are gay,
And the skies are sunny above;
I would that all could fade and fall,
And I, too, cease to mourn my love.

"O, many a year, so wakeful and drear,
I have sorrowed and watched, beloved, for thee!
But there comes no breath from the chambers of death,
While the lifeless fount gushes under the tree."

The skies grow dark, and they glare with red;
The tree shakes off its spicy bloom;
The waves of the fount in a black pool spread
And in thunder sounds the garden's doom.

Down springs the bird with a long, shrill cry,
Into the sable and angry flood;
And the face of the pool, as he falls from high,
Curdles in circling stains of blood.

But sudden again upswells the fount;
Higher and higher the waters flow,—
In a glittering diamond arch they mount,
And round it the colors of morning glow.

Finer and finer the watery mound
Softens and melts to a thin-spun veil,
And tones of music circle around,
And bear to the stars the fountain's tale.

And swift the eddying rainbow screen
Falls in dew on the grassy floor;
Under the spice-tree the garden's queen
Sits by her lover, who wails no more.

STERNE, LAURENCE, ("MR. YORICK"), a British clergyman and novelist; born at Clonmel, Ireland, November 24, 1713; died at London, March 18, 1768. He was taken to England in his eleventh year, placed in a private school, and afterward sent to the University of Oxford, where he was grad-

uated in 1736. He took orders, and was immediately presented to the living of Sutton, in Yorkshire. Other preferments were bestowed upon him, among which was a prebend in York Cathedral. In 1759 he put forth the first two volumes of *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*; the succeeding volumes appeared at intervals, the ninth and last in 1767. From 1762 to 1767 he resided partly in London and partly in France, where his way of life was far from being in accordance with his clerical profession. He had written only the first part of the *Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy*, when he died somewhat suddenly. At various times he published volumes of *Sermons*. A collection of his *Letters* appeared in 1775. All of his works were published under the pseudonym of "Mr. Yorick."

ON NAMES.

I would sooner undertake to explain the hardest problem in geometry than to pretend to account for it that a gentleman of my father's great good sense — knowing (as the reader must have observed him), wise also in political reasoning, and curious, too, in philosophy, and in polemical (as he will find) no way ignorant — could be capable of entertaining a notion so out of the common track, that I fear the reader, when I come to mention it to him, if he is in the least of a choleric temper will immediately throw the book by; if mercurial, he will laugh most heartily at it, and if he is of a grave and saturnine cast, he will, at first sight, condemn it as fanciful and extravagant. And that was in respect to the choice and imposition of Christian names, on which he thought a great deal more depended than what superficial minds were capable of conceiving. His opinion in this matter was that there was a strange kind of magic basis which good or bad names, as he called them, irresistibly impressed upon our characters and conduct.

The hero of Cervantes argued not the point with more seriousness; nor had he more faith, or more to say, on the powers of necromancy in dishonoring his deeds, or on Dulcinea's name in shedding lustre upon them, than my father had on those of Trismegistus or Archimedes, on the one hand, or of Niky and Simkin, on the other. "How many Cæsars and Pompeys," he would say, "by mere inspiration of the names, have been rendered worthy of them! And how many," he would add, "are there who might have done exceedingly well in the world had not their characters and spirits been totally depressed and Nicodemus'd into nothing!"

"I see plainly, sir, by your looks" (or as the case happened), my father would say, "that you do not heartily subscribe to this opinion of mine, which to those," he would add, "who have not sifted it to the bottom, I own has an air more of fancy than of solid reasoning in it. And yet, my dear sir—if I may presume to know your character—I am morally assured I should hazard little in stating a case to you—not as a party in the dispute, but as a judge—and trusting my appeal upon it to your own good sense and candid disquisition in this matter. You are a person free from as many narrow prejudices of education as most men, and—if I may presume to penetrate farther into you—of a liberality of genius above bearing down an opinion merely because it wants friends. Your son—your dear son—from whose sweet and open temper you have so much to expect—your 'Billy,' sir—would you for the world have called him 'Judas?' Would you, my dear sir," he would say, laying his hand upon your breast—and with the genteelest address, and in the soft and irresistible *piano* of voice which the nature of the *argumentum ad hominem* absolutely requires—"would you, sir, if a Jew of a godfather had proposed the name of your child, and offered you his purse along with it, would you have consented to such a desecration of him? . . .

"Your greatness of mind in this action, which I admire, with that generous contempt of money which you show me in the whole transaction, is really noble; and what renders it more so is the principle of it; the work-

ing of a parent's love upon the truth of this very hypothesis — namely, that was your son called Judas, the sordid and treacherous idea so inseparable from this name would have accompanied him through life like his shadow, and in the end made a miser and a rascal of him in spite, Sir, of your example.”—*Tristram Shandy*.

“ I CAN’T GET OUT ! ”

As for the Bastile, the terror is in the word. “ Make the most of it you can,” said I to myself, “ the Bastile is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a house you can’t get out of. Mercy on the gouty ! for they are in it twice a year ; but with nine lives a day, and pen, ink, and paper, and patience, albeit a man can’t get out, he may do very well within, at least for a month or six weeks ; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and a wiser man than he went in.”

I had occasion—I forget what—to step into the court yard as I settled this account ; and remember I walked down-stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning. “ Beshrew the sombre pencil,” said I, vauntingly, for I envy not its powers, “ which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a coloring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened. Reduce them to their proper size and hue, and she overlooks them. ’Tis true,” said I, correcting the proposition, “ the Bastile is not an evil to be despised ; but strip it of its towers, fill up the fosse, unbarricade the doors, call it simply a place of confinement, and suppose ’tis some tyrant of a distemper, and not of a man, which holds you in it, the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.”

I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained that it “ could not get out ! ” I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man nor woman nor child, I went out without further attention. In my return back through the passage I heard the same words repeated twice over ; and looking up I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage.

"I can't get out! I can't get out!" said the starling. I stood looking at the bird; and to every person that came through the passage, it ran in fluttering to the side toward which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity.

"God help thee!" said I, "but I will let thee out, cost what it will;" so I turned about the cage to get at the door. It was twisted and double-twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it. The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it as if impatient. "I fear, poor creature," said I, "I cannot set thee at liberty." "No," said the starling, "I can't get out! I can't get out!"

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up-stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt," said I, "still slavery is a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess"—addressing myself to Liberty—"whom all in public or in private worship; whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron. With thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious heaven!" cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one of the ascent, "grant me but health, thou great bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion, and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon the heads, which are aching for them."—*Sentimental Journey.*

DEATH OF LE FEVRE.

— — In a fortnight or three weeks, added my Uncle Toby, smiling—he might march. — He will never march, an' please your honor, in this world, said the corporal. — — He will march, said my Uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off: — — An' please your honor, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave. — He shall march, cried my Uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch—he shall march to his regiment. — — He can't stand it, said the corporal. — — He shall be supported, said my Uncle Toby. — — He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy? — — He shall not drop, said my Uncle Toby, firmly. — Ah, well-a-day—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point—the poor soul will die. He shall not die, by G—d! cried my Uncle Toby.

— The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in— — and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever.*

— — My Uncle Toby went to his bureau—put his purse into his breeches' pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician—he went to bed, and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's, and his afflicted son's; the hand of Death pressed heavily upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, when my Uncle Toby, who had risen up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did—how he had rested in the night—what was his complaint—where was his pain—and what he could do to help

* The sentiment of this paragraph has been characterized by an eminent American divine as the most beautiful in English literature.

him? — and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.

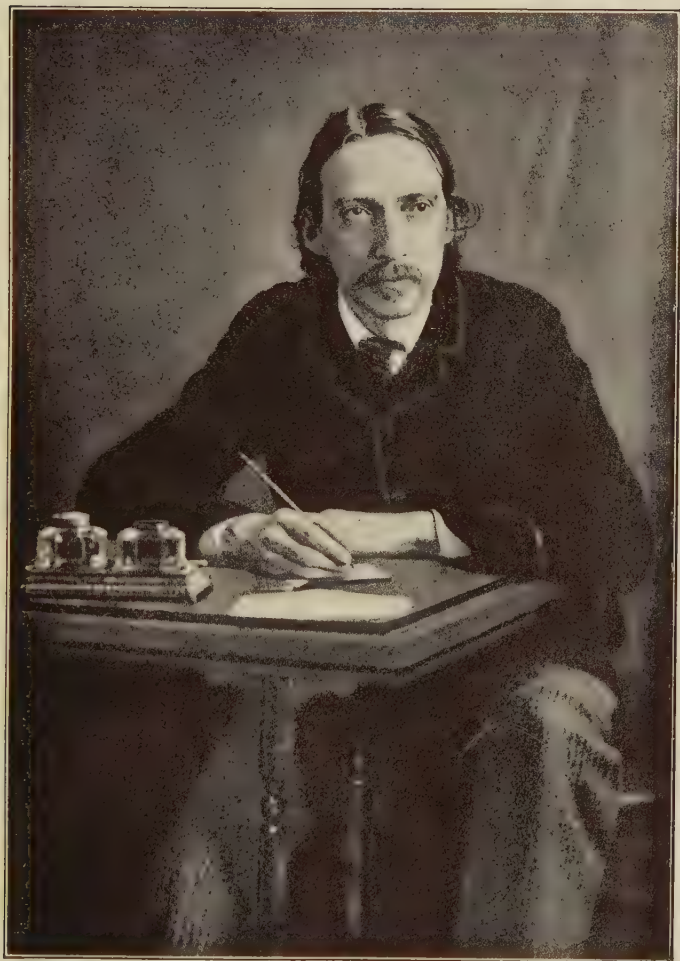
— You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my Uncle Toby, to my house — and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter — and we'll have an apothecary, — and the corporal shall be your nurse — and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my Uncle Toby — not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it — which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my Uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, the son had insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it toward him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back — the film forsook his eyes for a moment — he looked up wistfully in my Uncle Toby's face — then cast a look upon his boy — and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken. —

Nature instantly ebbed again — — the film returned to its place — — the pulse fluttered — — stopped — — went an — — throbbed — — stopped — — again — — moved — — stopped — — shall I go on? — — No.

— *Tristram Shandy.*

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS BALFOUR, a Scottish novelist, essayist and poet; born at Edinburgh, November 13, 1850; died at Apia, Samoa, December 3, 1894. His father, Thomas S., and two uncles, a grandfather and great-grandfather, were



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

engineers in the lighthouse service. In the dedication of one of his books to his father, he says, "by whose devices the great sea-lights in every quarter of the globe shine out more brightly." Robert was educated at Cambridge, studied law, and was admitted to practice. His literary work began in contributions to magazines; many of the papers have been gathered in book form. In 1879 he went as a steerage passenger to America, and crossed the continent in an emigrant car. He married Mary Van de Grift in California, and she was co-author with him of *The Dynamiter*. Some of his California experiences are recorded in *The Silverado Squatters*. Of his numerous books, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1885) is the one most widely known; next to this are such as *Treasure Island* (1886); *Kidnapped* (1886); *The Black Arrow* (1888); *Prince Otto* (1889); *The Master of Ballantrae* (1889); *The Wrecker* (1892); *Across the Plains* (1892); *A Footnote of History* (1892); *David Balfour* (1893); *Island Nights Entertainments* (1893); *Will o' the Mill* (1895). *Virginibus Puerique* and *Familiar Studies of Men and Books* (1887) are volumes of essays. A book of poems (1887, bears the title of *Underwoods*—crisp in poetic description, and half of the volume in quaint Scottish dialect. Other works are: *An Inland Voyage* (1878); *Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes*; (1879); *The Merry Men* (1887); *Memoir of Fleming Jenkin* (1888); and *A Child's Garden of Verses* (1885). Mr. Stevenson's last novel, *St. Ives* (1897), was left unfinished; but was completed by A. T. Quiller-Couch.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

A naked house, a naked moor,
 A shivering pool before the door,
 A garden bare of flowers and fruit,
 And poplars at the garden foot:
 Such is the place that I live in,
 Bleak without and bare within.

Yet shall your ragged moor receive
 The incomparable pomp of eve,
 And the cold glories of the dawn
 Behind your shivering trees be drawn;
 And when the wind from place to place
 Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,
 Your garden gloom and gleam again,
 With leaping sun, with glancing rain.
 Here shall the wizard moon ascend
 The heavens, in the crimson end
 Of day's declining splendor; here
 The army of the stars appear.
 The neighboring hollows, dry or wet,
 Spring shall with tender flowers beset;
 And oft the morning muser see
 Larks rising from the broomy lea,
 And every fairy wheel and thread
 Of cobweb dew-bediamonded.
 When daisies go, shall winter time
 Silver the simple grass with rime;
 Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
 And make the cart-ruts beautiful;
 And when snow bright the moor expands,
 How shall your children clap their hands!
 To make this earth, our hermitage,
 A cheerful and a changeful page,
 God's bright and intricate device
 Of days and seasons doth suffice.

— *Underwoods.*

REQUIEM.

Under the wide and starry sky,
 Dig the grave and let me lie.
 Glad did I live and gladly die,
 And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.
 — Underwoods.

THE TWO PHILOSOPHERS.

On one of the posts before Tentailon's carriage entry he espied a little, dark figure perched in a meditative attitude, and immediately recognized Jean-Marie.

"Aha," he said, stopping before him humorously, with a hand on either knee. "So we rise early in the morning, do we? It appears to me that we have all the vices of a philosopher."

The boy got to his feet and made a grave salutation.

"And how is our patient?" asked Deprez.

It appeared the patient was about the same.

"And why do you rise early in the morning?" he pursued.

Jean-Marie, after a long silence, professed that he hardly knew.

"You hardly know?" repeated Deprez. "We hardly know anything, my man, until we try to learn. Interrogate your consciousness. Come, push me this inquiry home. Do you like it?"

"Yes," said the boy, slowly; "yes, I like it."

"And why do you like it?" continued the Doctor. "(We are now pursuing the Socratic method.) Why do you like it?"

"It is quiet," answered Jean-Marie; "and I have nothing to do; and then I feel as if I were good."

Doctor Deprez took a seat on the post at the opposite

side. He was beginning to take an interest in the talk, for the boy plainly thought before he spoke, and tried to answer truly.

"It appears you have a taste for feeling good," said the Doctor. "Now, then, you puzzle me extremely: for I thought you said you were a thief; and the two are incompatible."

"Is it very bad to steal?" asked Jean-Marie.

"Such is the general opinion, little boy," replied the Doctor.

"No; but I mean as I stole," exclaimed the other. "For I had no choice. I think it is surely right to have bread; it must be right to have bread, there comes so plain a want of it. And then they beat me cruelly if I returned with nothing," he added. "I was not ignorant of right and wrong; for before that I had been well taught by a priest, who had been very kind to me." (The Doctor made a horrible grimace at the word "priest.") "But it seemed to me when one had nothing to eat and was beaten, it was a different affair. I would not have stolen for tarts, I believe; but anyone would steal for bread."

"And so I suppose," said the Doctor, with a rising sneer, "you prayed God to forgive you, and explained the case to Him at length."

"Why, sir!" asked Jean-Marie. "I do not see."

"Your priest would see, however," retorted Deprez.

"Would he?" asked the boy, troubled for the first time. "I should have thought God would have known."

"Eh?" snarled the Doctor.

"I should have thought God would have understood me," replied the other. "You do not see; but then it was God that made me think so, was it not?"

"Little boy, little boy," said Deprez, "I told you already you had the vices of philosophy; if you display the virtues also, I must go. I am a student of the blessed laws of health, an observer of plain and temperate nature in her common walks; and I cannot preserve my equanimity in presence of a monster. Do you understand?"

"No, sir," said the boy.

"I will make my meaning clear to you," replied the Doctor. "Look there at the sky — behind the belfry first,

where it is so light, and then up and up, turning your chin back, right to the top of the dome, where it is already as blue as at noon. Is not that a beautiful color? Does it not please the heart? We have seen it all our lives, until it has grown in with our familiar thoughts. Now," changing his tone, "suppose that sky to become suddenly of a live and fiery amber, like the color of clear coals, and growing scarlet toward the top—I do not say it would be any the less beautiful; but would you like it as well?"

"I suppose not," answered Jean-Marie.

"Neither do I like you," returned the Doctor, roughly. "I hate all odd people, and you are the most curious little boy in all the world."

Jean-Marie seemed to ponder for awhile, and then he raised his head again and looked over at the Doctor with an air of candid inquiry. "But are you not a very curious gentleman?" he asked.

The Doctor threw away his stick, bounded on the boy, clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him on both cheeks. "Admirable, admirable imp!" he cried.

"What a morning, what an hour for a theorist of forty-two! No," he continued, apostrophizing heaven, "I did not know that such boys existed; I was ignorant they made them so; I had doubted of my race; and now! It is like," he added, picking up his stick, "like a lover's meeting. I have bruised my favorite staff in that moment of enthusiasm. The injury, however, is not grave." He caught the boy looking at him in obvious wonder, embarrassment, and alarm. "Hello!" said he, "why do you look at me like that? Egad, I believe the boy despises me. Do you despise me, boy?"

"O, no," replied Jean-Marie, seriously; "only I do not understand."

"You must excuse me, sir," returned the Doctor with gravity; "I am still so young. O, hang him!" he added to himself. And he took his seat again and observed the boy sardonically. "He has spoiled the quiet of my morning," thought he. "I shall be nervous all day, and have a febricula when I digest. Let me compose myself." And so he dismissed his preoccupations by an effort of the will

which he had long practised, and let his soul roam abroad in the contemplation of the morning. He inhaled the air, tasting it critically as a connoisseur tastes a vintage, and prolonging the expiration with hygienic gusto. He counted the little flecks of cloud along the sky. He followed the movements of the birds around the church tower — making long sweeps, hanging poised, or turning airy somersaults in fancy, and beating the wind with imaginary pinions. And in this way he regained peace of mind and animal composure, conscious of his limbs, conscious of the sight of his eyes, conscious that the air had a cool taste, like a fruit, at the top of his throat; and at last, in complete abstraction, he began to sing. The Doctor had but one air — “*Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre*,” even with that he was on terms of mere politeness; and his musical exploits were always reserved for moments when he was alone and entirely happy.

He was recalled to earth rudely by a pained expression on the boy's face. “What do you think of my singing?” he inquired, stopping in the middle of a note; and then, after he had waited some little while and received no answer, “What do you think of my singing?” he repeated, imperiously.

“I do not like it,” faltered Jean-Marie.

“Oh, come!” cried the Doctor. “Possibly you are a performer yourself?”

“I sing better than that,” replied the boy.

The Doctor eyed him for some seconds in stupefaction. He was aware that he was angry, and blushed for himself in consequence, which made him angrier.

“If this is how you address your master!” he said at last, with a shrug and a flourish of his arms.

“I do not speak to him at all,” returned the boy. “I do not like him.”

“Then you like me?” snapped Doctor Deprez, with unusual eagerness.

“I do not know,” answered Jean-Marie.

The Doctor rose. “I shall wish you a good morning,” he said. “You are too much for me. Perhaps you have blood in your veins, perhaps celestial ichor, or perhaps you circulate nothing more gross than respirable air;

but of one thing I am inexpugnably assured:—that you are no human being. No, boy”—shaking his stick at him—“you are not a human being. Write, write it in your memory—‘I am not a human being—I have no pretension to a human being—I am a dive, a dream, an angel, an acrostic, an illusion—what you please, but not a human being.’ And so accept my humble salutations and farewell!”

And with that the Doctor made off along the street in some emotion, and the boy stood, mentally gaping, where he left him. . . .

“Never!” cried Madame. “Never, Doctor, with my consent. If the child were my own flesh and blood, I would not say no. But to take another person’s indiscretion on my shoulders—My dear friend, I have too much sense.”

“Precisely,” replied the Doctor. “We both had. And I am all the better pleased with our wisdom, because—because——” He looked at her sharply.

“Because what?” she asked, with a faint premonition of danger.

“Because I have found the right person,” said the Doctor firmly, “and shall adopt him this afternoon.”—*The Treasure of Franchard (Merry Men)*.

TRUTH OF INTERCOURSE.

Among sayings that have a currency in spite of being wholly false upon the face of them, for the sake of a half-truth upon another subject which is accidentally combined with the error, one of the grossest and broadest conveys the monstrous proposition that it is easy to tell the truth and hard to tell a lie. I wish heartily it were. But the truth is one; it has first to be discovered, then justly and exactly uttered. Even with instruments specially contrived for such a purpose—with a foot-rule, a lever, or a theodolite—it is not easy to be exact; it is easier, alas! to be inexact. From those who mark the divisions on a scale to those who measure the boundaries of empires or the distance of the heavenly stars, it is by careful method and minute, unwearying at-

tention that men rise even to material or to sure knowledge, even of external and constant things. But it is easier to draw the outline of a mountain than the changing appearance of a face; and truth in human relations is of this more intangible and dubious order: hard to seize, harder to communicate. . . .

"It takes," says Thoreau, in the noblest and most useful passage I remember to have read in any modern author, "two to speak truth — one to speak and another to hear." He must be very little experienced or have no great zeal for truth, who does not recognize the fact. A grain of anger or a grain of suspicion produces strange acoustical effects, and makes the ear greedy to remark offence. Hence we find those who have once quarrelled carry themselves distantly, and are ever ready to break the truce. To speak truth, there must be moral equality or else no respect: and hence between parent and child intercourse is apt to degenerate into a verbal fencing bout, and misapprehensions to become ingrained. And there is another side to this, for the parent begins with an imperfect notion of the child's character, formed in early years or during the equinoctial gales of youth; to this he adheres, noting only the facts which suit his preconception; and wherever a person fancies himself unjustly judged, he at once and finally gives up the effort to speak truth. With our chosen friends, on the other hand, and still more between lovers (for mutual understanding is love's essence), the truth is easily indicated by the one and aptly comprehended by the other. A hint taken, a look understood, conveys the gist of long and delicate explanations; and where the life is known, even *yea* and *no* become luminous. In the closest of all relations — that of a love well founded and equally shared — speech is half discarded, like a roundabout, infantile process or a ceremony of formal etiquette; and the two communicate directly by their presences, and with few looks and fewer words contrive to share their good and evil and uphold each other's hearts in joy. For love rests upon a physical basis; it is a familiarity of nature's making and apart from voluntary choice. Understanding has in some sort out-run knowledge, for the affection perhaps began with the

acquaintance; and as it was not made like other relations, so it is not, like them, to be perturbed or clouded. Each knows more than can be uttered; each lives by faith, and believes by a natural compulsion; and between man and wife the language of the body is largely developed and grown strangely eloquent. The thought that prompted and was conveyed in a caress would only lose to be set down in words, ay, although Shakespeare himself should be the scribe.

Yet it is in these dear intimacies, beyond all others that we must strive and do battle for the truth. Let but a doubt arise, and alas! all the previous intimacy and confidence is but another charge against the person doubted. — *Virginibus Puerisque*.

MARKHEIM.

"Yes," said the dealer, "our windfalls are of various kinds. Some customers are ignorant, and then I touch a dividend on my superior knowledge. Some are dishonest," and here he held up the candle, so that the light fell strongly on his visitor, "and in that case," he continued, "I profit by my virtue."

Markheim had but just entered from the daylight streets, and his eyes had not grown familiar with the mingled shine and darkness in the shop. At these pointed words, and before the near presence of the flame, he blinked painfully and looked aside.

The dealer chuckled. "You come to me on Christmas day," he resumed, "when you know that I am alone in my house, put up my shutters, and make a point of refusing business. Well, you will have to pay for that; you will have to pay for my loss of time, when I should be balancing my books; you will have to pay, besides, for a kind of manner that I remark in you to-day very strongly. I am the essence of discretion, and ask no awkward questions; but when a customer can not look me in the eye, he has to pay for 'it.'" The dealer once more chuckled; and then, changing to his usual business voice, though still with a note of irony, "You can give, as usual, a clear account of how you came into the pos-

session of the object?" he continued. "Still your uncle's cabinet? 'A remarkable collector, sir!'"

And the little, pale, round-shouldered dealer stood almost on tip-toe, looking over the top of his gold spectacles, and nodding his head with every mark of disbelief. Markheim returned his gaze with one of infinite pity, and a touch of horror.

"This time," said he, "you are in error. I have not come to sell, but to buy. I have no curios to dispose of; my uncle's cabinet is bare to the wainscot; even were it still intact, I have done well on the Stock Exchange, and should more likely add to it than otherwise, and my errand to-day is simplicity itself. I seek a Christmas-present for a lady," he continued, waxing more fluent as he struck into the speech he had prepared; "and certainly I owe you every excuse for thus disturbing you upon so small a matter. But the thing was neglected yesterday; I must produce my little compliment at dinner; and, as you very well know, a rich marriage is not a thing to be neglected."

There followed a pause, during which the dealer seemed to weigh this statement incredulously. The ticking of many clocks among the curious lumber of the shop, and the faint rushing of the cabs in a near thoroughfare, filled up the interval of silence.

"Well sir," said the dealer, "be it so. You are an old customer after all; and if, as you say, you have the chance of a good marriage, far be it from me to be an obstacle. Here is a nice thing for a lady, now," he went on, "this hand-glass—fifteenth century, warranted; comes from a good collection, too; but I reserve the name, in the interests of my customer, who was just like yourself, my dear sir, the nephew and sole heir of a remarkable collector."

The dealer, while he thus ran on in his dry and biting voice, had stooped to take the object from its place; and, as he had done so, a shock had passed through Markheim, a start both of hand and foot, a sudden leap of many tumultuous passions to the face. It passed as swiftly as it came, and left no trace beyond a certain trembling of the hand that now received the glass.

"A glass," he said, hoarsely, and then paused, and repeated it more clearly. "A glass? For Christmas? Surely not?"

"And why not?" cried the dealer. "Why not a glass?"

Markheim was looking upon him with an indefinable expression. "You ask me why not?" he said. "Why, look here—look in it—look at yourself! Do you like to see it? No! nor I—nor any man."

The little man had jumped back when Markheim had so suddenly confronted him with the mirror; but now, perceiving there was nothing worse on hand, he chuckled. "Your future lady, sir, must be pretty hard favored," said he.

"I ask you," said Markheim, "for a Christmas-present, and you give me this—this damned reminder of years, and sins and follies—this hand-conscience! Did you mean it? Had you a thought in your mind? Tell me. It will be better for you if you do. Come, tell me about yourself. I hazard a guess now, that you are in secret a very charitable man?"

The dealer looked closely at his companion. It was very odd, Markheim did not appear to be laughing; there was something in his face like an eager sparkle of hope, but nothing of mirth.

"What are you driving at?" the dealer asked.

"Not charitable?" returned the other, gloomily. "Not charitable; not pious; not scrupulous; unloving, unbeloved; a hand to get money, a safe to keep it. Is that all? Dear God, man, is that all?"

"I will tell you what it is," began the dealer, with some sharpness, and then broke off again into a chuckle. "But I see this is a love match of yours, and you have been drinking the lady's health."

"Ah!" cried Markheim, with a strange curiosity. "Ah, have you been in love? Tell me about that."

"I," cried the dealer. "I in love! I never had the time, nor have I the time to-day for all this nonsense. Will you take the glass?"

"Where is the hurry?" returned Markheim. "It is very pleasant to stand here talking; and life is so short

and insecure that I would not hurry away from any pleasure — no, not even from so mild a one as this. We should rather cling, cling to what little we can get, like a man at a cliff's edge. Every second is a cliff, if you think upon it — a cliff a mile high — high enough, if we fall, to dash us out of every feature of humanity. Hence it is best to talk pleasantly. Let us talk of each other; why should we wear this mask? Let us be confidential. Who knows, we might become friends?"

"I have just one word to say to you, said the dealer. "Either make your purchase, or walk out of my shop."

"True, true," said Markheim. "Enough fooling. To business. Show me something else."

The dealer stooped once more, this time to replace the glass upon the shelf, his thin blonde hair falling over his eyes as he did so. Markheim moved a little nearer, with one hand in the pocket of his great-coat; he drew himself up and filled his lungs; at the same time many different emotions were depicted together on his face — terror, horror, and resolve, fascination and a physical repulsion; and through a haggard lift of his upper lip, his teeth looked out.

"This, perhaps, may suit," observed the dealer; and then, as he began to re-arise, Markheim bounded from behind upon his victim. The long, skewer-like dagger flashed and fell. The dealer struggled like a hen, striking his temple on the shelf, and then tumbled on the floor in a heap.

Time had some score of small voices in that shop, some stately and slow as was becoming to their great age; others garrulous and hurried. All these told out the seconds in an intricate chorus of tickings. Then the passage of a lad's feet, heavily running on the pavement, broke in upon these smaller voices and startled Markheim into the consciousness of his surroundings. He looked about him awfully. The candle tood on the counter, its flame solemnly wagging in a draught; and by that inconsiderable movement, the whole room was filled with noiseless bustle and kept heaving like a sea; the tall shadows nodding, the gross blots of darkness swelling and dwindling as with respiration, the faces of the por-

traits and the china gods changing and wavering like images in water. The inner door stood ajar, and peered into that leaguer of shadows with a long slit of daylight like a pointing finger.

From these fear-stricken roivings, Markheim's eyes returned to the body of his victim, where it lay both humped and sprawling, incredibly small and strangely meaner than in life. In these poor, miserly clothes, in that ungainly attitude, the dealer lay like so much sawdust. Markheim had feared to see it, and, lo! it was nothing. And yet, as he gazed, this bundle of old clothes and pool of blood began to find eloquent voices. There it must lie; there was none to work the cunning hinges or direct the miracle of locomotion — there it must lie till it was found. Found! ay, and then? Then would this dead flesh lift up a cry that would ring over England, and fill the world with the echoes of pursuit. Ay, dead or not, this was still the enemy. "Time was that when the brains were out," he thought; and the first word struck into his mind. Time, now that the deed was accomplished — time, which had closed for the victim, had become instant and momentous for the slayer.

The thought was yet in his mind, when, first one and then another, with every variety of pace and voice — one deep as the bell from a cathedral turret, another ringing on its treble notes the prelude of a waltz — the clocks began to strike the hour of three in the afternoon.

The sudden outbreak of so many tongues in that dumb chamber staggered him. He began to bestir himself, going to and fro with the candle, beleaguered by moving shadows, and startled to the soul by chance reflections. In many rich mirrors, some of home designs, some from Venice or Amsterdam, he saw his face repeated and repeated, as it were an army of spies; his own eyes met and detected him; and the sound of his own steps, lightly as they fell, vexed the surrounding quiet. And still as he continued to fill his pockets, his mind accused him, with a sickening iteration, of the thousand faults of his design. He should have chosen a more quiet hour; he should have prepared an alibi; he should not have used a knife; he should have been more cautious, and only

bound and gagged the dealer, and not killed him; he should have been more bold, and killed the servant also; he should have done all things otherwise; poignant regrets, weary, incessant toiling of the mind to change what was unchangeable, to plan what was now useless, to be the architect of the irrevocable past. Meanwhile, and behind all this activity, brute terrors, like the scurrying of rats in a deserted attic, filled the more remote chambers of his brain with riot; the hand of the constable would fall heavy on his shoulder, and his nerves would jerk like a hooked fish; or he beheld, in galloping defile, the dock, the prison, the gallows, and the black coffin.

Terror of the people in the street sat down before his mind like a besieging army. It was impossible, he thought, but that some rumor of the struggle must have reached their ears and set on edge their curiosity; and now, in all the neighboring houses, he divined them sitting motionless and with uplifted ear—solitary people, condemned to spend Christmas dwelling alone on memories of the past, and now startingly recalled from that tender exercise; happy family parties, struck into silence round the table, the mother still with raised finger: every degree and age and humor, but all, by their own hearths, prying and hearkening and weaving the rope that was to hang him. Sometimes it seemed to him he could not move too softly; the clink of the tall Bohemian goblets rang out loudly like a bell; and alarmed by the bigness of the ticking, he was tempted to stop the clocks. And then, again, with a swift transition of his terrors, the very silence of the place appeared a source of peril, and a thing to strike and freeze the passer-by; and he would step more boldly, and bustle aloud among the contents of the shop, and imitate, with elaborate bravado, the movements of a busy man at ease in his own house.

But he was now so pulled about by different alarms that, while one portion of his mind was still alert and cunning, another trembled on the brink of lunacy. One hallucination in particular took a strong hold on his credulity. The neighbor hearkening with white face beside his window, the passer-by arrested by a horrible surmise on the pavement—these could at worst suspect,

they could not know; through the brick walls and shuttered windows only sounds could penetrate. But here, within the house, was he alone? He knew he was; he had watched the servant set forth sweethearting, in her poor best, "out for the day" written in every ribbon and smile. Yes, he was alone, of course; and yet, in the bulk of empty house above him, he could surely hear a stir of delicate footing—he was surely conscious, inexplicably conscious of some presence. Ay, surely; to every room and corner of the house his imagination followed it; and now it was a faceless thing; and yet had eyes to see with; and again it was a shadow of himself; and yet again behold the image of the dead dealer, re-inspired with cunning and hatred.

At times, with a strong effort, he would glance at the open door which still seemed to repel his eyes. The house was tall, the skylight small and dirty, the day blind with fog; and the light that filtered down to the ground story was exceedingly faint, and showed dimly on the threshold of the shop. And yet, in that strip of doubtful brightness, did there not hang wavering a shadow?

Suddenly, from the street outside, a very jovial gentleman began to beat with a staff on the shop-door, accompanying his blows with shouts and railleries in which the dealer was continually called upon by name. Markheim, smitten into ice, glanced at the dead man. But no! he lay quite still; he was fled away far beyond earshot of these blows and shoutings; he was sunk beneath seas of silence; and his name, which would once have caught his notice above the howling of a storm, had become an empty sound. And presently the jovial gentleman desisted from his knocking and departed.

Here was a broad hint to hurry what remained to be done, to get forth from this accusing neighborhood, to plunge into a bath of London multitudes, and to reach, on the other side of day, that haven of safety and apparent innocence—his bed. One visitor had come: at any moment another might follow and be more obstinate. To have done the deed, and yet not to reap the profit, would be too abhorrent a failure. The money, that was

now Markheim's concern; and as a means to that, the keys.

He glanced over his shoulder at the open door, where the shadow was still lingering and shivering; and with no conscious repugnance of the mind, yet with a tremor of the belly, he drew near the body of his victim. The human character had quite departed. Like a suit half-stuffed with bran, the limbs lay scattered, the trunk doubled, on the floor; and yet the thing repelled him. Although so dingy and inconsiderable to the eye, he feared it might have more significance to the touch. He took the body by the shoulders, and turned it on its back. It was strangely light and supple, and the limbs, as if they had been broken, fell into the oddest postures. The face was robbed of all expression; but it was as pale as wax, and shockingly smeared with blood about one temple. That was, for Markheim, the one displeasing circumstance. It carried him back, upon the instant, to a certain fair day in a fishers' village: a gray day, a piping wind, a crowd upon the street, the blare of brasses, the booming of drums, the nasal voice of a ballad singer; and a boy going to and fro, buried over head in the crowd and divided between interest and fear, until, coming out upon the chief place of concourse, he beheld a booth and a great screen with pictures, dismally designed, garishly colored: Brownrigg with her apprentice; the Mannings with their murdered guest; Weare in the death-grip of Thurtell; and a score besides of famous crimes. The thing was as clear as an illusion; he was once again that little boy; he was looking once again, and with the same sense if physical revolt, at these vile pictures; he was still stunned by the thumping of the drums. A bar of that day's music returned upon his memory; and at that, for the first time, a qualm came over him, a breath of nausea, a sudden weakness of the joints, which he must instantly resist and conquer.

He judged it more prudent to confront than to flee from these considerations; looking the more hardily in the dead face, bending his mind to realize the nature and greatness of his crime. So little while ago that face had moved with every change of sentiment, that pale mouth

had spoken, that body had been all on fire with governable energies; and now, and by his act, that piece of life had been arrested, as the horologist, with interjected finger, arrests the beating of the clock. So he reasoned in vain; he could rise to no more remorseful consciousness; the same heart which had shuddered before the painted effigies of crime, looked on its reality unmoved. At best, he felt a gleam of pity for one who had been endowed in vain with all those faculties that can make the world a garden of enchantment, one who had never lived and who was now dead. But of penitence, no, with a tremor.

With that, shaking himself clear of these considerations, he found the keys and advanced toward the open door of the shop. Outside, it had begun to rain smartly; and the sound of the shower upon the roof had banished silence. Like some dripping cavern, the chambers of the house were haunted by an incessant echoing, which filled the ear and mingled with the ticking of the clocks. And, as Markheim approached the door, he seemed to hear, in answer to his own cautious tread, the steps of another foot withdrawing up the stair. The shadow still palpitated loosely on the threshold. He threw a ton's weight of resolve upon his muscles, and drew back the door.

The faint, foggy daylight glimmered dimly on the bare floor and stairs; on the bright suit of armor posted, halbert in hand, upon the landing, and on the dark wood-carvings, and framed pictures that hung against the yellow panels of the wainscot. So loud was the beating of the rain through all the house that, in Markheim's ears, it began to be distinguished into many different sounds. Footsteps and sighs, the tread of regiments marching in the distance, the chink of money in the counting, and the creaking of doors held stealthily ajar, appeared to mingle with the patter of the drops upon the cupola and the gushing of the water in the pipes. The sense that he was not alone grew upon him to the verge of madness. On every side he was haunted and begirt by presences. He heard them moving in the upper chambers; from the shop, he heard the dead man getting to his legs; and as he be-

gan with a great effort to mount the stairs, feet fled quietly before him and followed stealthily behind. If he were but deaf, he thought, how tranquilly he would possess his soul! And then again, and hearkening with ever fresh attention, he blessed himself for that unresisting sense which held the outposts and stood a trusty sentinel upon his life. His head turned continually on his neck; his eyes, which seemed starting from their orbits, scouted on every side, and on every side were half-rewarded as with the tail of something nameless vanishing. The four-and-twenty steps to the first floor were four-and-twenty agonies.

On that first story, the doors stood ajar, three of them like three ambushes, shaking his nerves like the throats of cannon. He could never again, he felt, be sufficiently immured and fortified from men's observing eyes; he longed to be home, girt in by walls, buried among bed-clothes, and invisible to all but God. And at that thought he wondered a little, recollecting tales of other murderers and the fear they were said to entertain of heavenly avengers. It was not so, at least, with him. He feared the laws of nature, lest, in their callous and immutable procedure, they should preserve some damning evidence of his crime. He feared tenfold more, with a slavish, superstitious terror, some scission in the continuity of man's experience, some willful illegality of nature. He played a game of skill, depending on the rules, calculating consequence from cause; and what if nature, as the defeated tyrant overthrew the chess-board, should break the mold of their succession? The like had befallen Napoleon (so writers said) when the winter changed the time of its appearance. The like might befall Markheim: the solid walls might become transparent and reveal his doings like those of bees in a glass hive; the stout planks might yield under his foot like quicksands and detain him in their clutch; ay, and there were soberer accidents that might destroy him: if, for instance, the house should fall and imprison him beside the body of his victim; or the house next door should fly on fire, and the firemen invade him from all sides. These things he feared; and, in a sense, these things might be called

the hands of God reached forth against sin. But about God himself he was at ease; his act was doubtless exceptional, but so were his excuses, which God knew; it was there, and not among men, that he felt sure of justice.

When he had got safe into the drawing-room, and shut the door behind him, he was aware of a respite from alarms. The room was quite dismantled, uncarpeted besides, and strewn with packing cases and incongruous furniture; several great pier-glasses, in which he beheld himself at various angles, like an actor on a stage; many pictures, framed and unframed, standing with their faces to the wall; a fine Sheraton sideboard, a cabinet of marquetry, and a great old bed, with tapestry hangings. The windows opened to the floor; but by great good fortune the lower part of the shutters had been closed, and this concealed him from the neighbors. Here, then, Markheim drew in a packing case before the cabinet, and began to search among the keys. It was a long business, for there were many; and it was irksome, besides; for, after all, there might be nothing in the cabinet, and time was on the wing. But the closeness of the occupation sobered him. With the tail of his eye he saw the door—even glanced at it from time to time directly, like a besieged commander pleased to verify the good estate of his defenses. But in truth he was at peace. The rain falling in the street sounded natural and pleasant. Presently, on the other side, the notes of a piano were wakened to the music of a hymn, and the voices of many children took up the air and words. How stately, how comfortable was the melody! How fresh the youthful voices! Markheim gave ear to it smilingly, as he sorted out the keys; and his mind was thronged with answerable ideas and images; church-going children and the pealing of the high organ; children afield, bathers by the brook-side, ramblers on the brambly common, kite-flyers in the windy and cloud-navigated sky; and then, at another cadence of the hymn, back again to church, and the somnolence of summer Sundays, and the high genteel voice of the parson (which he smiled a little to recall) and the painted Jacobean tombs, and the dim lettering of the Ten Commandments in the chancel.

And as he sat thus, at once busy and absent, he was startled to his feet. A flash of ice, a flash of fire, a bursting gush of blood, went over him, and then he stood transfixed and thrilling. A step mounted the stair slowly and steadily, and presently a hand was laid upon the knob, and the lock clicked, and the door opened.

Fear held Markheim in a vice. What to expect he knew not, whether the dead man walking, or the official ministers of human justice, or some chance witness blindly stumbling in to consign him to the gallows. But when a face was thrust into the aperture, glanced round the room, looked at him, nodded and smiled as if in friendly recognition, and then withdrew again, and the door closed behind it, his fear broke loose from his control in a hoarse cry. At the sound of this the visitant returned.

"Did you call me?" he asked, pleasantly, and with that he entered the room and closed the door behind him.

Markheim stood and gazed at him with all his eyes. Perhaps there was a film upon his sight, but the outlines of the new-comer seemed to change and waver like those of the idols in the wavering candle-light of the shop; and at times he thought he knew him; and at times he thought he bore a likeness to himself; and always, like a lump of living terror, there lay in his bosom the conviction that this thing was not of the earth and not of God.

And yet the creature had a strange air of the commonplace, as he stood looking on Markheim with a smile; and when he added: "You are looking for the money, I believe?" it was in the tones of everyday politeness.

Markheim made no answer.

"I should warn you," resumed the other, "that the maid has left her sweetheart earlier than usual and will soon be here. If Mr. Markheim be found in this house, I need not describe to him the consequences."

"You know me?" cried the murderer.

The visitor smiled. "You have long been a favorite of mine," he said; "and I have long observed and often sought to help you."

"What are you?" cried Markheim: "the devil?"

"What I may be," returned the other, "can not affect the services I propose to render you."

"It can," cried Markheim; "it does! Be helped by you? No, never; not by you! You do not know me yet; thank God, you do not know me!"

"I know you," replied the visitant, with a sort of kind severity or rather firmness. "I know you to the soul."

"Know me!" cried Markheim. "Who can do so? My life is but a travesty and slander upon myself. I have lived to belie my nature. All men do; all men are better than this disguise that grows about and stifles them. You see each dragged away by life, like one whom bravos have seized and muffled in a cloak. If they had their own control—if you could see their faces, they would be altogether different, they would shine out for heroes and saints! I am worse than most; myself is more overlaid; my excuse is known to me and God. But, had I the time, I could disclose myself."

"To me?" inquired the visitant.

"To you before all," returned the murderer. "I supposed you were intelligent. I thought—since you exist—you would prove a reader of the heart. And yet you would propose to judge me by my acts! Think of it; my acts! I was born and I have lived in a land of giants; giants have dragged me by the wrists since I was born out of my mother—the giants of circumstance. And you would judge me by my acts! But can you not look within? Can you not understand that evil is hateful to me? Can you not see within me the clear writing of conscience, never blurred by any willful sophistry, although too often disregarded? Can you not read me for a thing that surely must be common as humanity—the unwilling sinner?"

"All this is very feelingly expressed," was the reply, "but it regards me not. These points of consistency are beyond my province, and I care not in the least by what compulsion you may have been dragged away, so as you are but carried in the right direction. But time flies; the servant delays, looking in the faces of the crowd and at the pictures on the hoardings, but still she keeps moving nearer; and remember, it is as if the gallows itself

was striding toward you through the Christmas streets! Shall I help you; I, who know all? Shall I tell you where to find the money?"

"For what price?" asked Markheim.

"I offer you the service for a Christmas gift," returned the other.

Markheim could not refrain from smiling with a kind of bitter triumph. "No," said he, "I will take nothing at your hands; if I were dying of thirst, and it was your hand that put the pitcher to my lips, I should find the courage to refuse. It may be credulous, but I will do nothing to commit myself to evil."

"I have no objection to a death-bed repentance," observed the visitant.

"Because you disbelieve their efficacy!" Markheim cried.

"I do not say so," returned the other; "but I look on these things from a different side, and when the life is done my interest falls. The man has lived to serve me, to spread black looks under color of religion, or to sow tares in the wheat-field, as you do, in a course of weak compliance with desire. Now that he draws so near to his deliverance, he can add but one act of service—to repent, to die smiling, and thus to build up in confidence and hope the more timorous of my surviving followers. I am not so hard a master. Try me. Accept my help. Please yourself in life as you have done hitherto; please yourself more amply, spread your elbows at the board; and when the night begins to fall and the curtains to be drawn, I tell you, for your greater comfort, that you will find it even easy to compound your quarrel with your conscience, and to make a truckling peace with God. I came but now from such a deathbed, and the room was full of sincere mourners, listening to the man's last words: and when I looked into that face, which had been set as a flint against mercy, I found it smiling with hope."

"And do you, then, suppose me such a creature?" asked Markheim. "Do you think I have no more generous aspirations than to sin, and sin, and sin, and, at last, sneak into heaven? My heart rises at the thought.

Is this, then, your experience of mankind? or is it because you find me with red hands that you presume such baseness? and is this crime of murder indeed so impious as to dry up the very springs of good?"

"Murder is to me no special category," replied the other. "All sins are murder, even as all life is war. I behold your race, like starving mariners on a raft, plucking crusts out of the hands of famine and feeding on each other's lives. I follow sins beyond the moment of their acting; I find in all that the last consequence is death; and to my eyes, the pretty maid who thwarts her mother with such taking graces on a question of a ball, drips no less visibly with human gore than such a murderer as yourself. Do I say that I follow sins? I follow virtues also; they differ not by the thickness of a nail, they are both scythes for the reaping angel of Death. Evil, for which I live, consists not in action but in character. The bad man is dear to me; not the bad act, whose fruits, if we could follow them far enough down the hurtling cataract of the ages, might yet be found more blessed than those of the rarest virtues. And it is not because you have killed a dealer, but because you are Markheim, that I offered to forward your escape."

• "I will lay my heart open to you," answered Markheim. "This crime on which you find me is my last. On my way to it I have learned many lessons; itself is a lesson, a momentous lesson. Hitherto I have been driven with revolt to what I would not; I was a bondslave to poverty, driven and scourged. There are robust virtues that can stand in these temptations; mine was not so: I had a thirst of pleasure. But to-day, and out of this deed, I pluck both warning and riches — both the power and a fresh resolve to be myself. I become in all things a free actor in the world; I begin to see myself all changed, these hands the agents of good, this heart at peace. Something comes over me out of the past; something of what I have dreamed on Sabbath evenings to the sound of the church organ, of what I forecast when I shed tears over the noble books, or talked, an innocent child, with my mother. There lies my life;

I have wandered a few years, but now I see once more my city of destination.

"You are to use this money on the Stock Exchange, I think?" remarked the visitor; "and there, if I mistake not, you have already lost some thousands?"

"Ah," said Markheim, "but this time I have a sure thing."

"This time, again, you will lose," replied the visitor, quietly.

"Ah, but I keep back the half!" cried Markheim.

"That also you will lose," said the other.

The sweat started upon Markheim's brow. "Well, then, what matter?" he exclaimed. "Say it be lost, say I am plunged again in poverty, shall one part of me, and that the worse, continue until the end to override the better? Evil and good run strong in me, haling me both ways. I do not love the one thing, I love all. I can conceive great deeds, renunciations, martyrdoms; and though I be fallen to such a crime as murder, pity is no stranger to my thoughts. I pity the poor; who knows their trials better than myself? I pity and help them; I prize love, I love honest laughter; there is no good thing nor true thing on earth but I love it from my heart. And are my vices only to direct my life, and my virtues to lie without effect, like some passive lumber of the mind? Not so; good, also, is a spring of acts."

But the visitant raised his finger. "For six-and-thirty years that you have been in this world," said he, "through many changes of fortune and varieties of humor, I have watched you steadily fall. Fifteen years ago you would have started at a theft. Three years back you would have blanched at the name of murder. Is there any crime, is there any cruelty or meanness, from which you still recoil?—five years from now I shall detect you in the fact! Downward, downward, lies your way; nor can anything but death avail to stop you."

"It is true," Markheim said, huskily, "I have in some degree complied with evil. But it is so with all: the very saints, in the mere exercise of living, grow less dainty, and take on the tone of their surroundings."

"I will propound to you one simple question" said the

other; "and as you answer, I shall read to you your moral horoscope. You have grown in many things more lax: possibly you do right to be so; and at any account, it is the same with all men. But granting that, are you in any one particular, however trifling, more difficult to please with your own conduct, or do you go in all things with a looser reign?"

"In any one?" repeated Markheim, with an anguish of consideration. "No," he added, with despair, "in none! I have gone down in all."

"Then," said the visitor, "content yourself with what you are, for you will never change; and the words of your part on this stage are irrevocably written down."

Markheim stood for a long while silent, and indeed it was the visitor who first broke the silence. "That being so," he said, "shall I show you the money?"

"And grace?" cried Markheim.

"Have you not tried it?" returned the other. "Two or three years ago, did I not see you on the platform of revival meetings, and was not your voice the loudest in the hymn?"

"It is true," said Markheim; "and I see clearly what remains for me by way of duty. I thank you for these lessons from my soul; my eyes are opened, and I behold myself at last for what I am."

At this moment, the sharp note of the door-bell rung through the house; and the visitant, as though this were some concerted signal for which he had been waiting, changed at once in his demeanor.

"The maid!" he cried. "She has returned, as I forewarned you, and there is now before you one more difficult passage. Her master, you must say, is ill; you must let her in, with an assured but rather serious countenance — no smiles, no over-acting, and I promise you success! Once the girl within, and the door closed, the same dexterity that has already rid you of the dealer will relieve you of this last danger in your path. Thenceforward you have the whole evening — the whole night, if needful — to ransack the treasures of the house and to make good your safety. This is help that comes to you with

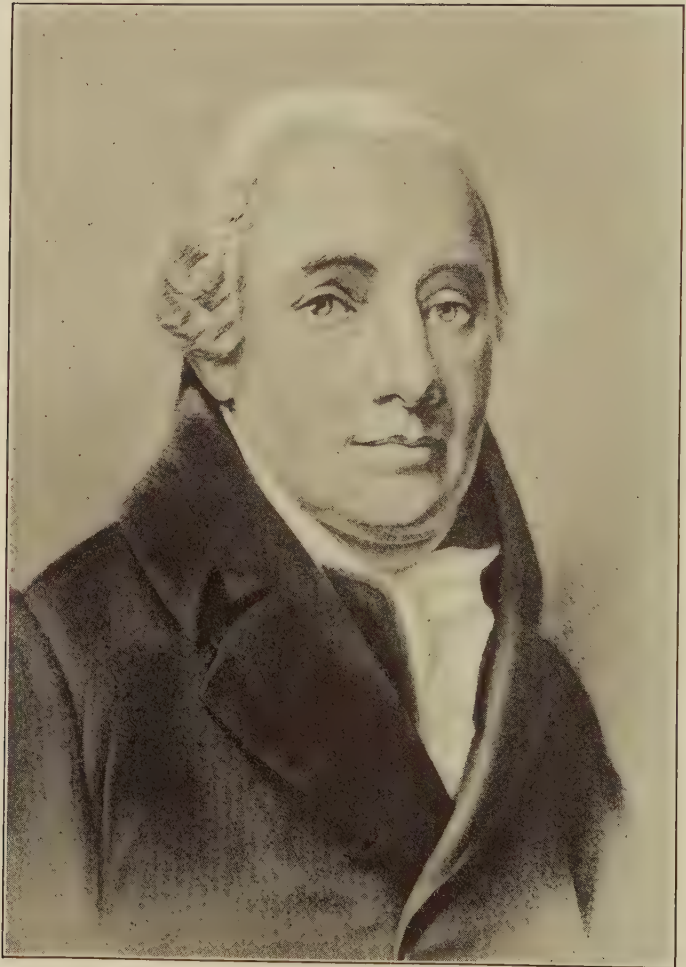
the mask of danger. Up!" he cried: "up, friend; your life hangs trembling in the scales; up, and act!"

Markheim steadily regarded his counselor. "If I be condemned to evil acts," he said, "there is still one door of freedom open—I can cease from action. If my life be an ill thing, I can lay it down. Though I be, as you say truly, at the beck of every small temptation, I can yet, by one decisive gesture, place myself beyond the reach of all. My love of good is damned to barrenness; it may, and let it be! But I have still my hatred of evil; and from that, to your galling disappointment, you shall see that I can draw both energy and courage."

The features of the visitor began to undergo a wonderful and lovely change; they brightened and softened with a tender triumph; and, even as they brightened, faded and dislimned. But Markheim did not pause to watch or understand the transformation. He opened the door and went down-stairs very slowly, thinking to himself. His past went soberly before him; he beheld it as it was, ugly and strenuous like a dream, random as chance-medley—a scene of defeat. Life, as he thus reviewed it, tempted him no longer; but on the further side he perceived a quiet haven for his bark. He paused in the passage, and looked into the shop, where the candle still burned by the dead body. It was strangely silent. Thoughts of the dealer swarmed into his mind, as he stood gazing. And then the bell once more broke out into impatient clamor.

He confronted the maid upon the threshold with something like a smile.

"You had better go for the police," said he: "I have killed your master."



DUGALD STEWART.

STEWART, DUGALD, a Scottish philosopher; born at Edinburgh, November 22, 1753; died there, June 11, 1828. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, where his father was Professor of Mathematics, until 1771, when he entered the University of Glasgow. In 1772 he was invited by his father to teach the mathematical classes at Edinburgh; was made joint-professor in 1775, and in 1780 became Professor of Moral Philosophy, retaining the chair until 1810, when he withdrew from its active duties. His lectures were highly popular. They covered the subjects of Psychology, Metaphysics, Logic, Ethics, Natural Theology, Politics, Political Economy, and the Principles of Taste. His principal philosophical works are: *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind* (Vol. I., 1793; Vol. II., 1814); *Philosophical Essays* (1810); *Dissertation on the History of Ethical Philosophy* (1821); *Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers* (1828).

THE MEMORY.

It is generally supposed that of all our faculties memory is that which nature has bestowed in the most unequal degrees on different individuals; and it is far from being impossible that this opinion may be well founded. If, however, we consider that there is scarcely any man who has not memory sufficient to learn the use of language, and to learn to recognize, at the first glance, the appearance of an infinite number of familiar objects, besides acquiring such an acquaintance with the laws of nature, and the ordinary course of human affairs, as is necessary for directing his conduct in life, we shall be satisfied that the original disparities among men in this respect are by no means so immense as they seem to be at first view;

and that much is to be ascribed to different habits of attention, and to a difference of selection among the various events presented to their curiosity. It is worthy of remark, also, that those individuals who possess unusual powers of memory with respect to any one class of objects are commonly as remarkably deficient in some of the other applications of that faculty.

A similar observation, I can almost venture to say, will be found to apply to by far the greater number of those in whom this faculty seems to exhibit a preternatural or anomalous degree of force. The *varieties* of memory are indeed wonderful, but they are not to be confounded with the *inequalities* of memory. One man is distinguished by a power of recollecting names and dates and genealogies; a second by the multiplicity of speculations and of general conclusions treasured up in his intellect; a third by the facility with which words and combinations of words — the *ipsissima verba* of a speaker or of an author — seem to lay hold of his mind; a fourth by the quickness with which he seizes and appropriates the sense and meaning of an author, while the phraseology and style seem altogether to escape his notice; a fifth by his memory for poetry; a sixth by his memory for music; a seventh by his memory for architecture, statuary, and painting, and all the other objects of taste which are addressed to the eye. All these different powers seem miraculous to those who do not possess them; and as they are apt to be supposed by superficial observers to be commonly united in the same individuals, they contribute much to encourage those exaggerated estimates concerning the original inequalities among men in respect to this faculty which I am now endeavoring to reduce to their first standard.

As the great purpose to which this faculty is subservient is to enable us to collect and to retain for the future regulation of our conduct the results of our past experience, it is evident that the degree of perfection which it attains in the case of different persons must vary — first, with the facility of making the original acquisition; secondly, with the permanence of the acquisition; and, thirdly, with

the quickness or readiness with which the individual is able, on particular occasions, to apply it to use.

The qualities of a good memory are — in the first place, to be susceptible; secondly, to be retentive; and, thirdly, to be ready. It is but rarely that these three qualities are united in the same person. We often, indeed, meet with a memory which is at once susceptible and ready; but I doubt much if such memories be commonly very retentive; for the same set of habits which are favorable to the first two qualities are adverse to the third.

Those individuals, for example, who, with a view to conversation, make a constant business of informing themselves with respect to the popular topics, or of turning over the ephemeral publications subservient to the amusement or to the politics of the times, are naturally led to cultivate a susceptibility and readiness of memory, but have no inducement to aim at that permanent retention of select ideas which enables the scientific student to combine the most remote materials, and to concentrate at will on a particular object all the scattered lights of his experience and of his reflections. Such men (as far as my observation has reached) seldom possess a familiar or correct acquaintance even with those classical remains of our early writers which have ceased to furnish topics of discourse to the circles of fashion. A stream of novelties is perpetually passing through their minds, and the faint impressions which it leaves soon vanish to make way for others, like the traces which the ebbing tide leaves upon the sand. Nor is this all. In proportion as the associating principles which lay the foundation of susceptibility and readiness predominate in the memory, those which form the basis of our more solid and lasting acquisitions may be expected to be weakened. — *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind.*

STILL, JOHN, an English clergyman and dramatist; born at Grantham, Lincolnshire, in 1543; died at Wells, February 26, 1607. He took the degree of M.A. at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he was made Margaret Professor in 1570; and in subsequent years was elected Master of St. John's, and afterward of Trinity College. In 1571 he was presented to the rectory of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, commissioned one of the Deans of Bocking in 1572, collated to the vicarage of Eastmarham, in Yorkshire, in 1573, and installed Canon of Westminster and Dean of Sudbury in 1576. He was chosen Prolocutor of Convocation in 1588, promoted in 1592, to the see of Bath and Wells, and held the bishopric till his death.

The comedy of *Gammar Gurton's Needle* was originally printed in 1575, but written several years earlier. It is composed in rhyme, and regularly divided into acts and scenes. The plot is meagre and silly, the whole of the five acts being occupied by a hunt after a needle which Gammar Gurton is supposed to have mislaid, but which is found, by way of catastrophe, in a garment she had been mending. The altercations, quarrels, mishaps, and cross-purposes, arising out of this circumstance, constitute the entire substance of the piece. The dialogue is coarse, even for the age in which it was written, and the humor seldom rises above the level of clowns and buffoons.

Warton, in his *History of Poets*, quotes the *Drinking-Song* from Still's comedy as the first *Chanson à boire* of any merit in our language. He says it "has a vein of ease and humor which we should not expect

to have been inspired by the simple beverage of those times." The omission, in another version of the song, of the verse referring to Tyb the maid, has suggested the possibility that Bishop Still had availed himself of an independent composition, adapting it to the comedy by curtailments and a new verse with a personal allusion.

DRINKING-SONG.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold:
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But, sure, I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood,
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a-cold;
I stuff my skin so full within,
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, etc.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast
And a crab laid in the fire,
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I not desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt,
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, etc.

And Tyb, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek;
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,
Even as a malt worm should;

And saith, Sweetheart, I took my part
 Of this jolly good ale and old.
 Back and side go bare, etc.

Now let them drink, till they nod and wink,
 Even as good fellows should do.
 They shall not miss to have the bliss
 Good ale doth bring men to:
 And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
 Or have them lustily trowled,
 God save the lives of them and their wives,
 Whether they be young or old.
 Back and side go bare, etc.

— *Gammer Gurton's Needle.*

STILLMAN, WILLIAM JAMES, an American art critic and journalist; born at Schenectady, N. Y., June 1, 1828; died at Surrey, England, July 6, 1901. He was graduated from Union College in 1848, and began the study of landscape painting under Frederick E. Church. In 1849 he went to England, mingling with the pre-Raphaelites. He returned to America in six months, and again in 1851 went to England, meeting and forming a close friendship with John Ruskin. In 1852 he went to Hungary, at the behest of Kossuth, on the vain mission of bringing away the crown jewels secreted by the revolutionists. Thence he went to Paris, and resumed his palette and brush. Returning to the United States he founded the short-lived *Crayon* in 1855. He returned to Europe in 1859, and from 1861 to 1865 was United States Consul at Rome, and from 1865 to 1869 Consul in Crete. During 1875-82 he acted as correspondent

for the London *Times* in Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Greece, and in 1883-85 he was the art critic of the New York *Evening Post*, and associate editor of the *Photographic Times*. His published works are: *Acropolis of Athens* (1870); *Cretan Insurrection* (1874); *Poetic Localities of Cambridge* (1876); *Herzegovina and the Late Uprising* (1877); *On the Track of Ulysses* (1887); *Old Italian Masters* (1892); *The Union of Italy* (1898); *Francesco Crispi* (1899); and an interesting *Autobiography* (1901).

ON THE TRACK OF ULYSSES.

What remains for exploration to find on the surface of our little earth? The North and South Poles, some outlying bits of Central Africa, some still smaller remnants of Central Asia — all defended so completely by the elements, barbarism, disease, starvation, by nature and inhumanity, that the traveler of modest means and moderate constitution is as effectually debarred from their discovery as if they were the moon, and he inexorably condemned to retread the trodden paths of men more fortunate in their times.

What then? I said to myself, longing for a venture. Let us begin the tread-mill round again and rediscover. Suppose I take the earliest book of travel which remains to us and burnish up again the golden thread of the journey of the most illustrious of travelers, as told in the *Odyssey* the book of the wanderings of Odysseus, whom we unaccountably call Ulysses, which we may consider not only the first history of travel, but of geography, as it is doubtless a compendium of the knowledge of the earth's surface at the day when it was composed, as the *Iliad* was the census of the known mankind of that epoch. Spread on this small loom, the fabric of the story — of the most subtle design — art of the oldest and noblest, is made up with warp of the will of the great gods, crossed by the woof of the futile struggles of the lesser, the demi-gods, the heroes, and tells the miserable labors,

of the most illustrious of wanderers, the type for all time of craft, duplicity, and daring, as well as of faith and patient endurance.

The post-Homeric name of Nericus was Leucadia. Æneas is represented as having embarked there, and Apollo had a temple on the heights which terminate the island to the south. From the cliffs which overlook the Adriatic on that side Sappho is said to have leaped into the sea, overcome by the sorrows of her unhappy love. "Sappho's Leap" is the name of the cliff to this day, and my Corfiote captain, as we glided by, told me how the place was celebrated because the duchess of the island had jumped off into the sea from it, and that the people had put up a great inscription in memory of it. He had never seen it, and didn't know exactly where the leap was made, but I think he was very excusable for his ignorance, as the action of the sea, driven as it is sometimes by the furious southwest wind into a very "hell of waters," which consume the rock in their fury, must long ago have brought down all that classical times had seen of the rock and changed the face of the cliff entirely. As it is now, I could find hardly a point where a new Sappho would have found a welcome so gentle to the embrace of the Adriatic.

In pointing out the deductions to be permitted from the Ithacan inscription, I ventured the hypothesis that the *Odyssey* might prove much older than the usually assigned date, 850 B.C. Is there not justification for carrying it back to 1,000 to 1,100 B.C.? It is impossible that any idea of archæological consistency had led to the exclusion of the Dorians from the *Odyssey*. If the Dorians had been ruling in Greece when it was composed, it seems to the last degree improbable that they could have been so completely ignored, if it were but for the deference to be paid the rulers of half the Greek world; and whether we look at the invariable practice of all early poets to adapt their works to their own times and surroundings, or to the entire consistency of the work in this respect

—too complete to be due to the study of utterly unscientific or illiterate times—I think it is to be admitted as probable that the *Odyssey* was composed before the great ethnical revolution in Greece.

STIMSON, FREDERICK JESUP ("J. S. OF DALE"), an American lawyer and novelist; born at Dedham, Mass., July 20, 1855. He was graduated from Harvard in 1876, and from the Law School two years later. In 1884-85 he was Assistant Attorney-General of Massachusetts. His works in the line of his profession are a *Law Glossary* (1881, and *American Statutory Law* (1886); his novels are: *Guerndale* (1882); *The Crime of Henry Vane* and *The King's Men* (1884); *The Sentimental Calendar* (1886); *First Harvests*, a satire on New York high life, and *The Residuary Legatee* (1888); *In the Three Zones* (1893); *King Noanett* (1897), and *Jethro Bacon* (1902). One of the stories in the *Sentimental Calendar* is that of a bridegroom who fell into a glacier crevasse, in 1837, and (the rate of motion and length of time having been computed) was sought, not in vain, by his aged widow at the foot of the glacier forty-five years afterward.

THE BRIDEGROOM IN THE GLACIER.

In the summer of 1882, the little Carinthian village of Heiligenblut was haunted by two persons. One was a young German scientist, with long hair and spectacles: the other was a tall English lady slightly bent, with a face wherein the finger of time had deeply written tender things. Her hair was white as silver, and she wore

a long black veil. Their habits were strangely similar. Every morning, when the eastern light shone deepest into the ice-cavern at the base of the great Pasterzen glacier, these two would walk thither; then both would sit for an hour or two and peer into its depths. Neither knew why the other was there. The woman would go back for an hour in the late afternoon; the man, never. He knew that the morning light was necessary for his search.

The man was the famous young Zimmerman, son of his father, the old doctor, long since dead. But the Herr Doctor had written a famous tract, when late in life, refuting all Splüthners, past, present, and to come; and had charged his son, as a most sacred trust, that he should repair to the base of the Pasterzen glacier in the year 1882, where he would find a leaden bullet, graven with his father's name, and the date A. U. C. 2590. All this would be a vindication of his father's science. Splüthner, too, was a very old man, and Zimmerman the younger (for even he was no longer young) was fearful lest Splüthner should not live to witness his own refutation. The woman and the man never spoke to each other.

Alas, no one could have known Mrs. Knollys in the young days of the century; not even the innkeeper, had he been there. But he, too, was long since dead. Mrs. Knollys was now bent and white-haired; she had forgotten, herself, how she looked in those old days. Her life had been lived. She was now like a woman of another world; it seemed another world in which her fair hair had twined about her husband's fingers, and she and Charles stood upon the evening mountain, and looked in one another's eyes. That was the world of her wedding days, but it seemed more like a world she had left when born on earth. And now he was coming back to her in this. Meantime the great Pasterzen glacier had moved on, marking only the centuries; the men upon its borders had seen no change; the same great waves lifted their snowy heads upon its surface; the same crevasse was still where he had fallen. At night, the moonbeams, falling, still shivered off its glassy face;

its pale presence filled the night, and immortality lay brooding in its hollows.

Friends were with Mrs. Knollys, but she left them at the inn. One old guide remembered her, and asked to bear her company. He went with her in the morning, and sat a few yards from her, waiting. In the afternoon she went alone. He would not have credited you, had you told him that the glacier moved. He thought it but an Englishwoman's fancy, but he waited with her. Himself had never forgotten that old day. And Mrs. Knollys sat there silently, searching the clear depths of the ice, that she might find her husband.

One night she saw a ghost. The latest beam of the sun, falling on a mountain opposite, had shone back into the ice-cavern; and seemingly deep within, in the grave azure light, she fancied she saw a face turned toward her. She even thought she saw Charles's yellow hair, and the self-same smile his lips had worn when he bent down to her before he fell. It could be but a fancy. She went home, and was silent with her friends about what had happened. In the moonlight she went back, and again the next morning before dawn. She told no one of her going; but the old guide met her at the door, and walked silently behind her. She had slept, the glacier ever present in her dreams.

The sun had not yet risen when she came; and she sat a long time in the cavern, listening to the murmur of the river, flowing under the glacier at her feet. Slowly the dawn began, and again she seemed to see the shimmer of a face — such a face as one sees in the coals of a dying fire. Then the full sun came over the eastern mountain, and the guide heard a woman's cry. There before her was Charles Knollys! The face seemed hardly pale; and there was the same faint smile — a smile like her memory of it, five and forty years gone by. Safe in the clear ice, still unharmed, there lay — O God! not her Charles; not the Charles of her own thought, who had lived through life with her and shared her sixty years; not the old man she had borne thither in her mind — but a boy, a boy of one and twenty, lying asleep, a ghost from another world coming to confront her from

the distant past, immortal in the immortality of the glacier. There was his quaint coat, of the fashion of half a century ago; his blue eyes open; his young, clear brow; all the form of the past she had forgotten; and she, his bride, stood there to welcome him, with her wrinkles, her bent figure, and thin white hairs. She was living, he was dead; and she was two and forty years older than he.

Then at last the long-kept tears came to her and she bent her white head in the snow. The old man came up with his pick, silently, and began working in the ice. The woman lay weeping, and the boy, with his still, faint smile, lay looking at them, from the clear ice-veil, from his open eyes.

I believe that the professor found his bullet; I know not. I believe that the scientific world rang with his name and the thesis that he published on the glacier's motion, and the changeless temperature his father's lost thermometer had shown. All this you may read. I know no more.

But I know that in the English church-yard there are now two graves, and a single stone, to Charles Knollys and Mary his wife; and the boy of one and twenty sleeps there with his bride of sixty-three; his young frame with her old one, his yellow hair beside her white. And I do not know that there is not some place, not here, where they are still together, and he is one and twenty and she is eighteen. I do not know this; but I know that all the pamphlets of the German doctor cannot tell me it is false.

Meantime the great Pasterzen glazier moves on, and the rocks with it; and the mountain flings his shadow of the planets in its face.—*Sentimental Calendar*.

STOCKTON, FRANCIS RICHARD, an American novelist; born at Philadelphia, April 5, 1834; died at Washington, D. C., April 20, 1902. After graduating from the Central High School he became an engraver, but soon abandoned art for literature, becoming connected with periodicals in Philadelphia, New York and Boston. His greatest work which won him world wide fame was *The Lady or the Tiger?* (1884). His other books include: *Ting-a-Ling Stories* (1870); *Rudder Grange* (1879); *The Late Mrs. Null* (1886); *The Christmas Wreck and Other Tales* (1887); *The Bee-Man of Orne and Other Fanciful Tales* (1887); *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine* (1887); *The Dusantes* (1888); *Amos Kilbright* (1888); *Personally Conducted* (1889); *The Great War Syndicate* (1889); *The Merry Chanter* (1890); *Ardis Claverden and The Stories of the Three Burglars* (1890); *The House of Martha* (1891); *The Rudder Grangers Abroad* (1891); *The Squirrel Inn* (1891); *The Clocks of Rondaine* (1892); *The Watchmaker's Wife* (1893); *Pomona's Travels* (1894); *Adventures of Captain Horn* (1895); *The Associate Hermits* (1898); *A Bicycle of Cathay* (1900); *John Gayther's Garden* (1902), and *The Captain's Tollgate* (1903).

THE LADY OR THE TIGER?

In the very olden time there lived a semi-barbarous King whose ideas, though somewhat polished and over-sharpened by the progressiveness of distant Latin neighbors, were still large, florid, and untrammelled, as became the half of him which was barbaric. He was a man of exuberant fancy, and withal of an authority so

irresistible that at his will he turned his various fancies into facts. Among the borrowed notions by which his barbarism had been semified was that of the Public Arena in which, by exhibitions of manly and beastly valor, the minds of his subjects were refined and colored. But even here the exuberant and barbarous fancy of the King asserted himself.

The Arena of the King was built, not to give the people an opportunity of hearing the rhapsodies of dying gladiators, nor to enable them to view the inevitable conclusion of a conflict between religious opinions and hungry jaws, but for purposes far better adapted to widen and develop the mental energies of the people. This vast amphitheatre, with its encircling galleries, its mysterious vaults, and its unseen passages, was an agent of poetic justice, in which vice was punished, or virtue rewarded, by the decision of an impartial and incorruptible Chance. When a subject was accused of a crime of sufficient importance to interest the King, public notice was given that on an appointed day the fate of the accused person would be decided in the King's Arena. . . .

When all the people had assembled in the galleries, and the King, surrounded by his Court, sat high upon his throne of royal state on one side of the arena, he gave a signal; a door beneath him opened, and the accused subject stepped out into the amphitheatre. Opposite him, on the other side of the enclosed space, were two doors exactly alike, and side by side. It was the duty and the privilege of the person on trial to walk directly to these doors, and open one of them. He could open either door at pleasure; he was subject to no guidance or influence but that of the afore-mentioned and impartial Chance. If he opened the one door, there came out of it a hungry Tiger, the fiercest and most cruel that could be procured, which immediately sprang upon him and tore him in pieces, as a punishment for his guilt. But if he opened the other door, there came forth from it a Lady, the most suitable to his years and station that his Majesty could select among his fair subjects: and to this Lady he was immediately married, as a reward of his innocence. It mattered not that he might already

possess a wife and family, or that his affections might be engaged upon an object of his own selection. The King allowed no such subordinate arrangements to interfere with his great scheme of retribution and reform. . . .

This was the King's semi-barbaric method of administering justice. Its perfect fairness is obvious. The criminal could not know out of which door would come the Lady. He opened either he pleased, without having the slightest idea whether in the next instant he was to be devoured or married. On some occasions the Tiger came out of one door, and on some occasions out of the other. The decisions of this tribunal were not only fair, they were positively determinate. The accused person was instantly punished if he found himself guilty; and if innocent, he was rewarded on the spot, whether he liked it or not. There was no escape from the judgments of the King's Arena. . . .

This semi-barbaric King had a daughter, as blooming as his most florid fancies, and with a soul as fervent and imperious as his own. As is usual in such cases, she was the apple of his eye, and was loved by him above all humanity. Among his courtiers was a young man of that fineness of blood and lowness of station common to the conventional heroes of romance who love royal maidens. This royal maiden was well satisfied with her lover, for he was brave and handsome to a degree unsurpassed in all this Kingdom; and she loved him with an ardor that had enough of barbarism in it to make it exceedingly warm and strong. This love affair moved on happily for many months, until one day the king happened to discover its existence. He did not hesitate or waver in regard to his duty in the premises. The youth was immediately cast into prison, and a day was appointed for his trial in the King's Arena. . . .

Of course everybody knew that the deed of which the accused had been charged had been done. He had loved the Princess; and neither he, nor she, nor anyone else, thought of denying the fact. But the King would not think of allowing anything of this kind to interfere with the workings of the tribunal in which he took

such great delight and satisfaction. No matter how the affair turned out, the youth would be disposed of; and the King would take an æsthetic pleasure in watching the course of events, which would determine whether or not the young man had done wrong in allowing himself to love the Princess. . . .

As the youth advanced into the arena, he turned, as the custom was, to bow to the King; but he did not think at all of that royal personage. His eyes were fixed upon the Princess, who sat to the right of her father. Had it not been for the moiety of barbarism in her nature it is probable that the lady would not have been there; but her intense and fervid soul would not allow her to be absent on an occasion in which she was so deeply interested. From the moment the decree had gone forth that her lover should decide his fate in the King's Arena she had thought of nothing, night or day, but the great event, and the various subjects connected with it. Possessed of more power, influence, and force of character than anyone who had ever before been interested in such a case, she had done what no other person had done, she had possessed herself of the secret of the doors. She knew in which of the rooms that lay behind those doors stood the cage of the Tiger, with its open front, and in which waited the Lady. . . .

And not only did she know in which room stood the Lady, ready to emerge should her door be opened, but she knew who the lady was. It was one of the fairest and loveliest of the damsels of the Court who had been selected as the reward of the accused youth, should he be proved innocent of aspiring to one so far above him; and the Princess hated her. Often had she seen—or imagined that she had seen—this fair creature throwing glances of admiration upon the person of her lover; and sometimes she thought these glances were perceived and returned. Now and then she had seen them talking together. It was but for a moment; but much can be said in a brief space. It may have been on most unimportant topics; but how should she know that? The girl was lovely, but she had dared to raise her eyes to the loved one of the Princess; and with all the intensity of the

savage blood transmitted to her through long lines of barbaric ancestors, she hated the woman who blushed and trembled behind that silent door.

When her lover turned and looked at her, and his eye met hers, as she sat there, paler and whiter than anyone else in the vast ocean of anxious faces about her, he saw, by that quick power of perception given to those whose souls are one, that she knew behind which door crouched the Tiger, and behind which stood the Lady. He had expected her to know it. He understood her nature, and his soul was assured that she would never rest until she had made plain to herself this thing, hidden to all other lookers-on—even to the King. The only hope of the youth in which there was any element of certainty was based upon the success of the Princess in discovering this mystery; and the moment he looked upon her he saw that she had succeeded.

Then it was that his quick and anxious glance asked the question—“*Which?*” It was as plain to her as if he had shouted it from where he stood. There was not a moment to be lost. The question was asked in a flash; it must be answered in another. Her right hand lay on the cushioned parapet before her. She raised her hand and made a slight, quick movement to the right. No one saw her. Every eye but hers was fixed on the man in the arena. He turned, and with a firm and rapid step walked across the empty space. Every heart stopped beating, every breath was held, every eye was fixed immovably upon that man. Without the slightest hesitation he went to the door on the right and opened it.

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Now the point of the story is this: Did the Tiger come out of that cage, or did the Lady?

The more we reflect upon this question, the harder it is to answer. It involves a study of the human heart, which leads us through mazes of passion out of which it is difficult to find our way. Think of it, fair reader, not as if the decision depended upon yourself, but upon that hot-blooded, semi-barbaric Princess—her soul at a white heat beneath the combined fires of despair and jealousy.

She had lost him: but who should have him? Her decision had been indicated in an instant; but it had been made after days and nights of anxious deliberation. She had known she would be asked; she had decided what she would answer; and without the slightest hesitation she had moved her hand to the right. The question of her decision is not one to be lightly considered, and it is not for me to set myself up as the one person able to answer it. And so I leave it with all of you: Which came out of the opened door — the Lady or the Tiger?

STODDARD, CHARLES WARREN, an American poet and essayist; born at Rochester, N. Y., August 7, 1843. He was educated in New York City and in California, his father removing westward in 1855. At an early age he wrote poetry and was engaged in newspaper work. In 1864 he visited the Hawaiian Islands, and from 1873 to 1878 traveled extensively as correspondent for the *San Francisco Chronicle*. He was Professor of English Literature in Notre Dame College, Indiana, in 1885-86. To the *Century Magazine* he has contributed descriptive verse. His volume of poems is dated 1867, and his prose contributions to periodicals, collected in book form, are *South-Sea Idyls* (1873); *Summer Cruising in the South Seas* (1874); *Mashallah: a Flight into Egypt* (1881), and *Lepers of Molokai* (1885)—the last two being notes of travel, and the *Idyls* a mixture of fact and fancy in prose. He has also published *Hawaiian Life* (1894); *Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes* (1894); *Hither and Yon* (1899); *The Dream Lady*

(1900); *The Island of Tranquil Delight* (1904); and *Exits and Entrances* (1905).

A SURF-SWIMMER.

There was a break in the reef before us; the sea knew it, and seemed to take special delight in rushing upon the shore as though it were about to devour sand, savages, and everything. Kahéle and I watched the surf-swimmers for some time, charmed with the spectacle. Such buoyancy of material matter I had never dreamed of. Kahéle, though much in flesh, could not long resist the temptation to exhibit his prowess, and having been offered a surf-board that would have made a good lid to his coffin, and was itself as light as cork and as smooth as glass, suddenly threw off his last claim to respectability, seized his sea-sled, and dived with it under the first roller which was then about to break above his head, not three feet from him. Beyond it, a second roller reared its awful front, but he swam under that with ease; at the sound of his "open sesame," its emerald gates parted and closed after him. He seemed some triton, playing with the elements, and dreadfully "at home" in that very wet place. The third and mightiest of the waves was gathering its strength for a charge upon the shore. Having reached its outer ripple, again Kahéle dived and reappeared on the other side of the watery hill, balanced for a moment in the glassy hollow, turned suddenly, and, mounting the towering monster, he lay at full length on his fragile raft, using his arms as a bird its pinions — in fact, soaring for a moment with the wave under him. As it rose, he climbed to the top of it, and there, in the midst of seething-like champagne, on the crest of a rushing sea-avalanche about to crumble and dissolve beneath him, his surfboat hidden in spume, on the very top bubble of all, Kahéle danced like a shadow. He leaped to his feet and swam in the air, another Mercury, tiptoeing a heaven-kissing hill, buoyant as vapor, and with a suggestion of invisible wings about him — Kahéle transformed for a moment, and for a moment only; the next

second my daring sea-skater leaped ashore, with a howling breaker swashing at his heels. It was something glorious and almost incredible; but I saw it with my own eyes and I wanted to double his salary on the spot.—*South-Sea Idyls.*

AT NIGHT.

It was still night; the sea was again moaning; the cool air of the mountain rustled in the long thatch at the doorway; a ripe bread-fruit fell to the earth with a low thud. I rose from my mat and looked about me. The room was nearly deserted; someone lay swathed like a mummy in a dark corner of the lodge, but of what sex I knew not—probably one who had outlived all sensations, and perhaps all desires; a rush, strung full of oily *kukui* nuts, flamed in the centre of the room, and a thread of black smoke climbed almost to the peak of the roof; but, falling in with a current of fresh air, it was spirited away in a moment.

I looked out of the low door: the hour was such a one as tinges the stoutest heart with superstition; the landscape was complete in two colors—a moist, transparent gray, and a thin, feathery silver, that seemed almost palpable to the touch. Out on the slopes near the stream reclined groups of natives, chatting, singing, smoking, or silently regarding the moon. I passed them unnoticed; dim paths led me through guava jungles, under orange groves, and beside clusters of jasmine, overpowering in their fragrance. Against the low eaves of the several lodges sat singers, players upon rude instruments of the land, and glib talkers, who waxed eloquent, and gesticulated with exceeding grace. Footsteps rustled before and behind me; I stole into the thicket, and saw lovers wandering together, locked in each other's embrace, and saw friends go hand-in-hand, conversing in low tones, or perhaps mute, with an impressive air of the most complete tranquillity. The night-blooming cereus laid its ivory urn open to the moonlight, and a myriad of crickets chirped in one continuous jubilee. Voices of merriment were wafted down

to me; and stealing onward toward the great meadow by the stream, where the sleepless inhabitants of the valley held high carnival, I saw the most dignified chiefs of Méha sporting like children, while the children capered like imps, and the whole community seemed bewitched with the glorious atmosphere of that particular night.—*South-Sea Idyls.*

IN VACATION.

The sun has marked me for his own;
I'm growing browner day by day;
I cannot leave the fields alone;
I bring their breath away.

I put aside the forms of men,
And shun the world's consuming care.
Come, green and honest hills again!
For ye are free and fair.

How wonderful this pilgrimage!
On every side new worlds appear
I weigh the wisdom of the sage,
And find it wanting here.

I crave the tongues that Adam knew,
To question and discourse with these,—
To taunt the jay with jacket blue,
And quarrel with the bees.

To answer when the grossbeak caws
His mate; to mock the catbird's screech;
The sloven crow's, with nasal drawl's,
The oriole's golden speech.

Now through the pasture, and across
The brook, where flocks of sparrows try
To quit the world, and wildly toss
Their forms against the sky.

A small owl from the thistle-tops
Makes eyes at me, with blank distrust,

Tips off upon the air, and drops,
Flat-footed in the dust.

The meadow-lark lifts shoulder high
Above the sward, and, quivering
With broken notes of ecstasy,
Slants forth on curved wing.

The patient barn-fowls strut about,
Intent on nothing every one.
A tall cock hails a cock without,
A grave hen eyes the sun.

The gobbler swells his shaggy coat
Portentious of a conquest sure;
His *houris* pipe their treble note,
Round-shouldered and demure.

The clear-eyed cattle calmly stop
To munch the dry husks in the rack;
Or stretch their solid necks, and crop
The fringes of the stack.

But night is coming, as I think;
The moving air is growing cool;
I hear the hoarse frog's hollow clink
Around the weedy pool.

The sun is down, the clouds are gray,
The cricket lifts his trembling voice.
Come back again, O happy day,
And bid my heart rejoice!

TAMALPAIS.

Northward he lies from our home in the town;
Over the ribbon of water that flings
A silver ruffle about his brown
Harsh hem in its tremulous eddyings.
Old Tamalpais! he looks so grave,
With his brow in the cloud and his chin in the wave.

Grand old monitor! proud in his might!
 Silent and watchful, guarding us well,
 Is the eye that is piercing the night,
 Or a giddy star that he caught as it fell?
 Old fellow, 'tis fitting and meet that you are
 In imperial majesty crowned with a star!

He is so old that his wrinkled hide
 Is gray as a frown on the rough, mad sea;
 But his might is alive, and the hurricanes glide
 Not easily by him; he scatters the glee
 Of the wild, roving winds; you may know when he
 wakes
 In a laugh, for the echoing earth fairly quakes.

Broad banners of mist thread in through the Gate,
 And gather about him as cold as a shroud;
 But little he cares, for his bare, hoary pate
 Is capped with the sunlight far over the cloud.
 Brave Tamalpais! He looks so grand,
 Bluffing the ocean off, guarding the land!

STODDARD, ELIZABETH DREW BARSTOW, an American poet and novelist; born at Mattapoisett, Mass., May 6, 1823; died at New York, August 1, 1902. At an early age she showed her inclination toward literature, but her contributions to periodicals did not begin to appear till after her marriage (1857) to Richard Henry Stoddard. Among her works are three strong novels: *The Morgesons* (1862); *Two Men* (1865); *Temple Home* (1868); and *Lally Dinks's Doings* (1874), a story for children. A new edition of her novels was published in

1888. Her verse was not collected into a volume until
1895.

A SUMMER NIGHT.*

I feel the breath of the summer night
Aromatic fire;
The trees, the vines, the flowers are astir
With tender desire.

The white moths flutter about the lamp,
Enamored with light;
And a thousand creatures softly sing
A song to the night.

But I am alone, and how can I sing
Praises to thee?
Come, Night! unveil the beautiful soul
That waiteth for me.

MERCEDES.

Under a sultry, yellow sky,
On the yellow sand I lie;
The crinkled vapors smite my brain,
I smoulder in a fiery pain.

Above the crags the condor flies,—
He knows where the red gold lies,
He knows where the diamonds shine:
If I knew, would she be mine?

Mercedes in her hammock swings;
In her court a palm-tree flings
Its slender shadow on the ground,
The fountain falls with silver sound.

Her lips are like this cactus cup—
With my hand I crush it up,
I tear its flaming leaves apart—
Would that I could tear her heart!

* Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Last night a man was at her gate;
In the hedge I lay in wait:
I saw Mercedes meet him there,
By the fire-flies in her hair.

I waited till the break of day,
Then I rose and stole away;
But left my dagger in her gate:—
Now she knows her lover's fate.

ON THE CAMPAGNA.

Stop on the Appian Way
In the Roman Campagna:
Stop at my tomb—
The tomb of Cecilia Metella!
To-day as you see it
Alaric saw it ages ago,
When he, with his pale-visaged Goths
Sat at the gates of Rome
Reading his Runic shield.—
Odin, thy curse remains!

Beneath these battlements
My bones were interred with Roman pride,
Though centuries before my Romans died:
Now my bones are dust; the Goths are dust:
The river-bed is dry where sleeps the king:
My tomb remains.
When Rome commanded the earth
Great were the Metelli;
I was Metellus's wife;
I loved him—and I died.
Then with slow patience built he this memorial;
Each century marks his love.

Pass by on the Appian Way
The tomb of Cecilia Metella.
Wild shepherds alone seek its shelter;
Wild buffaloes tramp at its base;
Deep in its desolation,
Deep as the shadow of Rome.

THE HOUSE OF YOUTH.

The rough north winds have left their icy caves
To growl and grope for prey
Upon the murky sea;
The lonely sea-gull skims the sullen waves
All the gray winter day.

The mottled sand-bird runneth up and down,
Amongst the creaking sedge,
Along the crusted beach,
The time-stained houses of the sea-walled town
Are tottering on its edge.

An ancient dwelling in this ancient place,
Stands in a garden drear,
A wreck with other wrecks;
The Past is there, but no one sees a face
Within, from year to year.

The wiry rose-trees scratch the window-pane;
The window rattles loud;
The wind beats at the door,
But never gets an answer back again,
The silence is so proud.

The last that lived there was an evil man;
A child the last that died
Upon its mother's breast.
It seemed to die by some mysterious ban;
Its grave is by the side

Of an old tree whose notched and scanty leaves
Repeat the tale of woe,
And quiver day and night,
Till the snow cometh, and a cold shroud weaves,
Whiter than that below.

This time of year a woman wanders there —
They say from distant lands:
She wears a foreign dress,

With jewels on her breast, and her fair hair
In braided coils and bands.

The ancient dwelling and the garden drear
At night know something more;
Without her foreign dress
Or blazing gems, this woman stealeth near
The threshold of the door.

The shadow strikes against the window-pane;
She thrusts the thorns away,
Her eyes peer through the glass,
And down the glass her great tears drip like rain
In the gray winter day.

The moon shines down the dismal garden track,
And lights the little mound;
But when she ventures there,
The black and threatening branches wave her back,
And guard the ghastly ground.

What is the story of this buried Past?
Were all its doors flung wide,
For us to search its rooms,
And we to see the race, from first to last,
And how they lived and died:

Still would it baffle and perplex the brain,
But teach this bitter truth!
Man lives not in the past;
None but a woman ever comes again
Back to the House of Youth!

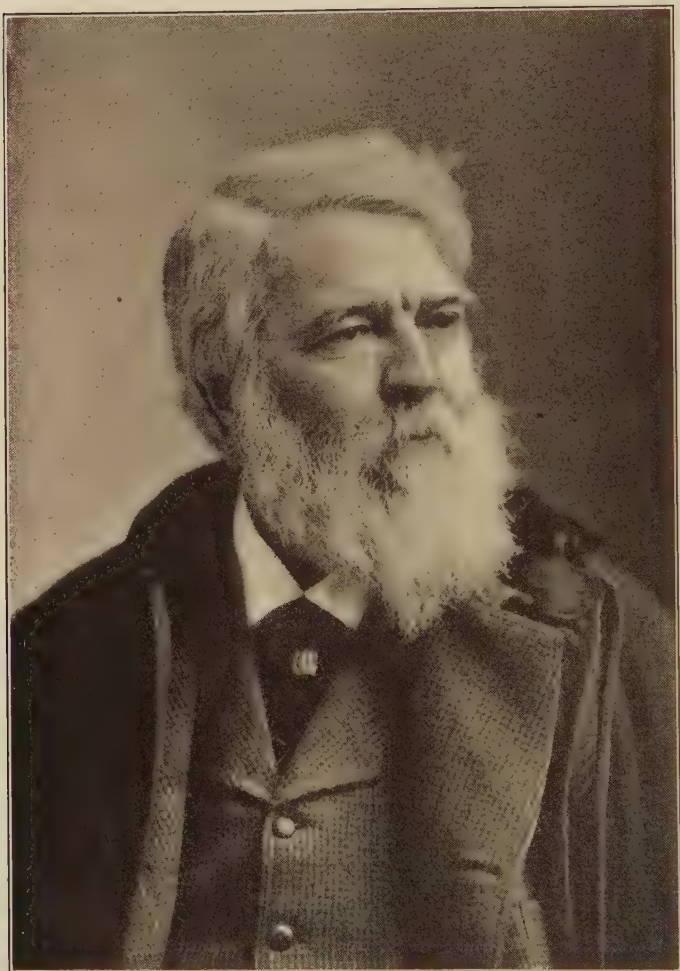
STODDARD, LAVINIA STONE, an American poet; born at Guilford, Conn., June 29, 1787; died at Blakely, Ala., in 1820. In 1811 she was married to Dr. William Stoddard, and with him established an academy at Troy, N. Y. Mrs. Stoddard's poems were never published collectively, but one of them, *The Soul's Defiance*, is included in most of the anthologies published in the United States. This was the last of her compositions, and perhaps the best. It is worthy of George Herbert.

THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE.

I said to Sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
Rage on — thou mayst destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest, raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks,
With steadfast eye.

I said to Penury's meagre train,
Come on — your threats I brave;
My last poor life-drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
Yet still the spirit that endures
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile.

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,
Pass on — I heed you not;
Ye may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot;
Yet still the spirit, which ye see
Undaunted by your wiles,



RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

Draws from its own nobility
Its high-born smiles.

I said to Friendship's menaced blow,
Strike deep — my heart shall bear:
Thou canst but add one bitter woe
To those already there;
Yet still the spirit that sustains
This last severe distress,
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
And scorn redress.

I said to Death's uplifted dart,
Aim sure — oh, why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart,
A weak, reluctant prey;
For still the spirit firm and free,
Unruffled by this last dismay,
Wrapt in its own eternity
Shall pass away.

STODDARD, RICHARD HENRY, an American poet and literary critic; born at Hingham, Mass., July 2, 1825; died at New York, May 12, 1903. He went to New York where he began to write for periodicals, and in 1849 published *Footprints*, his first volume of poems. Some three years afterward he was appointed to a clerkship in the New York Custom-house, a position which he retained many years, when he resigned in order to devote himself wholly to literary labor. Among his many volumes of poems are: *Songs of Summer* (1857); *The King's Bell* (1863); *The Book of the East* (1871); *The Lion's Cub* (1890). In 1880 was published a collected edi-

tion of his poems up to that date. Later he became a frequent contributor, in verse and prose, to periodicals, and was made literary editor of the *New York Mail and Express*. Among his prose works are: *Life, Travels, and Books of Alexander von Humboldt*; *The Loves and Heroines of the Poets*, and *Adventures in Fairy Land*. He published, as compiler, *Melodies and Madrigals from Old English Poets*, and *The Late English Minor Poets*. He also prepared, with additions, new editions of Griswold's *Poets and Poetry of America*, and *The Female Poets of America*. *Under the Evening Lamp* (1892) is a volume of biographical and critical papers concerning some of the "unfortunates" of literature. His *Recollections* appeared in 1903.

The ode *Mare Victum*, "The Conquered Sea," was composed on the occasion of laying the first Atlantic cable, connecting the two continents. The first message was transmitted August 6, 1858. But defects occurred in the cable; and though several messages were sent and received each way, these grew fainter and fainter, until September 1st, when they ceased altogether. This attempt was practically a failure except in so far as it demonstrated the practicability of laying a cable across the Atlantic. The "Victory over the Sea" was not really won until eight years afterward.

MARE VICTUM.

I.

What means this clamor in the summer air,
These pealing bells, the firing of these guns?
What news is this that runs
Like lightning everywhere?
And why these shouting multitudes that meet

Beneath our starry flags that wave in every street?
Some mighty deed is done,
Some victory is won!
What victory? No hostile Power, or Powers,
Dare pour their slaves on this free land of ours:
What could they hope to gain, beyond their graves?
It must be on the waves;
It must be o'er the race of ocean-kings,
Whose navies plough a furrow o'er the Earth.
The same great Saxon mother gave us birth,
And yet, as brethren will, we fight for little things.
I saw her battle-ships, and saw our own,
Midway between the Old World and the New;
I feared there was some bloody work to do,
And heard, in thought, the sailor-widows' moan.
Triumphant waved their fearless flags: they met,
But not with lighted match or thundering gun;
They met in peace, and part in peace, and yet
A victory is won!
Unfold the royal battle-rolls of Time —
In every land, a grander cannot be:
So simple, so sublime:
A victory o'er the Sea!

II.

What would they think of this, the men of old
Around whose little world its waters rolled
Unmeasurable, pitiless as Fate,
A thing to fear and hate?
Age after age they saw it flow, and flow,
Lifting the weeds, and laying bare the sands;
Whence did it come, and whither did it go?
To what far isles, what undiscovered lands?
Who knoweth? None can say, for none have crossed
That unknown sea; no sail has ventured there
Save what the storms have driven, and those are lost;
And none have come — from where?
Beyond the straits where those great Pillars stand
Of Hercules, there is no solid land;
Only the fabled Islands of the Blest,
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That slumber somewhere in the golden West:
The Fortunate Isles, where falls no winter snow,
But where the palm-trees wave in endless spring,
And the birds sing,
And balmy west-winds blow!
Beyond this bright Elysium all is sea;
A plain of foam that stretches on and on,
Beyond the clouds, beyond the setting sun,
Endless and desolate as Eternity! . . .
Who shall explore its bounds, if bounds there be?
Who shall make known to man the secrets of the sea?
The Genoese! His little fleet departs,
Steered by the prospering pilot of the wind;
The sailors crowd the stern with troubled hearts,
Watching their homes that slowly drop behind;
His looms before, for by the prow he stands,
And sees in his rapt thoughts the undiscovered lands.

.
Day follows day; night, night; and sea and sky
Still yawn beyond, and fear to fear succeeds.
At last a knot of weeds goes drifting by,
And then a sea of weeds.
The winds are faint with spice, the skies are bland,
And filled with singing-birds, and some alight,
And cheer the sailors with the news of land,
Until they fly at night.
At last they see a light!
The keen-eyed Admiral sees it from his bark,
A little dancing flame that flickers through the dark.
They bed their rusty anchors in the sand,
And all night long they lie before the land,
And watch and pray for day.
When morning lifts the mist, a league away
Like some long cloud on ocean's glittering floor,
It takes the rising sun — a wooded shore,
With many a glassy bay.
The first great footstep in that new-found world
Is his who plucked it from the sea. . . .
But thousands followed to the lands he won;
They grew as native to the waves, as free

As sea-birds in the sun.
Their white sails glanced in every bay and stream;
They climbed the hills, they tracked the pathless woods;
And towns and cities o'er the solitudes
Rose as in a dream!
The happy Worlds exchanged their riches then;
The New sent forth her tribute to the Old,
In galleons full of gold,
And she repaid with men!
Thus did this grand old sailor wrest the key
From Nature's grasp, unlocking all the Past;
And thus was won at last
A victory o'er the sea.

III.

The victory of to-day
Completes what he began
Along the dark and barren watery way,
And in the Mind of Man!
He did but find a world of land, but we
What worlds of thought in land, and air, and
 sea! . . .
The worlds are nearer now, but still too far;
They must be nearer still! To Saxon men
Who dare to think, and use the tongue and pen,
What can be long a bar?
We rob the lightning of its deadly fires,
And make it bear our words along the wires
That run from land to land. Why should we be
Divided by the Sea?
It shall no longer be! A chain shall run
Below its stormy waves, and bind the Worlds in One!
'Tis done!
The Worlds are One!
And lo! the chain that binds them binds the Race
That dwells on either shore;
By Space and Time no more
Divided; for to-day there is no Time or Space!
We speak — the lightnings flee,

Flashing the thoughts of man across the Conquered
Sea.

IV.

Ring, jubilant bells! ring out a merry chime
From every tower and steeple in the land;
Triumphant music for the march of time,
The better days at hand!
And you, ye cannon, through your iron lips,
That guard the dubious peace of warlike Powers,
Thunder abroad this victory of ours,
From all your forts and ships!
We need your noisy voices to proclaim
The Nation's joy to-day from shore to shore;
The grim protection of your deathful flame
We hope to need no more;
For, save our English brothers, who dare be
Our foes, or rivals, on the land or sea?
Nor dare we fight again as in the past;
For now that we are One, contention ends;
We are, we must be, friends:
This victory is the last!

HOW SONGS ARE BEGOT AND BRED.

How are songs begot and bred?
How do golden measures flow?
From the heart or from the head?
Happy Poet! let me know.

Tell me first how folded flowers
Bud and bloom in vernal bowers;
How the south wind shapes its tune —
The harper he of June!

None may answer, none may know;
Winds and flowers come and go,
And the self-same canons bind
Nature and the Poet's mind.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Not what we would, but what we must,
 Makes up the sum of living;
 Heaven is both more and less than just
 In taking and in giving.
 Swords cleave to hands that sought the plough,
 And laurels miss the soldier's brow.

Me, whom the city holds, whose feet
 Have worn its stony highways,
 Familiar with its loneliest street —
 Its ways were never my ways.
 My cradle was beside the sea,
 And there, I hope, my grave will be.

Old homestead! in that gray old town
 Thy vane is seaward blowing,
 The slip of garden stretches down
 To where the tide is flowing,
 Below they lie, their sails all furled,
 The ships that go about the world.

Dearer that little country house
 Inland, with pines beside it;
 Some peach-trees, with unfruitful boughs,
 A well, with weeds to hide it,
 No flowers, or only such as rise
 Self-sown, poor things, which all despise.

Dear country home! Can I forget
 The least of thy sweet trifles??
 The window-vines that clamber yet,
 Whose bloom the bee still rifles?
 The roadside blackberries, growing ripe!
 And, in the woods, the Indian-pipe?

Happy the man who tills his field,
 Content with rustic labor;
 Earth does to him her fulness yield,
 Hap what may to his neighbor.

Well days, sound nights — oh, can there be
A life more rational and free?

Dear country life of child and man!
For both the best, the strongest,
That with the earliest race began,
And has outlived the longest.
Their cities perished long ago;
Who the first farmers were we know.

Perhaps our Babels, too, will fall:
If so, no lamentations,
For Mother Earth will shelter all
And feed the unborn nations;
Yes, and the swords that menace now
Will then be beaten to the plough.

THE SKY.

The sky is a drinking-cup that was overturned of oid,
And it pours in the eyes of men its wine of airy gold!
We drink of that wine all day, till the last drop is
drained up,
And are lighted off to bed by the jewels in the cup.

SINGING BIRDS UNCAUGHT.

Birds are singing round my window,
Tunes the sweetest ever heard,
And I hang my cage there daily,
But I never catch a bird.

So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
And they sing there all day long;
But they will not fold their pinions
In the little cage of song.

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain,
And when Youth, the dream, departs,

It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, we are better,
Under Manhood's sterner reign,
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed Youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful has vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
In the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.

WIND AND RAIN.

Rattle the window, Winds!
Rain, drip on the panes!
There are tears and sighs in our hearts and eyes,
And a weary weight on our brains.

The gray sea heaves and heaves
On the dreary flats and sand
And the blasted limb of the church-yard yew,
It shakes like a ghostly hand.

The dead are engulfed beneath it,
Sunk in the glassy waves;
But we have more dead in our hearts to-day
Than the earth in all her graves.

BRAHMA'S ANSWER.*

Once, when the days were ages,
And the old Earth was young,
The high gods and the sages,
From Nature's golden pages
Her open secrets wrung.
Each questioned each to know

* Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Whence came the Heavens above, and whence the Earth
below.

Indra, the endless giver
Of every gracious thing
The gods to him deliver,
Whose bounty is the river
Of which they are the spring —
Indra, with anxious heart,
Ventures with Vivochunu where Brahma is a part.

Brahma! Supremest Being!
By whom the worlds are made,
Where we are blind, all-seeing,
Stable, where we are fleeing,
Of Life and Death afraid —
Instruct us, for mankind,
What is the body, Brahma? O Brahma! what the mind?

Hearing as though he heard not,
So perfect was his rest,
So vast the soul that erred not,
So wise the lips that stirred not —
His hand upon his breast
He laid, whereat his face
Was mirrored in the river that girt that holy place.

They questioned each the other
What Brahma's answer meant,
Said Vivochunu, "Brother,
Through Brahma the great Mother
Hath spoken her intent:
Man ends as he began,—
The shadow on the water is all there is of man!"

"The earth with woe is cumbered,
And no man understands;
They see their days are numbered
By one that never slumbered
Nor stayed his dreadful hands.
I see with Brahma's eyes —
The body is the shadow that on the water lies."

Thus Indra, looking deeper,
 With Brahma's self possessed.
 So dry thine eyes, thou weeper!
 And rise again, thou sleeper!
 The hand on Brahma's breast
 Is his divine assent,
 Covering the soul that dies not. This is what Brahma
 meant.

A ROUMANIAN FOLK SONG.

What is life like? Answer me.
 Suppose I say a tree
 Whose boughs are broad and tall?
 'Tis like a tree. Ah, me!
 For a wind like autumn's shakes its boughs
 And makes the dead leaves fall —
 The dead leaves fall and fall!

But what is life like? Answer me.
 Suppose I say the sea,
 Whose billows rise and roar?
 'Tis like the sea. Ah, me!
 For its billows only rise and fall
 In spent waves on the shore —
 Poor spent waves on the shore!
 — *New York Independent.*

THREESCORE AND TEN.

Who reach their threescore years and ten,
 As I have mine, without a sigh,
 Are either more or less than men —
 Not such am I.

I am not of them. Life to me
 Has been a strange, bewildered dream,
 Wherein I knew not things that be
 From things that seem.

I thought, I hoped, I knew one thing
 And had one gift, when I was young —

The impulse and the power to sing,
And so I sung.

To have a place in the high choir
Of poets and deserve the same —
What more could mortal man desire
Than poet's fame?

I sought it long, but never found.
The choir so full was, and so strong
The jubilant voices there they drowned
My simple song.

Men would not hear me then, and now
I care not, I accept my fate.
When white hairs thatch the furrowed brow,
Crowns come too late.

The best of life went long ago
From me. It was not much at best,
Only the love that young hearts know,
The dear unrest.

Back on my past, through gathering tears,
Once more I cast my eyes and see
Bright shapes that in my better years
Surrounded me.

They left me here, they left me there,
Went down dark pathways, one by one —
The wise, the great, the young, the fair —
But I went on.

And I go on! And, bad or good,
The old allotted years of men
I have endured as best I could —
Threescore and ten!

— *Philadelphia Press.*

THE POTTER.

I watched a potter at his wheel one day,
For he was making pitchers out of clay —
The feet of beggars and the heads of kings
Dust blown from old, dead cities far away.

Not Heaven itself more splendid is and high
Than was this palace when its kings went by.
Race after race. The turtle sits here now.
“Where? Where?” she cries, but there is no reply.

They who, endowed with wisdom, are like light —
Torches to guide their followers’ feet aright —
They have not taken yet one step beyond
This night of mystery — this awful night.

Speak of these wise ones, then, with bated breath.
The most that of the wisest wisdom saith
Is, They bequeathed you fables, nothing more,
Before returning to the sleep of death.

The great wheel of the heavens will still go round
When you and I, my friend, are under ground,
At once creating life, conspiring death,
With death and life inexorably bound.

Come sit upon the grass and drink your wine
And quickly, while the suns of summer shine,
For other grass than that you sit upon
Will soon be springing from your dust and mine.

When you and I are gone, for we must go,
They will raise bricks above us, and I know
That other bricks for other tombs than ours
Will out of us be molded. Be it so.

I do not fear the world. I do not fear
The leaving it, though I confess it dear.
We should fear nothing but not living well
In the only life and world we know of — here.

But come, my friend, since we must pass away,
Since all we are goes back again to clay,
What does it matter whether we remain
A hundred years or but a single day?

Be it our care, since pitchers we began,
To hold the heart's good wine long as we can,
Before the potter molds our dust again
Into new shapes that are no longer man.

STODDARD, WILLIAM OSBORN, an American journalist and juvenile writer; born at Homer, Cortland County, N. Y., September 24, 1835. He was graduated from the University of Rochester in 1858, edited successively the *Chicago Daily Ledger* and the *Central Illinois Gazette*, and in 1861 became President Lincoln's private secretary. For two years after the rebellion he was United States Marshal for Arkansas. Among his works are *Royal Decrees of Scandenbergh* (1869); *Verses of Many Days* (1875); *Dismissed* (1878); *Dab Kinzer* (1881); *Esau Harding* (1882); *Saltillo Boys* (1882); *Talking Leaves* (1882); *Among the Lakes* (1883); *Life of Abraham Lincoln* (1884); *Two Arrows* (1886); *Lives of the Presidents* (1886-88); *The Volcano Under the City* (1887); *Crowded out o' Crofield* and *Chuck Purdy* (1890); *Chris, the Model Maker* (1894); *Long Bridge Boys* (1903); *The Fight for the Valley* (1904); and *Dan Monroe* (1905).

THE PRAIRIE PLOVER.

The dim mists heavily the prairies cover,
And through the gray,
The long-drawn, mournful whistle of the plover
Sounds, far away.

Slowly and faintly now the sun is rising,
Fog-blind and grim,
To find the chill world 'neath him sympathizing
Bluely with him.

Upon the tall grass where the deer are lying
His pale light falls,
While, wailing like some lost wind that is dying,
The plover calls,

Ever the same disconsolate whistle only,
No loftier strains —
To me it simply means, "Alas, I'm lonely
Upon these plains."

No wonder that these endless, dull dominions
Of roll and knoll
Cause him to pour forth thus, with poised pinions,
His weary soul,

Could I the secret of his note discover,
Sad, dreary strain —
I'd sit and whistle, all day, like the plover,
And mean the same.

— *Verses of Many Days.*

EVADING THE ENEMY.

All the old men said, one after another, that they knew just how many Apaches there were in that war party. Had they known how very strong it was, they might have been even worse puzzled, but Long Bear was really a clear-headed leader, and he decided the whole matter promptly and finally. He told his gathering braves that the place where they were was a bad one

to fight in, while their pale-face friends had selected a peculiarly good one. They themselves had but twenty-three warriors armed with rifles, and nearly as many more young men and well-grown boys armed with bows and arrows. That was no force with which to meet Apaches, nobody knew how many, and all sure to be riflemen. To go back through the pass was to die of sure starvation, even if they were not followed and slaughtered among the rocks. The Apaches were plainly making for that very pass, he said; and he was only a keen-eyed chief, and not at all a prophet, when he read the matter correctly and said:

"'Pache ran away from blue-coats. All in a hurry. Not stop. Nez Percé hide and let them go by. Not fight. Keep pony. Keep hair. Good. Ugh!" . . .

Long Bear finished his speech of explanation, and then, without a moment's pause, he gave the order to break up camp and prepare to march, carrying with them every pound of provisions. Not one moment was to be lost in gaining such protection as might be had from the good position of the miners, and from the fact that they were pale-faces of some importance, and from the other great fact that they were all good riflemen. There was hardly anybody in the band, old enough to understand what an Apache was, who did not fully appreciate the force of the chief's argument, and every squaw did her best to hasten the departure. Lodges came down, ponies were packed, children were gathered, warriors and braves and boys completed their preparations for fighting; the Big Tongue declared his readiness to kill a large number of Apaches, and One Eye was compelled to abandon forever all the bones he had buried since the people he barked for had settled upon the bank of that river.

There was a good deal of quiet and sober efficiency in spite of the excitement. Two Arrows had further questions to answer from quite a number of his elders. He was furnished with one of the best ponies in the drove in acknowledgment of his services. He was now, also, to figure as a kind of guide, and he did not once think of or mention the fatigue of his long, hard ride.

He very willingly ate, however, the whole of a buffalo steak, broiled for him by one of the squaws, and felt a good deal better afterward. He almost felt that he had earned a rifle, or at least a pistol, but well knew that it was in vain to ask for one when the supply was insufficient to arm all the braves who were a full head taller than himself.

Still it was a magnificent thing at last, to ride out at the head of the cavalcade, by the side of a tall warrior, as the one boy of all that band who was on first-rate terms with the pale-faces and knew perfectly the trail leading to them. As for that, any red man of them all could have followed the tracks of the wagon-wheels, even at night, but Two Arrows had no idea of surrendering that part of his growing importance. It would have done Na-tee-kah's proud heart good to have seen him, and it would have been well worth the while of almost anybody else to have had a good look at the whole affair, as the motley array poured out into the moonlight from under the shadowy cover of the primeval forest.

There were no sleepy ones except the papposes, and they could sleep under the tightly drawn blankets upon the backs of their mothers as well as anywhere else. All the rest were more or less hardened to the quick changes and migrations of the kind of life into which they had been born. They were not likely to be injured by being kept up pretty late for one night, and there was no need that anybody should walk, now that their four-footed wealth had returned. . . .

The Nez Percé camp had been broken up with great celerity, and no time had been lost, but, after all, the summons to move had come upon them most unexpectedly. There had been a great deal to do, and but a dim light to do it by, and so it was pretty late before the picturesque caravan was in motion. It took a line of march toward the mountains until its head struck the well-marked tracks of the loaded wagons, and from that point forward its course required little guiding. By a stern command from Long Bear, the utmost silence was maintained, and, after the moon went down, the

movement might fairly be said to have been performed in secret. There was no danger that any small squad of Apache scouts would assail so strong a party. Even the squaws and children felt pretty safe, but it was very hard upon the Big Tongue, for that great brave soon found himself in an advanced party, commanded by Long Bear himself, and after that he was under an absolute necessity of not saying anything during the whole march.—*Two Arrows.*

STOLBERG, FRIEDRICH LEOPOLD, COUNT, a German diplomat and poet; born at Bramstadt, Holstein, November 7, 1750; died near Osnabrück, December 5, 1819. He was educated at Halle and Göttingen. During much of his life he was Minister or Ambassador at the Courts of Lübeck, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Copenhagen. He was the author of many poems and of a classical drama, *Theseus*. Among his translations from Greek to German are the *Iliad*, the discourses of Socrates, and the dialogues of Plato. Other works are a romance, *The Island; Travels in Germany, Switzerland and Italy*, and a history of the Christian religion in fifteen volumes, written after he became a Roman Catholic. His travels, which contain some of his poems, were translated into English by Thomas Holcroft, London, 1797.

RAPHAEL.

How was my soul o'erwhelmed, immortal man
 When, first entranced by thy mighty mind,
 Filled with thy genius, motionless I stood!
 Through all the Vatican thy spirit breathed!
 The dead, called up by thee, before me rose,

Moving, living, breathing; discoursing themes
Of heaven and earth; of angels, martyrs, men;
Of sinners and of saints; of apostles and gods.

Of what æther did the Eternal frame
Thy soul, from which streamed, flooding, Nature's first
Great Cause! He that made, he that saved, and he
That will eternally reward his best,
Most admirable workman! Yes, 'twas he
That did inspire thy genius, guide thy hand,
And purify thy spirit! Chased far off
Each thought that glowed not with celestial fire!
And fitted thee to fill the mighty task;
That, daring else, audacious, rash, had been.

Thy course on earth is run! Ages have rolled
Over thy peaceful grave! like as the youth
Howling laments, who with his virgin bride
Is by the raging torrent swept away;
So suffering Art, with wails, and tears, and cries
Impatient calls, with anguish, clamorous now,
And now supplicating her own Raphael,
Her to revisit, and her sons impel
Again to seize the pencil, bold and free,
And emulate the mighty master's fire.

Behold the Grecian muse, with dusty train,
Erst by Apelles wooed, won, and enjoyed!
Lo, 'mid the wrecks of Time, she weeping stands;
Ever and anon, glancing at thy tomb,
And bitterly rememb'ring days long past,
I hear her murmurs now, in dead of night;
The chaste Diana present, though half veiled,
The blast of darkness chasing now, and now
Admitting! Terror-struck, I hear her sigh
For her departed sons! and last Raphael!
Mournful as the widowed Spring over her
Blighted fruits! Or as the bleak Winter's winds
Howl through the ruins of the houseless Gods,
Thus fearfully, thus plaintively, she grieves:

"Pride of my heart! Delight of eye! Where,
 Oh, where are thou fled? Laurel crowned by me,
 And by my sister Muses, thee we caught,
 While yet an infant, in our arms; and fed
 Thee with immortal sweets! Homer not more
 Our nursling; nor Plato our more delight!
 On thy forehead beamed the morning dawn;
 Thine eyes shot fire; bright as meridian day
 Thy visage shone; while manna dropt from Heaven,
 And fruits that Paradise alone can yield,
 Here proffered to the lips! Wisdom thine ear
 Saluted; and Nature, in all her bloom,
 Splendid in charms, first met thy infant eye;
 Prolific shed her roseate dew around,
 And, in one large bequest, poured out her stores,
 Gave all she had, and taught thee all she knew.

"Where art thou now, my son? Too like the flower
 Which the tender virgin rears, tempest swept,
 The moment of maturity beheld
 Thee blighted, in the fulness of thy bloom."

Thus mourned the Muse! And thus, with sighs of
 deep
 Regret, pensive I homeward bent my way.

— *Travels.*

TO THE SEA.

The boundless, shining, glorious sea
 With ecstasy I gaze on thee;
 Joy, joy to him whose early beam
 Kisses thy lip, bright Ocean-stream;
 Thanks for the thousand hours, old Sea,
 Of sweet communion held with thee;
 Oft as I gazed, thy billowy roll
 Woke the deep feelings of my soul.
 Drunk with the joy, thou deep-toned Sea,
 My spirit swells to heaven with thee;
 Or, sinking with thee, seeks the gloom
 Of nature's deep, mysterious tomb.

At evening, when the sun grows red,
Descending to his watery bed,
The music of thy murmuring deep
Soothes e'en the weary earth to sleep.
Then listens thee the evening star;
So sweetly glancing from afar;
And Luna hears thee, when she breaks
Her light in million-colored flakes.

Oft when the noonday heat is o'er,
I seek with joy the breezy shore,
Sink on thy boundless, billowy breast,
And cheer me with refreshing rest.
The poet, child of heavenly birth,
Is suckled by the mother Earth;
But thy blue bosom, holy Sea,
Cradles his infant fantasy.

The old blind minstrel on the shore
Stood listening thy eternal roar,
And golden ages long gone by,
Swept bright before his spirit's eye.
On wing of swan the holy flame
Of melodies celestial came,
And *Iliad* and *Odyssey*
Rose to the music of the Sea.

TO NATURE.

Holy Nature, sweet and free,
Let me ever follow thee.
Guide me with thy hands so mild,
As in leading-strings a child!

And when weary, then will I
Sweetly on thy bosom lie,
Breathing Heaven's joys so blest,
Clinging to a mother's breast.

Ah! with thee 'tis sweet to dwell,
Ever will I love thee well;

Let me ever follow thee,
Holy Nature, sweet and free.

—*Translation of* ALFRED BASKERVILLE.

STONE, WILLIAM LEETE, an American journalist, historian and biographer; born at New Paltz, N. Y., April 20, 1792; died at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., August 15, 1844. After learning the trade of a printer he became the editor of several newspapers, lastly, in 1821, of the *New York Commercial-Advertiser*. Besides several works of local and temporary interest he wrote the *Life of Joseph Brant* (1838); *Border Wars of the Revolution* (1839); *Life and Times of Red-Jacket* (1840); *Poetry and History of Wyoming* (1841); *Life of Uncas and Miantonomoh* (1842). At the time of his death he was engaged upon *The Life and Times of Sir William Johnson*. This work was completed in 1865 by his son.

THE "MASSACRE" AT WYOMING.

The Provincials pushed rapidly forward; but the British and Indians were prepared to receive them, their line being formed a small distance in front of their camp in a plain thinly covered with pine, shrub-oaks, and undergrowth, and extending from the river to a marsh at the foot of the mountain. On coming in view of the enemy, the Americans, who had previously marched in a single column, instantly deployed into a line of equal extent, and attacked from right to left at the same time. The right of the Americans was commanded by Col. Zebulon Butler, opposed to Col. John Butler commanding the enemy's left. Col. Dennison

commanded the left of the Americans, and was opposed by Indians forming the enemy's right. The battle commenced at about forty rods' distance, without much execution at the onset, as the brushwood interposed obstacles to the sight. The militia stood the fire well for a time, and as they pressed forward there was some giving way on the enemy's right.

Unluckily just at this moment the appalling war-whoop of the Indians rang in the rear of the American left—the Indian leader having conducted a large party of his warriors through the marsh, and succeeded in turning Dennison's flank. A heavy and destructive fire was simultaneously poured into the American ranks; and amidst the confusion Col. Dennison directed his men to "fall back," to avoid being surrounded, and to gain time to bring his men into order again. This direction was mistaken for an order to "retreat," whereupon the whole line broke, and every effort of their officers to restore order was unavailing.

At this stage of the battle, and while thus engaged, the American officers mostly fell. The flight was general. The Indians, throwing away their rifles, rushed forward with their tomahawks, making dreadful havoc, answering the cries for mercy with the hatchet, and adding to the universal consternation those terrific yells which invest savage warfare with tenfold horror. So alert was the foe in this bloody pursuit that less than sixty of the Americans escaped either the rifle or the tomahawk. Some of the fugitives escaped by swimming the river, and others by flying to the mountains. As the news of the defeat spread down the valley, the greater part of the women and children, and those who remained behind to protect them, likewise ran to the woods and the mountains; while those who could not escape thus, sought refuge in Fort Wyoming. The Indians, apparently wearied with pursuit and slaughter, desisted; and betook themselves to secure the spoils of the vanquished. . . .

On the morning of the day after the battle, Col. John Butler, with the combined British and Indians, appeared before Fort Wyoming, and demanded its surrender.

Articles of capitulation were entered into, by which it was stipulated that the settlers should be disarmed, and the garrison demolished; that all the prisoners and the public stores should be given up; that the property of "the people called Tories" should be made good, and they be permitted to remain peaceably upon their farms. In behalf of the settlers it was stipulated that they should be left in the unmolested occupation of their farms.

Unfortunately, however, the British commander either could not or would not enforce the terms of the capitulation, which were to a great extent disregarded, as well by the Tories as Indians. Instead of finding protection, the valley was again laid waste; the houses and improvements were destroyed by fire, and the country plundered. Families were broken up and dispersed, men and their wives separated, and some of them carried into captivity; while far the greater number fled to the mountains, and wandered through the wilderness to the older settlements. Some died of their wounds, others from want and fatigue; while others still were lost in the wilderness, or were heard of no more. Several perished in a great swamp in the neighborhood, which from that circumstance acquired the name of "The Shades of Death," and retains it to this day. But it does not appear that anything like a "massacre" followed the capitulation. . . .

There is an important correction to be made in reference to every account of this battle extant. This correction regards the name and just fame of Joseph Brant, whose character has been blackened with all the infamy—both real and imaginary—connected with this bloody expedition. Whether Brant was at any time in company of this expedition is doubtful; but it is certain, in the face of every historical authority, British and American, that so far from being engaged in the battle, he was many miles distant at the time of its occurrence. Such has been the uniform testimony of the British officers engaged in that expedition, and such was always the word of Brant himself.—*Life of Joseph Brant.*

STORM, EDWARD, a Norwegian poet; born at Vaage, Guldbrandsdal, August 21, 1749; died in 1794. At twenty-one he published his first work, a heroi-comic poem in six cantos, entitled *Braeger*. He was also the author of a collection of *Fables and Tales* and wrote many lyrics and ballads. Most of the latter are in his native dialect, and in these he succeeded admirably in imitating the tone of the ancient ballads. The *Ballad of Sinclair* is one of these.

THE BALLAD OF SINCLAIR.

Across the sea came the Sinclair brave,
And he steered for the Norway border;
In Guldbrand valley he found his grave,
Where his merry men fell in disorder.

Across the sea came the Sinclair brave,
To fight for the gold of Gustavus;
God help thee, chief; from the Norway glaive
No other defender can save us.

The moon rode high in the blue night-cloud,
And the waves round the bark rippled smoothly,
When the mermaid rose from her watery shroud,
And thus sang the prophetess soothly:

“Return, return, thou Scottish wight!
Or thy light is extinguished in mourning;
If thou goest to Norway, I tell thee right,
No day shall behold thy returning.”

“Now loud thou liest, thou sorceress old!
Thy prophecies ever are sore;
If once I catch thee within my hold,
Thou never shalt prophesy more.”

He sailed three days, he sailed three nights,
He and his merry men bold;
The fourth he neared old Norway's heights;
I tell you the tale as 'tis told.

On Romsdale coast has he landed his host,
And lifted the flag of ruin;
Full fourteen hundred, of mickle boast,
All eager for Norway's undoing.

They scathe, they ravage, where'er they light,
Justice or ruth unheeding;
They spare not the old for his locks so white
Nor the widow for her pleading.

They slew the babe on his mother's arm,
As he smiled so sweet on his foemen:
But the cry of woe was the war alarm,
And the shriek was the warrior's omen.

The Baun* flamed high, and the message-word ran
Swiftly o'er field and o'er furrow;
No hiding-place sought the Guldbranders then,
As the Sinclair shall find to his sorrow.

"Ye men of Norway, arise, arise!
Fight for your king and your laws;
And woe to the craven wretch that flies,
And grudges his blood in the cause!"

And all of Lessø, and Vog, and Lon,
With axes full sharp on their shoulders,
To Bredeboyd in a swarm are gone,
To talk with the Scottish soldiers.

Close under lid lies a pathway long,
The swift-flowing Laugen runs by it;

* A heap of wood raised in the form of a cone on the summits of the mountains, and set on fire to give notice of invasion.

We call it Kring in our Northern tongue;
There wait we the foemen in quiet.

No more on the wall hangs the rifle-gun,
For the gray marksman aims at the foemen;
Old Nokken* mounts from the waters dun,
And waits for the prey that is coming.

The first shot hit the brave Sinclair right,
He fell with a groan full grievous;
The Scots beheld the good colonel's plight,
Then said they, "Saint Andrew receive us!"

"Ye Norway men, let your hearts be keen!
No mercy to those who deny it!"
The Scots then wished themselves home, I ween,
They liked not this Norway diet.

We strewed with bodies the long pathway,
The ravens they feasted full deep;
The youthful blood, that was spilt that day,
The maidens of Scotland may weep.

No Scottish flower was left on the stem,
No Scotsman returned to tell
How perilous 'tis to visit them
Who in mountains of Norway dwell.

And still on the spot stands a statue high,
For the foemen of Norway discerning;
And woe to him who that statue can spy,
And feels not his spirit burning!

* The river-god.

STORRS, RICHARD SALTER, an American clergyman, orator and lecturer; born at Braintree, Mass., August 21, 1821; died at Brooklyn, N. Y., June 5, 1900. He was graduated from Amherst in 1839, taught in the Munson and Williston Academies, studied law with Rufus Choate, and theology at Andover. After a year's pastorate in Brookline, Mass., he was called, in 1846, to the new Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, N. Y. His Brooklyn Institute lectures on *The Constitution of the Human Soul* (1855); his Union Theological Seminary lectures on *The Divine Origin of Christianity* (1881), and the like, have been published in book form; and many addresses on important public occasions have been printed in pamphlet form, such as his Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard, on *The Supernatural in Letters and Life*, etc. He produced *The Puritan Spirit* (1890), and *Bernard of Clairvaux* (1892). He was long recognized as unexcelled in culture and oratory, and especially as marked by a magnificence of speech that was the very body, not the mere raiment, of his thought. In 1887 he received the highest honor in the gift of his denomination, the presidency of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN POETRY AND ART.

Even the beauty which picturesque verse loves to celebrate depends for its tender and supreme recognition on such spiritual insight. It is a recent notion of physicists that beauty is never an end in itself, in the outward and evident scheme of things, but exists only to serve utilities. The notion, I must think, has its root in another — that the system has originated, not in

intelligence and beneficent purpose, but in the development of mechanical forces. The apprehension of a prescient ordaining mind, behind all phenomena, loving beauty for its own sake, and delighting to lodge it in the curl of the wood or the sheen of the shell, as well as in the petals and perfume of flowers, the crest of waves, or the prismatic round of the rainbow--this is indispensable to the clear recognition, or the sympathetic rendering, of even the outward beauty of nature. Then only does this stand in essential correlation with spiritual states, which finds images in it; while then alone does it knit the present, on which it casts its scattered lights, with vanished paradises, and spheres of beauty unapproached.

There is a transcendent mood of the spirit wherein the meanest flower that blows awakens thoughts too deep for tears; when the grass blade is oracular, and the common bush seems afire with God, and when the splendors of closing day repeat the flash of jasper and beryl. It is when the soul is keenly conscious of relations to systems surpassing sense, and to a creative personal Spirit by whom all things are interfused. Aside from that, the yellow primrose is nothing more; and the glory of the sunset—seen from Sorrento or seen from Cambridge—fades from the hues of lucid gold or glowing ruby, because there fall no more suggestions, from all their splendors, of realms beyond the fading vision.

But if this be true of outward nature, how much more clearly of the spirit of man! Then only can this be manifested to us in the mystery of verse, with any just interpretation of what is profound and typical in it, when it is recognized as personal, moral, of divine origin and divine affiliations, with unsounded futures waiting for it; when, in other words, it is set in relation with immense and surpassing realms of life. I may not properly illustrate from the living, but one example irresistibly suggests itself. Hawthorne's genius did not utter itself in rhyme, but how solitary, high-musing, it moves in this atmosphere of the essential

mystery of life, as in the tenebrous splendor of sombre clouds, all whose edges burn with gold!

Without something of this, poetry always is commonplace. Outward action may be vividly pictured. Tragical events may find fit memorial. The manifold pageants, popular or imperial, may march before us, through many cantos, as on a broad and brilliant stage. But these, alone, are as the paltry plumes of fire-weed, taking the place of the burned forest, whose every tree-stem was "the mast of some great admiral." The grand and imperative intuitions of the soul, which affirm the ideal, and are prophetic of things above nature—the "thoughts that wander through eternity," the love, prayer, passion, hope, which have no ultimate consummation on earth, and which in themselves predict immortality—these, which must furnish the substance of poetry, are only represented, in the most ductile and musical verse, upon the basis of the spiritual philosophy. Poets differ, as do the colors which astronomy shows in the radiant suns—blue, purple, gold—bound in the firm alliances of the heavens. But a sun black in substance, and shooting bolts of darkness from it, were as easily conceivable as a Comtist Shakespeare or an agnostic Wordsworth.—*Recognition of the Supernatural in Letters and in Life.*

STORY, JOSEPH, an American jurist; born at Marblehead, Mass., September 18, 1779; died at Cambridge, Mass., September 10, 1845. He was graduated from Harvard in 1798; studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1801, and commenced practice at Salem. For some years he took an active part in the political affairs, supporting the general policy of the administrations of Jefferson and Madison, and in 1809 he was elected to Congress. In

1811 he was appointed an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. In 1829 he was made Dane Professor of Law at Harvard, in accordance with the express stipulation of the founder of that chair; his instructions being given during the vacations of the Supreme Court. His inaugural address was on the "Value and Importance of the Study of Law." The following is a portion of this address:

THE IMPORTANCE OF CLASSICAL STUDIES.

The importance of classical learning to professional education is so obvious that the surprise is that it could ever have become matter of disputation. I speak not of its power in refining the taste, in disciplining the judgment, in invigorating the understanding, or in warming the heart with elevated sentiments; but of its power of direct, positive, necessary instruction. Until the eighteenth century the mass of science, in its principal branches, was deposited in the dead languages, and much of it still reposes there. To be ignorant of these languages is to shut out the lights of former times, or to examine them only through the glimmerings of inadequate translations. What should we say of the jurist who never aspired to learn the maxims of law and equity which adorn the Roman Codes? What of the physician who could deliberately surrender all the knowledge heaped up for so many centuries in the Latinity of Continental Europe? What of the minister of religion who should choose not to study the Scriptures in the original tongue, and should be content to trust his faith and his hopes, for time and for eternity, to the dimness of translations which may reflect the literal import, but rarely can reflect with unbroken force the beautiful spirit of the text?

I pass over all consideration of the written treasures of antiquity which have survived the wreck of empires and dynasties, of monumental trophies and triumphal arches, of palaces of princes and temples of the gods. I

pass over all consideration of those admired compositions in which wisdom speaks as with a voice from heaven; of those sublime efforts of poetical genius which still freshen, as they pass from age to age, in undying vigor; of those finished histories which still enlighten and instruct governments in their duty and their destiny; of those matchless orations which roused nations to arms, and chained senates to the chariot-wheels of all-conquering eloquence. These all may now be read in our vernacular tongue. Ay! as one remembers the face of a dead friend by gathering up the broken fragments of his image; as one listens to a tale of a dream twice told; as one catches the roar of the ocean in the ripple of a rivulet; as one sees the blaze of noon in the first glimmer of twilight.

Justice Story delivered many popular speeches and addresses, and contributed to the *North American Review* and other publications several papers on literary topics. A collection of some of these *Miscellaneous Writings* was published in 1835. But the bulk of his works are of a strictly professional character, consisting of reports of the Supreme Court, judgments pronounced by him, and treatises upon important legal questions. Among the treatises which still rank as authority are *Commentaries on the Conflict of Laws* (1834); *Commentaries on Equity Jurisprudence* (1836); *Equity Pleadings* (1838); *On Promissory Notes* (1846). But of more general interest are the *Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States*, published in 1833, followed soon afterward by an Abridgment, designed especially as a textbook in colleges and academies. The following are the concluding paragraphs of this Abridgment:

DANGERS THAT THREATEN THE REPUBLIC.

The fate of other republics—their rise, their progress, their decay, and their fall—are written but too legibly on the pages of history, if, indeed, they were not continually before us in the startling fragments of their ruins. These republics have perished, and have perished by their own hands. Prosperity has enervated them, corruption has debased them, and a venal populace has consummated their destruction. The people, alternately the prey of military chieftains at home and of ambitious invaders from abroad, have been sometimes cheated out of their liberties by servile demagogues, sometimes betrayed into a surrender of them by false patriots, and sometimes they have willingly sold them for a price to a despot, who had bidden the highest for his victims. They have disregarded the warning voice of their best statesmen, and have persecuted and driven from office their truest friends. They have listened to the counsels of fawning sycophants, or base calumniators of the wise and good. They have revered power more in its high abuses and summary movements than in its calm and constitutional energy, when it dispensed blessings with a liberal hand. They have surrendered to faction what belonged to the common interests and common rights of the country. Patronage and party, the triumph of an artful popular leader, and the discontents of a day, have outweighed, in their view, all solid principles and institutions of government. Such are the melancholy lessons of the past history of republics down to our own. . . .

If our Union should once be broken up, it is impossible that a new Constitution should ever be formed, embracing the whole territory. We shall be divided into several nations or confederacies, rivals in power, pursuits, and interests; too proud to brook injury, and too near to make retaliation distant or ineffectual. Our very animosities will, like those of all other kindred nations, become the more deadly, because our lineage, laws, and institutions are the same. Let the

history of the Grecian and Italian republics warn us of our dangers. The National Constitution is our last and our only security. United, we stand; divided, we fall.

Let, then, the rising generation be inspired with an ardent love for their country, and an unquenchable thirst for liberty, and a profound reverence for the Constitution and the Union. Let the American youth never forget that they possess a noble inheritance, bought by the toils and sufferings and blood of their ancestors; and capable, if wisely improved and faithfully guarded, of transmitting to their latest posterity all the substantial blessings of life, the peaceful enjoyment of liberty, of property, of religion, and of independence. The structure has been erected by architects of consummate skill and fidelity, its foundations are solid; its compartments are beautiful, as well as useful; its arrangements are full of wisdom and order; and its defences are impregnable from without.

STORY, WILLIAM WETMORE, an American sculptor, lawyer and poet; born at Salem, Mass., February 19, 1819; died near Florence, Italy, October 7, 1895. He was graduated from Harvard in 1838, studied law under his father, entered upon practice, and published *Reports of Cases Argued before the Circuit Court of the United States for the First Circuit* (1842), and a treatise on the *Law of Contracts Not under Seal* (1844). He was also a frequent contributor, in prose and verse, to periodicals, and published a volume of *Poems* in 1847. He had developed a high talent for sculpture; and about 1850 abandoned the legal profession, and took up his residence in Rome, devoting himself to art and literature. His principal works are *Life and Letters of Joseph*

Story (1851), a volume of *Poems* (1856); *Roba di Roma, or Walks and Talks About Rome* (1862); *Proportions of the Human Figure* (1866); *Graffiti d'Italia*, consisting of dramatic poems (1869); *A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem at the Time of Our Saviour* (1870); *Nero, an Historical Play* (1875); *Castle St. Angelo* (1877); *He and She, or a Poet's Portfolio* (1883); *Fiammetta* (1885); *Conversations in a Studio* (1890); *Excursions in Art and Letters* (1891); *A Poet's Portfolio, Later Readings* (1894). A revised and enlarged edition of *Roba di Roma* appeared in 1887, and his *Poetical Works*, in two volumes, in 1886.

THE UNEXPRESSED.

Strive not to say the whole! the Poet, in his Art
Must intimate the whole, and say the smallest part.

The young moon's arc her perfect circle tells;
The limitless within Art's bounded outline dwells.

Of every noble work the silent part is best;
Of all expressions, that which cannot be expressed.

Each Act contains the life, each work of Art the world,
And all the planet-laws are in each dew-drop pearled.

MIDNIGHT.

Midnight in the sleeping city! clanking hammers beat
no more;
For a space the hum and tumult of the busy day are
o'er.

Streets are lonely and deserted, where the sickly lamp-
lights glare,
And the steps of some late passer only break the silence
there.

Round the grim and dusky houses, gloomy shadows
nestling cower;
Night hath stifled life's deep humming into slumber for
an hour.

Sullen furnace-fires are glowing over in the suburbs
far,
And the lamp in many a household shineth like an
earthly star.

O'er the hushed and sleeping city, in the cloudless sky
above,
Never-fading stars hang watching in eternal peace and
love.

Years and centuries have vanished, change hath come
to bury change,
But the starry constellations on their silent pathway
range.

Great Orion's starry girdle, Berenice's golden hair,
Ariadne's crown of splendor, Cassiopeia's shining chair,

Sagittarius and Delphinus, and the clustering Pleiad train,
Aquila and Ophiucus, Pegasus and Charles's Wain,

Red Antares and Capella, Aldebaran's mystic light,
Alruccabah and Arcturus, Sirius and Vega white:—

They are circling calm as ever on their sure but hidden
path,
As when mystic watchers saw them with the reverent
eye of Faith.

So unto the soul benighted lofty stars there are, that
shine
Far above the mists of error with a changeless light
divine.

Lofty souls of old beheld them, burning in life's shadowy
night;

And they still are undecaying 'mid a thousand centuries'
flight.

Love and Truth, whose light and blessing every rever-
ent heart may know,
Mercy, Justice, which are pillars that support this life
below;

These in sorrow and in darkness in the inmost soul we
feel,
As the sure, undying impress of the Almighty's burning
seal.

Though unsolved the mighty secret which shall thread
the perfect whole,
And unite the finite number unto the Eternal Soul.

We shall one day clearly see it; for the soul a time shall
come
When, enfranchised and unburdened, Thought shall be
its only home;

And Truth's fitful intimations, glancing on our fearful
sight,
Shall be gathered to the circle of one mighty disk of
light.

PAN IN LOVE.

Nay! if you will not sit upon my knee,
Lie on that bank, and listen while I play
A sylvan song upon these reedy pipes.
In the full moonrise as I lay last night
Under the alders on Peneus' banks,
Dabbling my hoofs in the cool stream that welled
Wine-dark with gleamy ripples round their roots,
I made the song the while I shaped the pipes.
'Tis all of you and love, as you shall hear.
The drooping lilies, as I sang it, heaved
Upon their broad green leaves, and underneath,
Swift, silvery fishes, poised on quivering fins,
Hung motionless to listen; in the grass

The crickets ceased to shrill their tiny bells;
And even the nightingale, that all the eve,
Hid in the grove's deep green, had throbbed and thrilled,
Paused in his strain of love to list to mine.
Bacchus is handsome, but such songs as this
He cannot shape, and better loves the clash
Of brazen cymbals than my reedy pipes.
Fair as he is without, he's coarse within—
Gross in his nature, loving noise and wine,
And, tipsy, half the time goes reeling round
Leaning on old Silenus' shoulders fat.
But I have scores of songs that no one knows,
Not even Apollo, no, nor Mercury—
Their strings can never sing like my sweet pipes—
Some that will make fierce tigers rub their fur
Against the oak-trunks for delight, or stretch
Their plump sides for my pillow on the sward.
Some that will make the satyrs' clattering hoofs
Leap when they hear, and from their noonday dreams
Start up to stamp a wild and frolic dance
In the green shadows. Ay! and better songs,
Made for the delicate nice ears of nymphs,
Which while I sing my pipes shall imitate
The droning bass of honey-seeking bees,
The tinkling tenor of clear, pebbly streams,
The breezy alto of the alder's sighs,
And all the airy sounds that lull the grove
When noon falls fast asleep among the hills.
Nor only these—for I can pipe to you
Songs that will make the slippery vipers pause,
And stay the stags to gaze with their great eyes;
Such songs—and you shall hear them if you will—
That Bacchus' self would give his hide to hear.
If you'll but love me every day, I'll bring
The coyest flowers, such as you never saw,
To deck you with. I know their secret nooks,—
They cannot hide themselves away from Pan.
And you shall have rare garlands; and your bed
Of fragrant mosses shall be sprinkled o'er
With violets like your eyes—just for a kiss.
Love me, and you shall do whate'er you like,

And shall be tended whereso'er you go,
And not a beast shall hurt you — not a toad
But at your bidding give his jewel up.
The speckled, shining snakes shall never sting,
But twist like bracelets round your rosy arms,
And keep your bosom cool in the hot noon.
You shall have berries ripe of every kind,
And luscious peaches, and wild nectarines,
And sun-flecked apricots, and honeyed dates,
And wine from bee-stung grapes, drunk with the sun
(Such wine as Bacchus never tasted yet).
And not a poisonous plant shall have the power
To tetter your white flesh, if you'll love Pan.
And then I'll tell you tales that no one knows;
Of what the pines talk in the summer nights,
When far above you hear them murmuring,
As they sway whispering to the lifting breeze;
And what the storm shrieks to the struggling oaks
As it flies through them, hurrying to the sea
From mountain crags and cliffs. Or, when you're sad,
I'll tell you tales that solemn cypresses
Have whispered to me. There's not anything
Hid in the woods and dales and dark ravines,
Shadowed in dripping caves, or by the shore,
Slipping from sight, but I can tell to you.
Plump, dull-eared Bacchus, thinking of himself
Never can catch a syllable of this;
But with my shaggy ear against the grass
I hear the secrets hidden underground,
And know how, in the inner forge of Earth,
The pulse-like hammers of creation beat.
Old Pan is ugly, rough, and rude to see,
But no one knows such secrets as old Pan.

THE VIOLET.

O faint, delicious, spring-time violet!
Thine odor, like a key,
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let
A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow
 Blows through that open door
 The sound of wind-borne bells, more sweet and low
 And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar, from that beloved place,
 And that beloved hour,
 When life hung ripening in love's golden grace,
 Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass;
 The lark sings o'er my head,
 Drowned in the sky—Oh, pass, ye visions, pass!
 I would that I were dead!—

Why hast thou opened that forbidden door,
 From which I ever flee?
 O vanished joy! O love, that art no more,
 Let my vexed spirit be!

O violet! thy odor through my brain
 Hath searched, and stung to grief
 This sunny day, as if a curse did stain
 Thy velvet leaf.

STOWE, HARRIET ELIZABETH BEECHER, an American novelist; born at Litchfield, Conn., June 15, 1811; died at Hartford, Conn., July 1, 1896. She was a daughter of Lyman Beecher and sister of Henry Ward Beecher. She was educated at the seminary of her sister, Catharine, at Hartford, and later was associated with her in its management. When her father, in 1832, went to Cincinnati, as President of Lane Seminary, she accompanied him, and was soon afterward married to Professor Calvin E.

Stowe, of that institution, who subsequently became Professor of Sacred Literature in the Andover Theological Seminary, and was the author of a number of esteemed books in the department of scriptural learning.

Mrs. Stowe wrote several sketches for periodicals, which were (about 1849) collected into a volume entitled *The Mayflower*. In 1850 she began, in *The National Era*, a newspaper published at Washington, a serial story entitled *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. This work, having been completed, was republished in 1852 in book form. The anti-slavery excitement was then at its height, and this story met with unexampled success, not only in the United States but in foreign countries. It was translated into more than twenty languages. It is said that there were fourteen German and four French versions. There were also translations into the Arabic, Armenian, Chinese, Japanese, Russian, Welsh, and many other languages, and the book was dramatized over and over again. The author at once gained a cosmopolitan reputation. In 1853 she made a European tour, a pleasant account of which, written partly by herself and partly by her brother, appeared under the title of *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*. In 1856 Mrs. Stowe published a second anti-slavery novel, under the title of *Dred: A Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp*.

From that period Mrs. Stowe devoted herself earnestly to the literary vocation, writing largely for periodicals. Very many of her contributions have been collected into volumes. The titles of the principal of these works are: *Our Charley, and What to Do With Him* (1859); *The Minister's Wooing* (1859); *The Pearl of Orr's Island* (1862); *Agnes of Sorrento*

(1863); *The Ravages of a Carpet* (1864); *House and Home Papers* (1864); *Religious Poems* (1865); *Stories About Dogs* (1865); *Little Foxes* (1865); *Queer Little People* (1867); *Daisy's First Winter* (1867); *The Chimney Corner* (1868); *Men of Our Times* (1868); *Oldtown Folks* (1869); *Little Pussy Willow* (1870); *Pink and White Tyranny* (1871); *Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories* (1871); *My Wife and I* (1872); *Palmetto Leaves* (1873); *Betty's Bright Idea* (1875); *We and Our Neighbors* (1875); *Footsteps of Our Master* (1876); *Bible Horoscopes* (1878); *Poganuc People* (1878); *A Dog's Mission* (1881).

Quite episodic in Mrs. Stowe's literary career is the part which she took in regard to the controversy concerning Lord Byron and his wife. In 1869 she wrote a magazine paper entitled *The True Story of Lady Byron's Life*. In this paper, purporting to be based upon statements made to her some fifteen years before by Lady Byron, Mrs. Stowe expressly declared that the real cause of the separation between Lady Byron and her husband was that he had been guilty of misconduct with his sister Augusta, Mrs. Leigh. This magazine article, which was afterwards expanded into a volume, called forth the sharpest criticisms from many quarters. To these Mrs. Stowe responded in a book entitled *Lady Byron Vindicated*, in which the original charges were reiterated, together with a labored argument attempting to show that the main allegation was absolutely true.

Our quotations are designed to present some of the chief points in Mrs. Stowe's numerous writings.

BARGAINING FOR UNCLE TOM.

Late in the afternoon of a chilly day in February two gentlemen were sitting alone over their wine in a well-furnished dining-parlor in the town of P —, in Kentucky. There were no servants present, and the gentlemen, with chairs closely approaching, seemed to be discussing some subject with great earnestness.

We have said two "*gentlemen*." One of the parties, however, when critically examined, did not seem, strictly speaking, to come under the species. He was a short, thick-set man, with coarse, commonplace features, and that swaggering air of pretension which marks a low man who is trying to elbow his way up in the world. He was much over-dressed, in a gaudy vest of many colors, a blue neckerchief, bedropped gayly with yellow spots, and arranged with a flaunting tie, quite in keeping with the general air of the man. His hands, large and coarse, were plentifully bedecked with rings; and he wore a heavy gold watch-chain, with a bundle of seals of a portentous size, and a great variety of colors, which, in the ardor of conversation, he was in the habit of flourishing and jingling with evident satisfaction. His conversation was in free and easy defiance of Murray's Grammar, and was garnished at convenient intervals with various profane expressions, which not even the desire to be graphic in our account shall induce us to transcribe. His companion, Mr. Shelby, had the appearance of a gentleman; and the arrangements of the house, and the general air of the housekeeping, indicated easy, and even opulent circumstances. As we before stated, the two were in the midst of an earnest conversation.

"That is the way I should arrange the matter," said Mr. Shelby.

"I can't make trade that way — I positively can't, Mr. Shelby," said the other, holding up a glass of wine between his eye and the light.

"Why, the fact is, Haley, Tom is an uncommon fellow; he is certainly worth that sum anywhere — steady,

honest, capable — manages my whole farm like a clock."

"You mean honest, as niggers go," said Haley, helping himself to a glass of brandy.

"No, I mean, really, Tom is a good, steady, sensible, pious fellow. He got religion at a camp-meeting four years ago; and I believe he really *did* get it. I've trusted him since then with everything I have — money, house, horses — and let him come and go round the country; and I always found him true and square in everything."

"Some folks, don't believe there is pious niggers, Shelby," said Haley, with a candid flourish of his hand; "but I *do*. I had a fellow, now, in this yer last lot I took to Orleans; 'twas as good as a meetin' now, really, to hear that critter pray, and he was quite gentle, and quiet like. He fetched me a good sum, too; for I bought him cheap of a man that was 'bliged to sell him out; so I realized six hundred on him. Yes, I consider religion a valleyable thing in a nigger, when it's the genuine, article, and no mistake."

"Well, Tom's got the real article, if ever a fellow had," rejoined the other. "Why, last fall I let him go to Cincinnati alone, to do business for me, and bring home five hundred dollars. 'Tom,' says I to him, 'I trust you, because I think you're a Christian — I know you wouldn't cheat.' Tom comes back sure enough — I knew he would. Some low fellows, they say, said to him, 'Tom, why don't you make tracks for Canada?' 'Ah, marster trusted me, and I couldn't!' They told me about it. I am sorry to part with Tom, I must say. You ought to let him cover the whole balance of the debt; and you would, Haley, if you had any conscience."

"Well, I've got just as much conscience as any man in the business can afford to keep — just a little, you know, to swear by," said the trader, jocularly; "and then I'm ready to do anything in reason to 'blige friends; but this yer, you see, is a leetle too hard on a fellow — a leetle too hard."

The trader sighed contemplatively, and poured out some more brandy.

"Well, then, Haley, how will you trade?" said Mr. Shelby, after an uneasy interval of silence.

"Well, haven't you a boy or a gal that you could throw in with Tom?"

"Hum!—none that I could well spare. To tell the truth, it's only hard necessity makes me willing to sell at all. I don't like parting with any of my hands—that's a fact."

Here the door opened, and a small quadroon boy, between four and five years of age, entered the room. There was something in his appearance remarkably beautiful and engaging. His black hair, fine as floss silk, hung in glossy curls about his round, dimpled face, while a pair of large dark eyes, full of fire and softness, looked out from beneath the rich long lashes, as he peered curiously into the apartment. A gay robe of scarlet and yellow plaid, carefully made and neatly fitted, set off to advantage the dark and rich style of his beauty; and a certain comic air of assurance, blended with bashfulness, showed that he had not been unused to being petted and noticed by his master.

"Halloa, Jim Crow!" said Mr. Shelby, whistling, and snapping a bunch of raisins towards him, "pick that up now!"

The child scampered, with all his little strength, after the prize, while his master laughed.

"Come here, Jim Crow," said he.

The child came up, and the master patted the curly head, and chucked him under the chin.

"Now, Jim, show this gentleman how you can dance and sing."

The boy commenced one of those wild, grotesque songs common among the negroes, in a rich, clear voice, accompanying his singing with many comic evolutions of the hands, feet, and whole body, all in perfect time to the music.

"Bravo!" said Haley, throwing him a quarter of an orange.

"Now, Jim, walk like old Uncle Cudjoe when he has the rheumatism," said his master.

Instantly the flexible limbs of the child assumed the

appearance of deformity and distortion, as, with his back humped up, and his master's stick in his hands he hobbled about the room, his childish face drawn into a doleful pucker, and spitting from right to left, in imitation of the old man. Both gentlemen laughed uproariously.

"Now, Jim," said his master, "show us how old Elder Robbins leads the psalm."

The boy drew his chubby face down to a formidable length, and commenced toning a psalm-tune through his nose with imperturbable gravity.

"Hurrah! bravo! what a young 'un!" said Haley; "that chap's a case, I'll promise. Tell you what," said he, suddenly clapping his hand on Mr. Shelby's shoulder, "fling in that chap, and I'll settle the business—I will. Come, now, if that ain't doing the thing up about the rightest!" . . .

"Well, call up this evening, between 6 and 7, and you shall have my answer," said Mr. Shelby, and the trader bowed himself out of the apartment.

"I'd like to have been able to kick the fellow down the steps," said he to himself, as he saw the door fairly closed, "with his impudent assurance; but he knows how much he has me at advantage. If anybody had ever said to me that I should sell Tom down South to one of those rascally traders, I should have said, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?' And now it must come, for aught I see. And Eliza's child, too! I know that I shall have some fuss with wife about that; and, for that matter, about Tom, too. So much for being in debt—heigho! The fellow sees his advantage, and means to push it."—*Uncle Tom's Cabin, Chap. I.*

UNCLE TOM AND EVANGELINE.

Among the passengers on the boat was a young gentleman of fortune and family, resident in New Orleans, who bore the name of St. Clare. He had with him a daughter of between five and six years of age, together with a lady who seemed to claim relationship to both, and to have the little one especially under her charge.

Tom had often caught glimpses of this little girl, for she was one of those busy tripping creatures that can be no more contained in one place than a sunbeam or a summer breeze. . . .

She was always in motion, always with a half-smile on her rosy mouth, flying hither and thither with an undulating and cloud-like tread, singing to herself as she moved, as in a happy dream. Her father and female guardian were incessantly busy in pursuit of her; but when caught, she melted from them again like a summer-cloud. As no word of chiding or reproof ever fell on her ear for whatever she chose to do, she pursued her own way all over the boat. Always dressed in white, she seemed to move like a shadow through all sorts of places, without contracting spot or stain; and there was not a corner nor nook, above or below, where those fairy footsteps had not glided, and that visionary golden head, with its deep blue eyes fledged along.

The fireman, as he looked up from his sweaty toil, sometimes found those eyes looking wonderingly into the raging depths of the furnace, and fearfully and pityingly at him, as if she thought him in some dreadful danger. Anon, the steersman at the wheel paused and smiled as the picture-like head gleamed through the window of the round-house, and in a moment was gone again. A thousand times a day rough voices blessed her, and smiles of unwonted softness stole over hard faces, as she passed; and when she tripped fearlessly over dangerous places, rough, sooty hands were stretched out involuntarily to save her, and smooth her path.

Often and often she walked mournfully round the place where Haley's gang of men and women sat in their chains. She would glide in among them, and look at them with an air of perplexed and sorrowful earnestness; and sometimes she would lift their chains with her slender hands, and then sigh woefully as she glided away. Several times she appeared suddenly among them, with her hands full of candy, nuts, and oranges, which she would distribute joyfully to them, and then be gone again.

Tom, who had the soft impressionable nature of his

kindly race — ever yearning toward the simple and the child-like — watched the little creature with daily increasing interest. To him she appeared something almost divine; and whenever her golden head and deep-blue eyes peered out upon him from behind some dusky cotton-bale, or looked down upon him over some ridge of packages, he half believed that he saw one of the angels stepped out of his New Testament.

Tom watched the little lady a great deal before he ventured on any overtures toward acquaintanceship. He knew an abundance of simple arts to propitiate and invite the approaches of the little people; and he resolved to play his part right skilfully. He could cut cunning baskets out of cherry-stones, could make grotesque faces out of hickory-nuts, or odd jumping figures out of elderpith; and he was a very Pan in the manufacture of whistles of all sizes and sorts. His pockets were full of miscellaneous articles of attraction, which he had hoarded in days of old for his master's children, and which he now produced with commendable prudence and economy, one by one, as overtures for acquaintance and friendship. The little one was shy, for all her busy interest in everything going on, and it was not easy to tame her. For awhile she would perch, like a canary-bird, on some box or package near Tom, while busy in the little arts aforesaid, and take from him, with a kind of grave bashfulness, the little articles he offered. But at last they got on quite confidential terms.

"What's little Missy's name?" said Tom at last, when he thought matters were ripe to push such an inquiry.

"Evangeline St. Clare," said the little one, "though papa and everybody else call me Eva. Now, what's your name?"

"My name's Tom; the little chil'en used to call me Uncle Tom, way back thar in Kentuck."

"Then I mean to call you Uncle Tom, because, you see, I like you," said Eva. "So, Uncle Tom, where are you going?"

"I don't know, Miss Eva."

"Don't know?" said Eva.

"No. I am going to be sold to somebody. I don't know who."

"My papa can buy you," said Eva, quickly; "and if he buys you, you will have good times. I mean to ask him this very day."

"Thank you, my little lady," said Tom.

The boat here stopped at a small landing to take in wood; and Eva, hearing her father's voice, bounded nimbly away. Tom rose up, and went forward to offer his service in wooding, and soon was busy among the hands. Eva and her father were standing together by the railings to see the boat start from the landing-place; the wheel had made two or three revolutions in the water, when, by some sudden movement, the little one suddenly lost her balance, and fell sheer over the side of the boat into the water. Her father, scarce knowing what he did, was plunging in after her, but was held back by some one behind him, who saw that more efficient aid had followed his child.

Tom was standing just under her, on the lower deck, as she fell. He saw her strike the water and sink, and was after her in a moment. A broad-chested, strong-armed fellow, it was nothing for him to keep afloat in the water till, in a moment or two, the child rose to the surface, and he caught her in his arms, and, swimming with her to the boat-side, handed her up, all dripping, to the grasp of hundreds of hands which, as if they had all belonged to one man, were stretched out eagerly to receive her. A few moments more, and the father bore her, dripping and senseless, to the ladies' cabin, where, as is usual in cases of the kind, there ensued a very well-meaning and kind-hearted strife among the female occupants generally as to who should do the most things to make a disturbance, and to hinder her recovery in every way possible.—*Uncle Tom's Cabin, Chap. XIV.*

MISS OPHELIA AND TOPSY.

Miss Ophelia's ideas of education, like all her other ideas, were very set and definite, and of the kind that prevailed in New England a century ago. As nearly as

could be expressed, they could be comprised in very few words: To teach them to mind when they were spoken to; to teach them the catechism; sewing, and reading; and to whip them if they told lies. Miss Ophelia began with Topsy by taking her into her chamber the first morning, and solemnly commenced a course of instruction in the art and mystery of bed-making.

"Now, Topsy, I'm going to show you just how my bed is to be made. I am very particular about my bed. You must learn exactly how to do it."

"Yes, Ma'am," says Topsy, with a deep sigh, and a face of woeful earnestness.

"Now Topsy, look here: this is the hem of the sheet — this is the right side of the sheet, and this is the wrong; will you remember?"

"Yes, Ma'am," says Topsy, with another sigh.

"Well, now, the under sheet you must bring over the bolster — so — and tuck it clear down under the mattress nice and smooth — so; do you see?"

"Yes, Ma'am," said Topsy, with profound attention.

"But, the upper sheet," said Miss Ophelia, "must be brought down in this way, and tucked under firm and smooth at the front — so — the narrow hem at the foot."

"Yes, Ma'am," said Topsy as before.

But we will add — what Miss Ophelia did not see — that during the time when the good lady's back was turned, in the zeal of her manipulations, the young disciple had contrived to snatch a pair of gloves and a ribbon, which she had adroitly slipped into her sleeves, and stood with her hands dutifully folded, as before.

"Now, Topsy, let's see *you* do this," said Miss Ophelia, pulling off the clothes and seating herself.

Topsy, with great gravity and adroitness, went through the exercise completely to Miss Ophelia's satisfaction; smoothing the sheets, patting out every wrinkle, and exhibiting through the whole process a gravity and seriousness with which her instructress was gravely edified. By an unlucky slip, however, a fluttering fragment of the ribbon hung out of one of her sleeves, just as she was finishing, and caught Miss Ophelia's attention. Instantly she pounced upon it:

"What's this? You naughty, wicked child—you've been stealing this!"

The ribbon was pulled out of Topsy's own sleeve, yet she was not in the least disconcerted; she only looked at it with an air of the most surprised and unconscious innocence.

"Laws! why, that ar's Miss Feely's ribbon, an't it! How could it a got into my sleeve?"

"Topsy, you naughty girl, don't you tell me a lie, you stole that ribbon!"

"Missis, I declar for't, I didn't; never seed it till dis yer blessed minnit."

"Topsy," said Miss Ophelia, "don't you know it's wicked to tell lies?"

"I never tells no lies, Miss Feely," said Topsy, with virtuous gravity; "it's jist the truth I've been a tellin now, and an't nothin else."

"Topsy, I shall have to whip you, if you tell lies, so."

"Laws, Missis, if you's to whip all day, couldn't say no other way," said Topsy, beginning to blubber. "I never seed dat ar, it must a got caught in my sleeve. Miss Feely must have left it on the bed, and it got caught in the clothes, and so got in my sleeve."

Miss Ophelia was so indignant at the barefaced lie, that she caught the child and shook her. "Don't you tell me that again!" The shake brought the gloves on to the floor, from the other sleeve.

"There, you!" said Miss Ophelia, "will you tell me now you didn't steal the ribbon?"

Topsy now confessed to the gloves, but still persisted in denying the ribbon.

"Now, Topsy," said Miss Ophelia, "if you'll confess all about it, I won't whip you this time."

Thus adjured, Topsy confessed to the ribbon and the gloves, with woeful protestations of penitence.

"Well, now, tell me. I know you must have taken other things since you have been in the house, for I let you run about all day yesterday. Now, tell me if you took anything, and I shan't whip you."

"Laws, Missis! I took Miss Eva's red thing she war's on her neck."

"You did, you naughty child! Well, what else?"

"I took Rosa's yer-rings — them red ones."

"Go bring them to me this minute — both of them."

"Laws, Missis, I can't — they's burnt up."

"Burnt up? what a story! Go get them, or I'll whip you."

Topsy, with loud protestations and tears and groans, declared that she *could* not. "They's burnt up — they was!"

"What did you burn them up for?" said Miss Ophelia.

"'Cause I's mighty wicked — I is. I's mighty wicked anyhow. I can't help it."

Just at this moment Eva came, innocently into the room, with the identical coral necklace on her neck.

"Why, Eva, where did you get your necklace?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Get it? Why, I've had it on all day," said Eva.

"Did you have it on yesterday?"

"Yes; and what is funny, Aunt, I had it on all night. I forgot to take it off when I went to bed."

Miss Ophelia looked perfectly bewildered; the more so as Rosa at that instant came into the room, with a basket of newly-ironed linen poised on her head, and the coral ear-drops shaking in her ears.

"I'm sure I can't tell anything what to do with such a child," said Miss Ophelia, in despair. "What in the world did you tell me you took those things for, Topsy?"

"Why, Missis said I must 'fess; and I couldn't think of nothin' else to 'fess," said Topsy, rubbing her eyes.

"But, of course, I didn't want you to confess things you didn't do," said Miss Ophelia, "that's telling a lie, just as much as the other."

"Laws! now, is it?" said Topsy, with an air of innocent wonder.— *Uncle Tom's Cabin, Chap. XX.*

TOPSY'S TRAINING.

But what was to be done with Topsy? Miss Ophelia found the case a puzzler. Her rules for bringing up

didn't seem to apply. She thought she would take time to think of it; and by way of gaining time, and in hopes of some indefinite moral virtues supposed to be inherent in dark closets, Miss Ophelia shut Topsy up in one till she had arranged her ideas further on the subject.

"I don't see," said Miss Ophelia to St. Clare, "how I am going to manage the child, without whipping her."

"Well, whip her, then, to your heart's content. I'll give you full power to do what you like."

"Children always have to be whipped," said Miss Ophelia; "I never heard of bringing them up without."

"Oh, well, certainly," said St. Clare; "do as you think best. Only I'll make one suggestion; I've seen this child whipped with a poker, knocked down with the shovel or tongs, or whatever came handiest; and seeing that she is used to that kind of operation, I think your whipping will have to be pretty energetic to make much impression." . . .

Topsy was soon a noted character in the establishment. Her talent for every species of drollery, grimace, and mimicry, for dancing, tumbling, climbing, singing, whistling, imitating every sound that hit her fancy, seemed inexhaustible. In her play hours she invariably had every child in the establishment at her heels, open-mouthed with admiration and wonder—not excepting Miss Eva, who appeared to be fascinated by her wild diablerie, as a dove is sometimes charmed by a glittering serpent. Miss Ophelia was uneasy that Eva should fancy Topsy's society so much, and implored St. Clare to forbid it,

"Poh! let the child alone," said St. Clare. "Topsy will do her good."

"But so depraved a child! Are you not afraid she will teach her some mischief?"

"She can't teach *her* mischief. She might teach it to some children; but evil rolls off Eva's mind like dew off a cabbage-leaf—not a drop sinks in." . . .

Topsy was smart and energetic in all manual operations, learning everything that was taught her with surprising quickness. With few lessons she had learned the proprieties of Miss Ophelia's chamber in a way with

which even that particular lady could find no fault. Mortal hands could not lay spread smoother, adjust pillows more accurately, sweep and dust, and arrange more perfectly than Topsy, when she chose; but she didn't very often choose. If Miss Ophelia, after three or four days of careful and patient supervision, was so sanguine as to suppose that Topsy had at last fallen into her ways, could do without overlooking, and so go off and busy herself about something else, Topsy would hold a perfect carnival of confusion for some one or two hours . . . in short, as Miss Ophelia expressed it, "raising Cain" generally. On one occasion Miss Ophelia found Topsy with her very best scarlet India Canton crape shawl wound round her head for a turban, going on with her rehearsals before the glass in great style—Miss Ophelia having, with carelessness most unheard of in her, left the key for once in her drawer.

"Topsy!" she would say, when at the end of all patience, "what does make you act so?"

"Dunno, Missis—I 'spects cause I's so wicked."

"I don't know anything what I shall do with you, Topsy."

"Laws, Missis, you must whip me. My ole Missis allers whipped me. I ain't used to workin' unless I gets whipped."

"Why, Topsy, I don't want to whip you. You can do well if you've a mind to. What's the reason you won't?"

"Laws, Missis, I's used to whippin'; I 'spects it's good for me."

Miss Ophelia tried the recipe, and Topsy invariably made a terrible commotion, screaming, groaning, and imploring; though half an hour afterwards, when roosting on some projection of the balcony, and surrounded by a flock of the "younguns," she would express the utmost contempt of the whole affair:

"Laws, Miss Feely whip!—wouldn't kill a skeeter, her whippin's. Oughter see how ole Mas'r made the flesh fly; ole Mas'r know'd how."

Topsy always made great capital of her own sins and

enormities; evidently considering them as something peculiarly distinguishing.

"Law, you niggers," she would say to some of her auditors, "does you know you's all sinners? Well, you is—everybody is. White folks is sinners, too—Miss Feely says so; but I 'spects niggers is de worst ones. But lor! ye ain't any on ye up to me. I's so awful wicked there can't nobody do nothin' with me. I used to keep ole Missis a swearin' at me half the time. I 'spects I's the wickedest critter in the world."

And Topsy would cut a summersault, and come up brisk and shining onto a higher perch, and evidently plume herself on the distinction.

Miss Ophelia busied herself very earnestly on Sundays, teaching Topsy her catechism. Topsy had an uncommon verbal memory, and committed with a fluency that greatly encouraged her instructress.

One Sunday Topsy was to recite her catechism, and, as it happened, Augustine St. Clare, the cousin of Miss Ophelia, and father of Eva, was present, and some talk ensued as to whether this kind of teaching would do any good to Topsy. The talk ended by St. Clare saying:

"Well, go ahead and catechise Topsy; maybe you'll make out something yet."

Topsy, who had stood like a black statue during this discussion, with hands decently folded, now at a signal from Miss Ophelia, went on:

"Our first parents, being left to the freedom of their own will, fell from the state wherein they were created."

Topsy's eyes twinkled, and she looked inquiringly.

"What is it, Topsy?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Please, Missis, was dat ar state Kentuck?"

"What state, Topsy?"

"Dat state dey fell out of. I used to hear Mas'r tell how we came down from Kentuck."

St. Clare laughed. "You'll have to give her a mean-

ing," said he, "or she'll make one. There seems to be a theory of emigration suggested there. . . ."

In very much this way Topsy's training proceeded for a year or two — Miss Ophelia worrying herself from day to day with her, as a kind of chronic plague, to whose infliction she became, in time, as accustomed as persons sometimes do to neuralgia or sick-headache. St. Clare took the same kind of amusement in the child that a man might do in the tricks of a parrot or a pointer. Topsy, whenever her sins brought her into disgrace in other quarters, always took refuge behind his chair; and St. Clare, in one way or another, would make peace for her. From him she got many a stray picayune, which she had laid out in nuts and candies, and distributed with careless generosity to all the children of the family; for Topsy, to do her justice, was good-natured and liberal, and only spiteful in self-defense.— *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Chap. XX.

A LITTLE COQUETTE

The feminine interlocutor in this scene is Nina Gordon, "the mistress of Canima," aged about nineteen, who is described as a "little figure, scarce the height of the Venus, rounded as that of an infant. The face was one of those provoking ones which sets criticism at defiance. The hair — waving, curling, dancing hither and thither — seemed to have a wild, laughing grace of its own. The brown eyes twinkled like the pendants of a chandelier. The little wicked nose, which bore the forbidden upward curve, seemed to assert its right to do so with a saucy freedom; and the pendants of multiplied brilliants that twinkled in her ears, and the nodding wreath of silver wheat that set off her opera hat, seemed alive with mischief and motion." The other interlocutor was Harry, the business-manager of Nina Gordon's property, really her



RESIDENCE OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, HARTFORD, CONN.

slave — “a well-dressed, gentlemanly person of about thirty-five, with dark complexion and hair, and deep, full-blue eyes. The face, with its strongly marked expression of honesty and sense, had about it many careworn and thoughtful lines.” Nina had just been showing herself in a new costume, and had asked :

“Well, what do you think of it?” when Harry replied, abstractedly —

“Yes, Miss Nina, everything you wear becomes pretty; and that is perfectly charming.”

“Isn’t it now, Harry? I thought you would think so. You see, it’s my own idea. You ought to have seen what a thing it was when I first saw it in Madame Le Blanche’s window. There was a great hot-looking feather on it, and two or three horrid bows. I had them out in a twinkling, and got this wheat in, which shakes so, you know. It’s perfectly lovely. Well, do you believe, the very night, I wore it to the opera I got engaged.”

“Engaged! Miss Nina?”

“Engaged! yes to be sure! Why not?”

“It seems to me that’s a very serious thing, Miss Nina.”

“Serious! Ha! ha! ha!” said the little beauty, seating herself on one arm of the sofa and shaking the glittering hat back from her eyes. “Well, I fancy it was — to him at least. I made him serious, I can tell you.”

“But is this true, Miss Nina? *Are* you really engaged?”

“Yes, to be sure I am, to three gentlemen, and going to stay so till I find which I like best. Maybe, you know, I shan’t like any of them.”

“Engaged to three gentlemen, Miss Nina!”

“To be sure. Can’t you understand English, Harry? I *am* now — fact.”

“Miss Nina, is that right?”

“Right! why not? I don’t know which to take — I positively don’t. So I took them all on trial, you know.”

"Really, Miss Nina! Tell us who they are."

"Well, there's Mr. Carson. He's a rich old bachelor, horribly polite; one of those little bobbing men that always have such shining dickies and collars, and such bright boots, and such tight straps. And he's rich, and perfectly wild about me. He wouldn't take No for an answer; so I just said Yes, you know, to have a little quiet. Besides, he's very convenient about the opera and concerts, and such things."

"Well, and the next?"

"Well, the next is George Emmons. He's one of your pink-and-white men, you know, who look like cream-candy, as if they were good to eat. He's a lawyer of a good family—thought a good deal of, and all that. Well, really, they say he has talents—I'm no judge. I know he always bores me to death, asking me if I have read this or that—marking places in books I never read. He's your sentimental sort; writes the most romantic notes on pink paper, and all that sort of thing."

"And the third?"

"Well, you see, I don't like *him* a bit; I'm sure I don't. He's a hateful creature; he isn't handsome; he's proud as Lucifer; and I'm sure I don't know how he got me to be engaged—it was a kind of accident. He's real good, though—too good for me—that's a fact. But then I am afraid of him a little."

"And his name?"

"Well, his name is Clayton—Mr. Edward Clayton, at your service. He's one of your high-and-mighty people, with such deep-set eyes—eyes that look as if they were in a cave—and such black hair! And his eyes have a desperate sort of sad look, sometimes quite Byronic. He's tall, and rather loose-jointed; has beautiful teeth; his mouth, too, is—well, when he smiles sometimes it is quite fascinating. And then he is so different from the other gentlemen. He's kind; but he don't care how he dresses; and wears the most horrid shoes. And then, he isn't polite. He won't jump, you know, to pick up your thread or scissors; and sometimes he will get into a brown study, and let you stand ten minutes before

he thinks to give you a chair, and all such provoking things. He isn't a bit of a lady's man. Well, the consequence is, as my lord won't court the girls, the girls all court my lord—that's the way, you know. And they seem to think it's such a feather in their cap to get attention from him, because, you know, he's horrid sensible. So you see, that jest set me out to see what I could do with him. Well, you see, I wouldn't court him, and I plagued him, and laughed at him, and spited him, and got him gloriously wroth. And he said some spiteful things about me; and then I said more about him; and we had a real up-and-down quarrel. And then I took a penitent turn, you know, and just went gracefully down into the valley of humiliation—as we witches can; and it took wonderfully—brought my lord on his knees before he knew what he was doing. Well, really, I don't know what was the matter just then; but he spoke so earnest and strong that he actually got me to crying—hateful creature! and I promised him all sorts of things, you know, said altogether more than will bear thinking of."

"And you are corresponding with all these lovers, Miss Nina?"

"Yes; isn't it fun? Their letters, you know, can't speak; if they could, when they come rustling together in the bag, wouldn't there be a muss?"

"Miss Nina, I think you have given your heart to the last one."

"O, nonsense, Harry! Haven't got any heart! Don't care two pins for any of them! All I want is to have a good time. As to love, and all that, I don't believe I could love any of them. I should be tired to death of any of them in six weeks: I never liked anything that long."—*Dred, Chap. I.*

END OF THE DOCTOR'S LOVE-LIFE.

The Doctor came lastly to the conclusion that "blessedness," which was all the portion his Master had on earth, might do for him also. And therefore he kissed and blessed that silver dove of happiness, which he saw

was weary of sailing in his clumsy old ark, and let it go out of his hand without a tear. He slept little that night, but when he came to breakfast all noticed an unusual gentleness and benignity of manner; and Mary, she knew not why, saw tears rising in his eyes when he looked at her. After breakfast, he requested Mrs. Scudder to step with him into his study; and Miss Prissy shook in her little shoes as she saw the matron entering. The door was shut for a long time, and two voices could be heard in earnest conversation.

Meanwhile James Marvyn entered the cottage, prompt to remind Mary of her promise that she would talk with him again this morning. They had talked together but a few moments, by the sweetbrier-shaded window in the best room, when Mrs. Scudder appeared at the door of the apartment, with traces of tears upon her cheeks.

"Good-morning, James," she said; "the Doctor wishes to see you and Mary a moment together."

Both looked sufficiently astounded, knowing, from Mrs. Scudder's looks, that something was impending. They followed Mrs. Scudder, scarcely feeling the ground they stood on. The Doctor was sitting at his table, with his favorite large-print Bible before him. He rose to receive them, with a manner at once gentle and grave. There was a pause of some minutes, during which he sat with his head leaning upon his hand.

"You know," he said, turning to Mary, who sat very near him, "the near and dear relation in which I have been expected to stand toward this friend. I should not have been worthy of that relation if I had not felt in my heart the true love of a husband, as set forth in the New Testament; who should 'love his wife even as Christ loved the Church, and gave himself for it,' and in case any peril or danger threatened this dear soul, and I could not give myself for her, I had never been worthy the honor she has done me. For, I take it, whenever there is a cross or a burden to be borne by one or the other, that the man—who is made in the image of God, as to strength and endurance—should take it upon himself, and not lay it upon her that is weaker; for he is therefore strong, not that he may tyrannize over the weak,

but bear their burdens for them even as Christ for his Church.

"I have just discovered," he added, looking kindly upon Mary; "that there is a great cross and burden which must come either on this dear child or myself, through no fault of either of us, but through God's good providence; and therefore let *me* bear it. Mary, my dear child, I will be to thee as a dear father; but I will not force thy heart."

At this moment, Mary, by a sudden impulsive movement, threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him, and lay sobbing on his shoulder.

"No, no," she said, "I will marry you, as I said."

"Not if I will not," he said with a benign smile. "Come here, young man," he said, with some authority, to James; "I give thee this maiden to wife."

And he lifted her from his shoulder, and placed her gently in the arms of the young man, who, overawed and overcome, pressed her silently to his heart.

"There, children, it is over," he said, "God bless you!—Take her away," he added; "she will be more composed soon."

The Doctor saw them slowly quit the apartment, and following them, closed the door. And thus ended "The Minister's Wooing."—*The Minister's Wooing, Chap. XL.*

A BRIDE-EXPECTANT.

"Lil, you fortunate creature, you! Positively, it's the best match that there has been about here this summer. He's rich, of an old respectable family; and then he has good principles, you know, and all that," said Belle. . . . "I only think you may find it a little slow living at Springdale. He has a fine, large, old-fashioned house there, and his sister is a very nice woman; but they are a sort of respectable retired set—never go into fashionable company."

"Oh, I don't mind it," said Lillie, "I shall have things my own way, I know. One isn't obliged to live in Springdale, nor with poky old sisters, you know; and John will do just as I say, and live where I please."

She said this with her simple, soft air of perfect assurance, twisting her shower of bright golden curls; with her gentle, childlike face, and soft, beseeching, blue eyes, and dimpling little mouth looking back on her from the mirror. By these the little queen had always ruled from her cradle, and should she not rule now?

"Belle," said Lillie, after an interval of reflection, "I won't be married in white satin — that I'm resolved upon. Now," she said, facing round with increasing earnestness, "there have been five weddings in our set, and all the girls have been married in just the same dress — white satin and point lace, white satin and point lace, over and over, till I'm tired of it. I'm determined to have something new."

"Well, I would, I am sure," said Belle. "Say white tulle, for instance; you know you are so *petite* and fairy-like."

"No, I shall write out to Madame La Roche, and tell her she must get me up something wholly original. I shall send for my whole *trousseau*. Papa will be glad enough to come down, since he gets me off his hands, and no more fuss about bills, you know. Do you know, that creature is just wild about me? He'd like to ransack all the jewellers' shops in New York for me. He's going up to-morrow just to choose the engagement ring. He says he can't trust to an order; that he must go and choose one worthy of me."

"Oh! it is plain enough that the game is all in your hands, as to him, Lillie. But Lil, what will your cousin Harry say to all this?"—*Pink and White Tyranny*.

STRAUSS, DAVID FRIEDRICH, a German theologian; born at Ludwigsburg, Wurtemberg, January 27, 1808; died there, February 8, 1874. In 1825 he began a course of two years in philosophy and history, and three years in theology,

at Tübingen, and in 1832 (having been graduated with high honors in 1830) became a subordinate teacher in the university, lecturing on logic, history of philosophy, Plato, and the history of ethics. In the latter part of 1833 he gave up this place to devote his entire time to a work projected perhaps two years before, *The Life of Jesus Critically Examined*. The first volume came out in 1834 and the second in 1835. The purpose of the book was an elaboration of the myth theory as applied to the Gospels. That Jesus lived, taught, and gathered disciples Strauss admitted, but he denied the miracles, and laid their origin to the stories of the common people, who had long expected a Messiah, and who ascribed to Jesus the well-known Messianic attributes. The work created a tremendous sensation. Many replies were made to it. In 1837 he answered his critics in his *Streitschriften*. In the third edition of this work (1839), and in *Zwei Friedrich Blätter*, he conceded a number of important points to his critics, but in 1840, in the fourth edition, he withdrew these concessions and retook his old ground. He had already been appointed to a chair of theology in the University of Zurich, but such a storm was raised that not only did he lose the place, but the Government that appointed him was sacrificed to the popular tumult. Between 1840 and 1862 he devoted himself to politics and biographical writing; but in 1864 appeared his *Life of Jesus for the German People*, and from this time until his death theology was his theme.

His works other than those mentioned were *Christliche Glaubenslehre* (1840); *Der Romantiker auf dem Throne der Cæsarem* (1847); *Schubart's Leben* (1849); *Christian Märklin* (1851); *Frischlin* (1855);

Ulrich von Hutten (1858-60); *H. S. Reimorus* (1862); *Die Halben und die Ganzen* (1865); *Christus des Glaubens und der Jesus der Geschichte* (1865); *Voltaire* (1870); *Der Alte und der Neue Glaube* (1872); *Nachwort als Vorwort* (1873).

The following excerpt is taken from his *Life of Jesus for the German People* (1864), translated under the title, *A New Life of Jesus* (1865). The earlier work was written for scholars, but this was intended for the populace.

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS NOT A NATURAL REVIVAL.

We might, therefore, refuse to acknowledge in the resurrection of Jesus any miraculous objective occurrence, for the following reasons: The Evangelical evidence, on which the belief of that occurrence originally rested, is far from giving that certainty which it ought to give in order to make such a miracle credible. For in the first place it does not come from eye-witnesses; secondly, the different accounts do not agree; and, thirdly, they give a description of the nature and movements of the subject after the resurrection which contains in itself contradictory elements.

Inasmuch, then, as the ecclesiastical view of the matter, as regards the last points, admits only the possibility of a miracle, the essence of which involves characteristics which are, according to human notions, self-contradictory, an attempt is made to take another point of view, and to understand the Evangelical accounts in such a manner that they shall not contain such contradictions. According to this the resurrection of Jesus takes the form of a natural occurrence; his condition after it was the same as it was before it. In the appearances after the resurrection, the accounts of which are given in the Evangelists, the advocates of this view keep exclusively to those features which seem to point to a perfectly natural corporeality; the marks of the wounds, the tangibility, the eating, which is here taken to be not merely a power of

eating, but also as a want of sustenance. On the other hand, they endeavor to set aside by evasive explanations the opposite characteristics which point to something spiritual in the nature of Jesus after the resurrection. The fact of the disciples, as is sometimes stated, being afraid at his appearance (Luke, xxvii. 37; John, xxi. 12) is intelligible, they say, on the supposition that they really believed that he was dead, and thought consequently that what they then saw of him was his shade, ascended from the world below. The travelers to Emmaus did not recognize him for some time. Mary Magdalene thought he was the gardener. The first of these is explained sometimes by the disfigurement of his features by suffering, sometimes by supposing that he had not marked features; the latter from the circumstance that, having arisen from the grave unclothed, he had borrowed clothes from the neighboring gardener. While the doors were shut he stood suddenly in the midst of his disciples. Even Schleiermacher considers it self-evident that the doors had been opened for him before. They see here, they say, a proof of the fact that the body which Jesus brought from the grave was not a glorified one, but severely wounded and hurt, and gradually recovering. And this proof is the improvement shown in his state of health between the morning of the resurrection, when he forbade Mary Magdalene to touch him (John, xx. 17), and eight days later, when the healing of his wounds had advanced so far that he himself invited Thomas to do so. Again, in the morning he stays quietly in the neighborhood of his grave, in the afternoon he feels already strong enough for an expedition to Emmaus, three hours distant, and some days later undertakes even the journey to Galilee.

Even as to the resurrection itself they say that the supernatural element exists, indeed, in the conception of the disciples and the Evangelists, but not in the thing itself. It is not to be wondered at, according to them, that excited women took the white linen clothes in the empty sepulchre, or strange men in white dresses, for angels. No angel was wanted to roll away the stone, as it might have been done, either accidentally or intentionally, by men's hands. Finally, it may be explained

quite naturally, after the circumstances that had preceded, how Jesus should have come alive out of the sepulchre when the stone was taken away. Crucifixion they maintain, even if the feet as well as the hands are supposed to have been nailed, occasions but very little loss of blood. It kills, therefore, only very slowly, by convulsions produced by the straining of the limbs, or by gradual starvation. So, if Jesus, supposed indeed to be dead, had been taken down from the cross, after about six hours, there is every probability of this supposed death having been only a death-like swoon, from which, after the descent from the cross, Jesus recovered again in the cool cavern, covered as he was with healing ointments and strongly scented spices. On this head it is usual to appeal to an account in Josephus, who says that on one occasion, when he was returning from a military reconnaissance on which he had been sent, he found several Jewish prisoners who had been crucified. He saw among them three acquaintances, whom he begged Titus to give to him. They were immediately taken down and carefully attended to, one was really saved, but the two others could not be recovered. It cannot be said that this example is a very favorable one for the theory which it is brought forward to support. Out of three persons crucified, of whom we are ignorant how short or how long a time they had hung upon the cross, but who must still have given signs of life, as Josephus thought to save them, who received careful medical treatment, two died and one recovered. From this it does not become probable that one who was considered dead was taken down, and who had no medical treatment, should have returned to life again. No doubt what is thus said to be possible is possible; but no one would be justified in assuming that such a thing had really taken place unless he could bring forward certain proofs that Jesus subsequently showed himself alive. But, according to the investigation of the question given above, this is by no means the case. The account of the Evangelists of the death of Jesus is clear, unanimous, and connected. Equally fragmentary, full of contradiction and obscurity, is all that they tell us of the opportunities of observing him which his adherents are

supposed to have had after his resurrection. They are nothing but single individual appearances; he shows himself sometimes in one place, sometimes in another; sometimes in one way, sometimes in another; no one can tell whence he comes, or whither he goes, or where he stays. The whole thing gives the impression, not of a life objectively restored, connected in itself, but a subjective conception in the minds of those who think they see him, of separate visions, which may indeed in the first instance have appeared, but were certainly at a later period colored up and exaggerated in various ways.

It was, consequently, an unnecessary effort on the part of the natural interpretation to endeavor to remove the miraculous element out of the Evangelical accounts of the resurrection of Jesus. The only object can be to remove it from the actual course of events. But this real course the Evangelists do not give us, they only give us their conception of it, and we have no difficulty in admitting the miraculous element in this. So likewise we may spare ourselves the trouble of pointing out in detail the unnatural element in the explanations which are thus given to the words of the Evangelists. It is surely clear, that when a narrator says twice in the same words: "Jesus came and stood in the midst of them when the doors were shut," it is by no means self-evident that they had been opened for him beforehand—that if the corporeality of Jesus was natural he could not vanish from table in the presence of the two disciples at Emmaus; that the supposed steps in the progress of his recovery are only imagined because nothing can be more opposed to the unmistakable conception of all the narrators than what points to suffering, or in general to any human necessities or needs. Besides which, it is quite evident that this view of the resurrection of Jesus, apart from the difficulties in which it is involved, does not even solve the problem which is here under consideration: the origin, that is, of the Christian Church by faith in the miraculous resurrection of the Messiah. It is impossible that a being who had stolen half-dead out of the sepulchre; who crept about, weak and ill, wanting medical treatment; who required bandaging, strengthening, and indulgence, and who

still, at last, yielded to his sufferings, could have given to the disciples the impression that he was a conqueror over death and the grave — the Prince of Life — an impression which lay at the bottom of their future ministry. Such a resuscitation could only have weakened the impression which he had made upon them in life and in death; at the most could only have given it an elegiac voice, but could by no possibility have changed their sorrow into enthusiasm, have elevated their reverence into worship.—*A New Life of Jesus.*

STREET, ALFRED BILLINGS, an American poet; born at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., December 18, 1811; died at Albany, N. Y., June 2, 1881. After having been admitted to the bar he was made State Librarian at Albany. He edited the *Albany Northern Light* in 1843-44. In 1859 he published *The Council of Revision of the State of New York, with Biographical Sketches of its Members*, and in 1863 *A Digest of Taxation*, embracing the principal tax-laws of all the States of the Union. He commenced his literary career with a volume entitled *The Burning of Schenectady and Other Poems* (1842); then followed *Drawings and Paintings* (1844); and *Frontenac, a Metrical Romance* (1849). His principal prose sketches are *Woods and Waters; or, Summer in the Saranacs* (1860); *Lake and Mountain; or, Autumn in the Adirondacks* (1861); *Eagle Pine; or, Sketches of a New York Frontier Village* (1863); *The Indian Pass* (1865). His longest work, *Frontenac* (1849), is a narrative poem, being a tale of the Iroquois. The poem which is best known, and which

on the whole is the most effective, is the *Gray Forest-Eagle*, a part of which is quoted below.

THE GRAY FOREST-EAGLE.

With storm-daring pinion and sun-gazing eye,
The gray forest-eagle is king of the sky!
Oh, little he loves the green valley of flowers,
Where sunshine and song cheer the bright summer hours,
For he hears in those haunts only music, and sees
Only rippling of waters and waving of trees;
There the red-robin warbles, the honey-bee hums,
The timid quail whistles, the sly partridge drums;
And if those proud pinions, perchance sweep along,
There's a shrouding of plumage, a hushing of song;
The sunlight falls stilly on leaf and on moss,
And there's naught but his shadow black gliding across;
But the dark, gloomy gorge, where down plunges the foam
Of the fierce, rock-lashed torrent, he claims as his home;
There he blends his keen shriek with the roar of the flood,
And the many-voiced sounds of the blast-smitten wood;
From the crag-grasping fir-top where morn hangs its
wreath,
He views the mad waters while writhing beneath:
On a limb of that moss-bearded hemlock far down,
With bright azure mantle and gray mottled crown,
The kingfisher watches, where o'er him his foe,
The fierce hawk, sails circling, each moment more low:
Now poised are those pinions and pointed that beak,
His dread swoop is ready, when, hark! with a shriek,
His eyeballs red-blazing, high bristled his crest,
His snake-like neck arch'd, talons drawn to his breast,
With the rush of the wind-gust, the glancing of light,
The gray forest-eagle shoots down in his flight;
One blow of those talons, one plunge of that neck,
The strong hawk hangs lifeless, a blood-dripping wreck;
And as dives the free kingfisher, dart-like, on high
With his prey soars the eagle, and melts in the sky.

A FOREST WALK.

A lovely sky, a cloudless sun,
A wind that breathes of leaves and flowers,
O'er hill and dale my steps have won
To the cool forest's shadowy bowers;
One of the paths all round that wind,
Traced by the browsing herds, I choose,
And sights and sounds of human kind
In nature's own recesses lose.
The beech displays its marbled bark,
The spruce its green tent stretches wide,
While scowls the hemlock, grim and dark,
The maple's scalloped dome beside;
All weave a high and verdant roof,
That keeps the very sun aloof,
Making a twilight soft and green
Within the columned, vaulted scene.
Sweet forest-odors have their birth
From the closed boughs and teeming earth;
Where pine-cones dropped, leaves piled and dead,
Long tufts of grass, and stars of fern,
With many a wild-flower's starry urn,
A thick, elastic carpet spread.
Here, with its mossy pall, the trunk,
Resolving into soil, is sunk;
There, wrenched but lately from its throne
By some fierce whirlwind circling past,
Its huge roots massed with earth and stone,
One of the woodland kings is east.

Above, the forest-tops are bright
With a broad blaze of sunny light;
But now a fitful air-gust parts
The screening branches, and a glow
Of dazzling, startling radiance darts
Down the dark stems, and breaks below;
The sylvan floor is bathed in gold;
Low sprouts and herbs, before unseen,
Display their shades of brown and green;

Tints brighten o'er the velvet moss,
Gleams twinkle in the laurel's gloss;
The robin, brooding on her nest,
Chirps, as the quick ray strikes her breast;
And, as my shadow prints the ground,
I see the rabbit upward bound,
With pointed ears and earnest look,
Then scamper to the darkest nook,
Where, with crouched limb and staring eye,
He watches while I saunter by.

A narrow vista, carpeted
With rich green grass, invites my tread.
Here showers the light in golden dots,
There sleeps the shade in ebon spots,
So blended that the very air
Seems net-work as I enter there.

The partridge whose deep-rolling drum
Afar has sounded on my ear,

Ceasing his beatings as I come,
Whirrs to the sheltering branches near;
The little milk-snake glides away,
The brindled marmot dives from day;
And now between the boughs, a space
Of the blue, laughing sky I trace,
On each side shrinks the bowery shade,

Before me spreads an emerald glade;
The sunshine steeps its grass and moss,
That couch my footsteps as I cross;
Merrily hums the tawny bee,
The glittering humming-bird I see;
Floats the bright butterfly along,
The insect choir is loud in song:
A spot of light and life; it seems
A fairy haunt for fancy's dreams.

Here stretched, the pleasant turf I press
In luxury of idleness.
Sun-streaks, and glancing wings, and sky,
Spotted with cloud-shapes, chain my eye;

While murmuring grass and waving trees —
Their leaf-harps sounding to the breeze —
And water-tones that tinkle near,
Blend their sweet music to my ear;
And by the changing shades alone
The passage of the hours is known.

NIGHTFALL: A PICTURE.

Low burns the summer afternoon;
A mellow lustre lights the scene;
And from its smiling beauty soon
The purpling shades will chase the sheen.

The old, quaint homestead's windows blaze;
The cedar's long, black pictures show;
And broadly slopes one path of rays
Within the barn, and makes it glow.

The loft stares out — the cat intent,
Like carving, on some gnawing rat —
With sun-bathed hay and rafters bent,
Nooked, cobwebbed homes of wasp and bat.

The harness, bridle, saddle, dart
Gleams from the lower, rough expanse;
At either side the stooping cart,
Pitchfork, and plough cast looks askance.

White Dobbin through the stable-doors
Shows his round shape; faint color coats
The manger, where the farmer pours,
With rustling rush, the glancing oats.

A sun-haze streaks the dusky shed;
Makes spears of seams and gems of chinks;
In mottled gloss the straw is spread;
And the gray grindstone dully blinks.

The sun salutes the lowest west
With gorgeous tints around it drawn;

A beacon on the mountain's breast,
A crescent, shred, a star — and gone.

The landscape now prepares for night:
A gauzy mist slow settles round;
Eve shows her hues in every sight,
And blends her voice with every sound.

The sheep stream rippling down the dell,
Their smooth, sharp faces pointed straight;
The pacing kine, with tinkling bell,
Come grazing through the pasture-gate.

The ducks are grouped, and talk in fits:
One yawns with stretch of leg and wing;
One rears and fans, then, settling, sits;
One at a moth makes awkward spring.

The geese march grave in Indian file,
The ragged patriarch at the head;
Then, screaming, flutter off awhile,
Fold up, and once more stately tread.

Brave chanticler shows haughtiest air;
Hurls his shrill vaunt with lofty bend;
Lifts foot, glares round, then follows where
His scratching, picking partlets wend.

Staid Towser scents the glittering ground;
Then, yawning, draws a crescent deep,
Wheels his head-dropping frame around
And sinks with fore-paws stretched for sleep.

The oxen, loosened from the plough,
Rest by the pear-tree's crooked trunk;
Tim, standing with yoke-burdened brow,
Trim, in a mound beside him sunk.

One of the kine upon the bank
Heaves her face-lifting, wheezy roar;
One smooths, with lapping tongue, her flank;
With ponderous droop one finds the floor.

Freed Dobbin through the soft, clear dark
Glimmers across the pillared scene,
With the grouped geese — a pallid mark,—
And scattered bushes black between.

The fire-flies freckle every spot
With fickle light that gleams and dies;
The bat, a wavering, soundless blot,
The cat, a pair of prowling eyes.

Still the sweet, fragrant dark o'erflows
The deepening air and darkening ground;
By its rich scent I trace the rose,
The viewless beetle by its sound.

The cricket scrapes its rib-like bars;
The tree-toad purrs in whirring tone;
And now the heavens are set with stars.
And night and quiet reign alone.

STRICKLAND, AGNES, an English historian and biographer; born at Reydon Hall, Suffolk, August 19, 1806; died there, July 8, 1874. She wrote several books of verse and fiction before entering upon her career as a writer of historical biography. Her principal works in this department are: *Lives of the Queens of England*, in which she was assisted by her sister, Elizabeth Strickland (12 vols., 1840-49); *Lives of the Queens of Scotland* (8 vols., 1850-59); *Lives of the Seven Bishops* (1866). She also edited *Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots*, and wrote several novels, including *The Pilgrims of Walsingham, or Tales of the Middle Ages* (1835); *Tales and Stories from History* (1836). She also wrote

Worcester Field, a poem in four cantos. Her productions acquired a wide popularity both in Great Britain and America.

QUEEN MARY'S RESIGNATION OF THE SCOTTISH CROWN.

The conspirators, calling themselves the Lords of Secret Council, having completed their arrangements for the long-meditated project of depriving her of her crown, summoned Lord Lindsay to Edinburgh, and on the 23d of July, 1567, delivered to him and Sir Robert Melville three deeds, to which they were instructed to obtain her signature, either by flattering words or by absolute force. The first contained a declaration, as if from herself, that "being in infirm health, and worn out with the cares of government, she had taken purpose voluntarily to resign her crown and office to her dearest son, James, Prince of Scotland." In the second, her "trusty brother, James, Earl of Moray," was constituted Regent for the Prince, her son, during the minority of the royal infant. The third appointed a provisional Council of Regency, consisting of Morton and the other Lords of Secret Council, to carry on the government until Moray's return, or, in case of his refusing to accept it, till the Prince arrived at the legal age for exercising it himself.

Aware that Mary would not be easily induced to execute such instruments, Sir Robert Melville was especially employed to cajole her into this political suicide. That ungrateful courtier, who had been employed and trusted by his unfortunate sovereign ever since her return from France, and had received nothing but benefits from her, undertook this office. Having obtained a private interview with her, he deceitfully entreated her to "sign certain deeds that would be presented to her by Lindsay, as the only means of preserving her life," which, he assured her, was in the most imminent danger. Then he gave her a turquoise ring, telling her it was sent to her from the Earls of Argyle, Huntly, and Athole, Secretary Lethington, and the Laird of Grange, "who loved her Majesty," and had by that token accredited him to exhort her

to avert the peril to which she would be exposed if she ventured to refuse the requisition of the Lords of Secret Council, whose designs they well knew were to take her life, either secretly or by means of a mock trial among themselves.

Finding the Queen impatient of this insidious advice, Melville produced a letter from the English ambassador, Throckmorton, out of the scabbard of his sword, telling her he had concealed it there at the peril of his own life, in order to convey it to her—a paltry piece of acting, worthy of the parties by whom it had been devised, for the letter had been written for the express purpose of inducing Mary to accede to the demission of her regal dignity; telling her, as if in confidence, that it was the Queen of England's sisterly advice that she should not irritate those who had her in her power, by refusing the only concession that could save her life; and observing that "nothing that was done under her present circumstances could be of any force when she regained her freedom." Mary, however, resolutely refused to sign the deeds; declaring, with truly royal courage, that she would not make herself a party to the treason of her own subjects, by acceding to their lawless requisition, which, as she truly alleged, "proceeded only of the ambition of a few, and was far from the desire of her people."

The fair-spoken Melville having reported his ill success to his coadjutor Lord Lindsay, Moray's brother-in-law, the bully of the party, who had been selected for the honorable office of extorting by force from the royal captive the concessions she denied, that brutal ruffian burst rudely into her presence, and, flinging the deeds violently upon the table before her, told her to sign them without delay, or worse would befall her. "What!" exclaimed Mary. "Shall I set my hand to a deliberate falsehood; and, to gratify the ambition of my nobles, relinquish the office God hath given me to my son—an infant a little more than a year old, incapable of governing the realm—that my brother Moray may reign in his name?" She was proceeding to demonstrate the unreasonableness of what was required of her, but Lindsay contemptuously interrupted her with scornful laughter; then, scowling fero-

ciously upon her, he swore, with a deep oath, that if she would not sign these instruments, he would do it with her heart's blood, and cast her into the lake to feed the fishes. . . .

Her heart was too full to continue the unequal contest. "I am not yet five-and-twenty," she pathetically observed. Somewhat more she would have said, but her utterance failed her, and she began to weep with hysterical emotion. Sir Robert Melville, affecting an air of the deepest concern, whispered in her ear an earnest entreaty for her to save her life by signing the papers, reiterating that "whatever she did would be invalid because extorted by force."

Mary's tears continued to flow, but sign she would not till Lindsay, infuriated by her resolute resistance, swore that, "having begun the matter, he would also finish it then and there," forced the pen into her reluctant hand; and, according to the popular version of this scene of lawless violence, grasped her arm in the struggle so rudely as to leave the prints of his mail-clad fingers visibly impressed. In an access of pain and terror, with streaming eyes and averted head, she affixed her regal signature to the three deeds, without once looking at them.—*Lives of the Queens of Scotland.*

STRINDBERG, AUGUST, a Swedish novelist, poet, dramatist and historian; born at Stockholm, January 22, 1849. He was graduated from Upsala University in 1869 at the age of twenty, and began his literary career in 1870 by writing for periodicals, and also by producing dramas, of which *Den Fredlöse* (The Restless) was the most successful. Soon afterward he published *Mäster Olaf*, one of his best dramas. His reputation was now established, and he obtained recognition from the Gov-

ernment by being appointed to a responsible position in the royal library at Stockholm. The appointment was made in 1875, and he continued in office until 1882. During this time he was very active in literature, and in 1879 made his *début* as a realist with a book of stories and sketches of the bohemian life of literary men, actors, and artists in Stockholm. The book was called *Roda Rummert* (The Red Room), but in English would better be called *The Green-room; or, Behind the Scenes*. He now gave himself over principally to writing realistic literature. For the stage he wrote a number of social dramas, foremost among which are: *Gillet's Hemlighet* (The Guild's Secret); *Herr Bengt's Hustru* (Mr. Bengt's Wife); *Fadern* (The Father); and *Kamraterna* (Comrades). He also wrote a society sketch entitled *Det Nya Riket* (The New Kingdom). But the most extraordinary and significant of his realistic work was a series of short stories entitled *Giftas* (Married). This series was a compilation of studies of the defects of modern married life, cast in the form of realistic stories, of which there are no less than thirty, giving in detail the faults which the author considered that he had found in marriages.

He has written much in verse, and has besides contributed much of value to the illumination of Sweden's past in his works: *Svenska Öden och Äventyr* (Swedish Odes and Traditions), and *Svenska Folket i Helg och Sökn* (The Swedish People in Play and Earnest). He has also brought out several collections of his short stories, sketches, and poems, of which *Likt och Olikt* (Like and Unlike) and *Tryckt och Otryckt* (Printed and Not Printed). Strindberg has also written an autobiographical series of novels in-

cluding *Tjenstequinnan's Son* (The Serving-woman's Son); and *Jäsningstiden* (The Fermenting Season). These novels he calls *The Story of a Soul's Evolution*.

FROM "THE SERVING-WOMAN'S SON."

There was strict discipline in the house. Lying was unmercifully punished, and disobedience, too.

Little children often lie because of defective memory.

"Did you do it?" is asked.

Now it was done hours ago, and the child does not remember so long. As the deed was considered innocent by the child, he did not take particular note of it.

Thus little children may lie without knowing it, and that they must look out for.

They may lie, too, in self-defense. They understand that "No" saves, and "Yes" submits them to beatings.

They may also lie to gain a point. Among the first discoveries of the awakening understanding is this: A well-put "Yes" or "No" can help one ahead.

The ugliest is when they throw blame on others. They know that the misdoing will be punished, whoever is found guilty. It remains to find a scapegoat. This punishing them is pure revenge. A fault is not to be punished, for to do so is to commit another fault. The wrong-doer is to be set right, or for his own sake be taught not to do wrong.

This certainty of punishment induces fear in the child of being thought a malefactor. And Johan went about in constant terror lest some misbehavior should be discovered.

At dinner one day his father observes that the wine-bottle was being rapidly emptied.

"Who has been drinking our wine?" he asks, and looks from one to another around the table.

Nobody answers, but Johan flushes.

"Oh, so it was you!" cries his father.

Johan, who had never even noticed where the wine-bottle was put, bursts into tears and sobs.

"I didn't drink the wine."

"Oh, you deny it, too!"

"Too!"

"You will catch it when dinner is over."

The thought of what is to take place after dinner was over, together with the remarks which his father kept up, steadily augments his weeping.

Dinner is over.

"Come in here now!" says the father, and goes into the bed-room.

The mother follows.

"Ask papa to forgive you!" says she.

"I didn't do it," he screams.

"Ask papa to forgive you," says the mother, and pulls his forelock.

"Dear papa, forgive me!" shrieks the innocent victim.

But it is too late now. Confession has been made. The mother takes part in the execution.

The child howls, from a sense of injury, of anger, of pain, but most of shame and humiliation.

"Ask papa to forgive you!" says the mother.

The child looks at her and despises her. He recognizes that he is alone, deserted by the one to whom he always fled for tenderness and consolation but so seldom found justice.

"Dear papa, forgive me!" he says with set, lying lips.

And so he slinks out into the kitchen to Louise, the governess, who sets to combing and washing him, and in her apron he sobs it out.

"What did Johan do?" she asks, soothingly.

"Nothing," he replies; "I didn't do it."

His mamma comes out.

"What did Johan say?" she asks Louise.

"He says he didn't do it."

And now Johan is led in again to be tortured into confessing an offence which he never committed.

And now he confesses an offence which he never committed.

Glorious, moral institution, holy family! Sacred, divine institution which shall rear up citizens to truth and virtue! Thou perpetual abiding-place of all virtues, where innocent children are tortured into their first lie; where the

will-power is crumbled to pieces by tyranny, and where self-respect is killed by narrow egotisms! Family, thou art the abiding-place of all social vices, the institution for the care of all compliant women, the family caretaker's forge, and the child's hell!

SINGERS.

Singers!

How long will you warble but lullabies
And shake rattles for infant children?
Why do you cling to nursing-bottles?
See ye not that the milk is left untouched?
And that the child has teeth?

Singers!

How long will you frighten the children
With bugbears bundled together out of rags?
Gather up the rusty armor and swords
And send them for a last exhibition
To the Norse Museum.

Singers!

Why whine ye always of forsaken ideals?
Each age has its own view of things and affairs;
We have ours of the true and real.
Ideals of a by-gone age are blinding you;
We do not forsake ours.

Singers!

Why sing ye in stilted tone about the lofty?
The high in the life before us is the highest.
Why do ye still set beauty's sheen before the true?
The true will be ugly so long as sheen is beautiful;
Ugliness is the truth.

Singers!

An end to ravishing serenades in the moonlight!
With her taper yet gleaming in her window,
Ideality has lain down between warm sheets.
She's growing old, this ancient beauty,
And clings to her night's rest.

Singers!

If the night-air cracks not your fine voices,
And if ye are willing to learn new songs,
Then leave the ancient beldam to her slumbers.
We will with song salute the new day together,
For the sun is up.

STROTHER, DAVID HUNTER ("PORTE CRAYON"), an American artist; born at Martinsburg, Va., September 16, 1816; died at Charleston, W. Va., March 8, 1888. In 1840, after studying art at Philadelphia and New York, he went to Europe, where he remained five years. After his return to America he passed some years in New York, where he acquired skill as a designer and a draughtsman on wood for engravers. He returned to Virginia in 1848; and in 1852, under the pseudonym of "Porte Crayon," he began in *Harper's Magazine* a series of articles illustrative of life and scenery in Virginia. Not only were these papers written by him, but the numerous illustrations were designed and drawn upon wood by himself. In fact, he tells his story by means of both pencil and pen. These papers were in 1857 collected into a volume entitled *Virginia Illustrated*. Immediately after the breaking out of the civil war he entered the Federal service, as captain, and rose to the rank of colonel in the West Virginia cavalry. He resigned his commission in 1864, and in 1865 received the brevet rank of brigadier-general of volunteers. After the close of the war, although his time was mainly occupied in the care of his estate, he occasionally contributed illustrated articles to periodicals.

From 1879 to 1885 he was United States Consul-General in Mexico.

LITTLE MICE.

One morning a huge negro made his appearance in the hall, accompanied by all the negro servants, and all in a broad grin.

"Sarvant, master," said the giant, saluting, cap in hand with the grace of a hippopotamus. "I'se a driver, sir."

"Indeed," said Porte, with some surprise. "What is your name?"

"Ke! hi!" snickered the applicant for office, and looked toward Old Tom.

"He's name Little Mice," said Tom; and there was a general laugh.

"That's a queer name, at least, and not a very suitable one; has he no other?" inquired Porte.

"Why, d'ye see, Mass' Porte," said Tom, "when dis nigga was a boy his old Miss tuck him in de house to sarve in de dinin-room. Well, every day she look arter her pies an' cakes, an' dey done gone. 'Dis is onacountable,' say ole Miss. 'Come here, boy. What goes wid dese pies?' He says, 'Spec, missus, little mice eats 'em.' 'Very well,' say she; 'maybe dey does.' So one mornin' arter she come in onexpected like, an' she see dis boy, pie in he's mouf. 'So,' says she, 'I cotch dem little mice at last, have I?'—an' from dat day, sir, dey call him nothin' but Little Mice; an' dat been so long dey done forgot his oder name, if he ever had any."

The giant during this narrative rolled eyes at Old Tom, and made menacing gestures in an underhand way; but, being unable to stop the story, he joined in the laugh that followed, and then took up the discourse.

"Mass' Porte, never mind dat ole possum. Anyhow I ben a-drivin' horses all my life; an' I kin wait on a gemplum fuss rate. To be sure it sounds sort a foolish 'mong strangers; but you can call me Boy, or Hoss, or Pomp, or anything dat suits; I comes all the same!"

Having exhibited a permit to hire himself, Crayon engaged him on the spot; moved thereto, we suspect,

more by the fun and originality indicated in Mice's humorous phiz than by any particular fact or consideration. The newly appointed dignitary bowed himself out of the hall, sweeping the floor with his cap at each reverence. But no sooner was he clear of the respected precinct, than the elephantine pedals commenced a spontaneous dance, making a clatter on the kitchen-floor like a team of horses crossing a bridge. During this performance he shook his fists—in size and color like an old ham—alternatively at Old and Young Tom.

"Heh, ye ole turkey-buzzard! I take you in dar to recommend me, an' you tell all dem lies. You want to drive yourself, heh! An' you black calf, you sot up to drive gemplum's carriage, did you? Mass' Porte too smart to have any sich 'bout him!"

Old Tom's indignation at this indecorous conduct knew no bounds. He pitched into Mice incontinently, and bestowed a shower of kicks and cuffs upon his carcass. Tom's honest endeavors were so little appreciated that they only served to increase the monster's merriment. "Yah, yah! lame grasshopper kick me!" shouted he, escaping from the kitchen; and making a wry face through the window at Tom, he swung himself off to the stables to "look arter his critters."

A couple of pipes with some tobacco, and a cast-off coat, soothed the mortification of the senior and junior Tom to such an extent that they were both seen the next morning actually assisting Mice in getting out the carriage.—*Virginia Illustrated*.

STUBBS, WILLIAM, an English clergyman and historian; born at Knaresborough, June 21, 1825; died at Oxford, April 22, 1901. He was graduated from Christ Church, Oxford, taking a first-class in classics and a third-class in mathematics. He was ordained in 1848, and became Vicar of Never-

stock in 1850. In 1862 he received the appointment of librarian to the Archbishop of Canterbury, at his palace at Lambeth. From 1860 to 1866 he was Inspector of Schools for the diocese of Rochester. In 1866 he was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. In 1869 he was made curator of the Bodleian Library at Oxford. In 1875 he was presented to the Rectory of Cholderton, but resigned in 1879 on being appointed Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's. He published several works relating mainly to the ecclesiastical and political archæology of England. His principal works in the department of English history are: *Chronicles and Memorials of Richard I.* (1865); *Select Charters, and Other Illustrations of English Constitutional History* (1870); *The Constitutional History of England, in its Origin and Development* (3 vols., 1874, 1875, 1878); *History of the University of Dublin* (1890). Other works of interest are: *The Early Plantagenets* (Epochs of History Series) (1876); *Memorials of St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury* (1874); and *Chronicles of the Reigns of Edward I. and Edward II.* (1882-83).

ENGLAND UNDER THE HOUSE OF LANCASTER.

The history of the three Lancastrian reigns (Henry IV., Henry V., and Henry VI.—1399-1461) has a double interest. It contains not only the foundation, consolidation, and destruction of a fabric of dynastic power, but parallel with it, the trial and failure of a great constitutional experiment; a premature testing of the strength of the parliamentary system. The system does not indeed break under the strain, but it bends and warps so as to show itself unequal to the burden; and instead of arbitrating between the other forces of the time, the parliamentary constitution finds itself either superseded alto-

gether, or reduced to the position of a mere engine which these forces can manipulate at will. The sounder and stronger elements of English life seem to be exhausted, and the dangerous forces avail themselves of the weapons with equal disregard to the result. Although the deposition of Richard II. and the accession of Henry IV. were not the pure and legitimate result of a series of constitutional workings, there were many reasons for regarding the revolution of which they were a part as only slightly premature; the constitutional forces appeared ripe, although the particular occasion of their exertion was to a certain extent accidental, and to a certain extent the result of private rather than public causes.

Richard's tyranny deserved deposition had there been no Henry to revenge a private wrong ; Henry's qualifications for sovereign power were adequate, even if he had not a great injury to avenge and a great cause to defend. The experiment of governing England constitutionally seemed likely to be fairly tried. Henry could not, without discarding all the principles which he had ever professed, even attempt to rule as Richard II. and Edward III. had ruled. He had great personal advantages. If he were not spontaneously chosen by the nation, he was enthusiastically welcomed by them; he was in the closest alliance with the clergy, and of the greater baronage there was scarcely one who could not count cousinship with him. He was reputed to be rich, not only on the strength of his great inheritance, but in the possession of the treasures which Richard had amassed, to his own ruin. He was a man of high reputation for all the virtues of chivalry and morality; and possessed in his four young sons a pledge to assure the nation that it would not soon be troubled with a question of succession, or endangered by a policy that would risk the fortunes of so noble a posterity. Yet the seeds of future difficulties were contained in every one of the advantages of Henry's position — difficulties that would increase with the growth and consolidation of his rule, grow stronger as the dynasty grew older, and in the end prove too great both for the men and the system.

— *Constitutional History of England.*

HENRY IV. OF ENGLAND.

The character of Henry IV. has been drawn by later historians with a definiteness of outline altogether disproportioned to the details furnished by contemporaries. Like the whole period on which we are entering, the portrait has been affected by controversial views and political analogies. If the struggle between Lancaster and York obscured the lineaments of the man in the view of the partisans of the fifteenth century, the questions of legitimacy, usurpation, divine right, and indefeasible royalty obscured them in the minds of later writers. There is scarcely one in the whole line of our kings of whose personality it is so difficult to get any definite idea. The impression produced by his earlier career is so inconsistent with that derived from his later life, and from his conduct as a king, that they seem scarcely reconcilable as traits of one life. We are tempted to think that, like other men who have taken part in great crises, or in whose life a great crisis has taken place, he underwent some deep change of character at the critical point.

As Henry of Derby he is the adventurous, chivalrous Crusader; prompt, energetic, laborious; the man of impulse rather than of judgment; led sometimes by his uncle Gloucester, sometimes by his father; yet independent in action, averse to bloodshed, strong in constitutional belief. If with Gloucester and Arundel he is an appellant in 1388, it is against the unconstitutional position of the favorites; if, against Gloucester and Arundel in 1397, he takes part with John of Gaunt and Richard, it is because he believes his old allies have crossed the line which separates legal opposition from treason and conspiracy. On both these critical occasions he shows good faith and honest intent rather than policy or foresight. As king we find him suspicious, cold-blooded, and politic; undecided in action, cautious and jealous in private and public relations; and, if not personally cruel, willing to sanction and profit by the cruelty of others. . . .

Although he was a great king and the founder of a dynasty, the labor and sorrow of his task were ever more

present to him than the solid success which his son was to inherit. Always in deep debt, always kept on the alert by the Scotch and the Welsh: wavering between two opposite lines of policy with regard to France; teased by the Parliament, which interfered with his household, and grudged him supplies; worried by the clergy, to whom he had promised more than he could fulfil; continually alarmed by attempts on his life, disappointed in his second marriage, bereft by treason of the aid of those whom he had trusted in his youth, and dreading to be supplanted by his own son; ever in danger of becoming the sport of Court factions which he had failed to extinguish or reconcile — he seems to us a man whose life was embittered by the knowledge that he had taken on himself a task for which he was unequal; whose conscience, ill-informed as it may have been, had soured him; and who felt that the judgments of men, at least, would deal hardly with him when he was dead. — *Constitutional History of England.*

STURGIS, JULIAN, an English novelist; born at Boston, Mass., October 21, 1848; died at London, April 13, 1904. He published in 1879 *English Life in Venice*, highly finished and analytical; in 1880, *Little Comedies*, some of them favorites in private theatricals; in 1882, *Dick's Wandering*, the heroine an American girl, with an English lover; in 1885, *John Maidment*, a political novel; in 1887, *Thraldom*, a study of personal magnetism. Besides these are his *My Friends and I*; *An Accomplished Gentleman*; *John-a-Dreams*; *After Twenty Years*; and *Count Julian*. His work is carefully and delicately done, often with much quiet, satirical humor.

MISS FALCONHURST.

During the first days of his visit to us Gentle Georgie had declined, with his usual air of laziness, to go to the Castle or to know its inmates. At first he said, as he generally said, that it was too much trouble; he maintained languidly that his constitution required complete repose after his journey. When he had reposed for eight-and-forty hours, he passed easily to a new excuse. . . .

For a full week George Effingham declined to accompany us on our daily walk. He smiled on our start, and said he asked nothing but to be let alone—to be left on the sofa and to the labors necessary for his schools. At the end of the week he rose and stretched himself.

"I find," he said, smiling, "that I am not quite good enough for the hermit's life. As you fellows keep all your conversation for the people on the hill, I must go thither, too, or consent to forego the voice of man."

We thought that this was intended for a jest, for we had long ceased to urge him to accompany us; but when we climbed to the terrace on the afternoon of that day we found him in close conversation with General Falconhurst. The General held him by the button, and Gentle Georgie, with amiable nods and brief speeches, was confirming his new acquaintance in all his false ideas of University life. It was annoying to some of us to find that Georgie immediately became the General's favorite. He smiled pleasantly when the elderly gentleman talked; it was never any trouble to him to smile. As usual, he smiled himself into favor.

But though George Effingham with usual luck delighted the father, his smiling and his soft, lazy speech seemed to produce a precisely opposite effect in the daughter. Miss Falconhurst had the air of being irritated by the very first word George Effingham spoke in her presence. . . .

Before their acquaintance was an hour old she had begun to throw darts at Georgie. Each time they met, the darts were sharper and more frequent. She seemed bent on rousing him from his invincible good temper. It was well-nigh impossible. The more energetic her attack, the

more languid his defense. He surrendered every position with a light heart; and with a light heart he reoccupied them all when the engagement was over. The sharper her tongue, the more pleasure appeared in his smile. He seemed to take a gentle interest in his own wounds, in wondering when the next dart was coming, and where it would strike him. So were all his powers concentrated into pure exasperation. Every day he carried to her home a small offering of sentiments which were calculated to annoy the lady. He not only shaped his speech, but also his life, to the same good end. He delighted to come lounging in the character which would most surely irritate her. He discovered at once her love of heroism and self-sacrifice; therefore he plumed himself ostentatiously on selfishness and cowardice. He would do nothing but sit in the sun, when it was warm enough on the terrace, or by the fire when the mists crept up from the sea. He refused a mount on the ground that he was afraid of horses; he said that his nerves could not bear the sound of a gun; he lisped forth his opinions, that it was too much trouble to play games. Now none of these reasons was true, as I very well knew. They are reasons which I might have urged in my own case, with far more truth; since I confess that I join in the sports and pastimes of young men less from any natural inclination than from a strong desire to be with the young men themselves—to see what they are doing, to find out what they are thinking. But George Effingham is not like me. He is a very pretty horseman, and was one of the best tennis-players in our time at Oxford. Indeed, he is one of those men who do most things well, and with the crowning grace of apparent ease. He seems to sit well on a horse, because it would be an effort to him to sit otherwise; to place a ball in the right place, because his racket so willed it, and he would not balk his racket. In short, there seemed to be but one true reason for Gentle Geordie's conduct at the castle—the desire to irritate Honoria Falconhurst. He was very polite in manner, always sweet-tempered as a cherub; and when he begged that his attendance might be excused, he would plead with a childlike look the meanest motives. It was too much trouble; or he was frightened; or he

didn't see what good *he* could get out of it. Such were his excuses, and so the young lady was moved to looks of scorn and to hasty speech. She shot arrows into him, whereat he smiled as if tickled; she threw caps in his way, which, though to her eye they fitted him to a nicety, he would by means wear. It was a very pretty game for the spectators; and yet I could see that it afforded no pleasure to Michael Horatio Belbin. . . .

"Oh, why did you neglect your opportunity?" I said, almost blaming him in my vexation. "Why didn't you go to her fresh from saving George Effingham — from your heroic action — then you would have won the whole thing."

"It was too late."

"Too late!"

"The second time that Geordie went to the castle, I knew what would be."

"They did nothing but quarrel."

Michael looked at me, and even smiled as he said, "I have eyes."

I knew he had eyes. But had I not eyes, too?

"Effingham's luck is something which defies calculation," I said crossly; for I was annoyed.

"He deserves it," said Michael; "and no man could take it better; he has the sweetest temper in the world, and yet she may trust him; he will make her happy." His voice had dropped, and he seemed to be speaking to himself. Then he looked at me again and smiled.

"The ever-victorious Geordie," he said, softly. — *My Friends and I.*

STURGIS, RUSSELL, an American architect and editor; born at Baltimore, Md., October 16, 1836. He was graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1856. He has written and lectured on art topics and has edited the art de-

partment of *The Century Dictionary*; *The International Dictionary*; *Encyclopedia Americana*, and in 1901, published a *Dictionary of Architecture*. He has also published *European Architecture* (1896); *Annotated Bibliography of Fine Art* (1897); *The Artist's Way of Work* (1905); *The Appreciation of Pictures* (1905).

POLYCHROMY.

Polychromy is literally the use of many colors and generally used in the sense of decorative work by means of brilliant coloring or that which is brilliant in comparison with other work of the same class and character. Thus a fitting together of building-stones in patterns is polychromy, although the hues of the sand-stone or limestone or marble are not positive nor strongly contrasted with one another. In French Romanesque architecture, as also in modern imitations of it, like Trinity Church, Boston, Mass., the sand-stones are of two or three different shades of reddish brown, and an additional hue approaching buff; and yet this very moderate degree of contrast, when used deliberately in pattern, is called polychromy. On the other hand, polychromatic painting is always assumed to be in primary colors, or those which nearly approach them in brilliancy. Thus the painting of a Grecian Doric temple in the fifth century A. D. is known to have been in great measure carried out in the unmixed natural pigments as strong and pure as they could be procured; red and deep blue, with a free use of metallic gold in the form of gilt, bronze or the like, and the rather frequent introduction of such secondary colors as green and purple.

Color effects in architecture are as ancient as architecture itself. It never seems to have occurred to an Egyptian builder to leave his lime-stone walls unadorned with polychromatic effects, nor to the sculptor engaged in carving reliefs on those walls or statues to set up against them, that such human and animal forms could ever be left in the natural color of the stone. Sculpture

was always completed by the paint-brush except in those cases where, chiefly for display or in the spirit of sacrifice, there was used a very costly and very hard material of some importance in its own surface and color. Thus an Egyptian statue of diorite or basalt, or a Roman statue of the imperial epoch wrought in black marble, or a portrait bust with the head and neck of white marble inserted into the draped shoulders and torso wrought in the most precious Oriental alabaster or beautiful veined marble from Greece or Numidia, would not be painted; and any polychromy that would be added by hand would be in the nature of gilding applied to the hair or the ornaments. So the bronze statue, highly esteemed for its material, which was always accepted as superior to marble or other natural stone, would receive eyes of hard natural stone or of glass, and perhaps gilding as mentioned above, but nothing more. On the other hand, some modern work in experimental polychromy has been carried farther; thus the statues and busts of Charles Henri Cordier have been adorned with enamel applied freely to articles of costume, to the harp of an Egyptian harp-player, in addition to the approximation of the natural color of skin and of drapery. In the Paris Exposition of 1900 there were exquisite statuettes wrought in the precious materials, onyx, agate, alabaster and the like, with bronze of many colors or in other cases in carved and stained ivory. The most impressive piece of work of this kind was the statue by Ernest Barrias, *Nature Unveiling Herself*, a statue somewhat larger than life, of which the whole lower part representing the body from the breast downward, with its drapery, is wrought of a single block of marble of unusual beauty — a superb piece of red and purple veining — while the breast and shoulders, arms and head, are in white marble, the hair and eyes being stained, and the veil is of a natural stone of a delicate buff or perhaps greenish yellow tinge.

Polychromy in painting has not been so commonly used in modern times. For some reason painting, when applied in merely flat and unchanging masses, is looked on with some contempt by modern decorators; and the

artist who controls a more complete skill, whose painted work is characterized by all the art of gradation and harmony known to the modern world, abstains from doing such purely decorative work. It was not so in antiquity, for while no fragment remains to us of the highest development of chromatic effect in sculpture, on the other hand there were no texts more intelligible than those which set forth the practice of employing painters of name and fame to adorn with color the works of the sculptors. An early but most interesting example of what this work must have been is seen in the draped statues discovered on the Acropolis in 1883 and 1886. The color is disappearing rapidly; but when it was taken from the ground it was brilliant. The outer garment (himation or peplos) has in every case a rich border of two or three contrasting hues; the larger surfaces of the stuff are shown as covered with a pattern in spots of small foliated figures; and the under garment (chiton), where visible, is often painted in a strong, deep green, which was probably in the first place more nearly blue. Hair, eyes, lips, and all the jewelry shown, such as ear-rings, are treated separately and with what seems to have been a free use of gilding.

The great masters of polychromy are, however, the Persians and the civilized races of Asia generally. Beauty of pattern is especially the Persian gift; but this merit is shared by the people of the Indian Peninsula and by the Chinese and the Japanese, and in a lesser degree by the Malays and the inhabitants of Farther India. Even the peoples of very low civilization in the north, the original inhabitants of Siberia, showed a marked gift in the arranging of decorative patterns. Both the Japanese and Chinese use polychromy in their larger works, temples and the like, with great freedom and with perfect success; the Japanese limiting brilliant effects rather to the interior and to special details of the exterior, while the Chinese had at one time the great art of polychromatic building, using their enamelled potteries with perfect freedom.—*From the Encyclopedia Americana.*

SUCKLING, SIR JOHN, an English dramatist and poet; born at Whitton, Middlesex, February 10, 1609; died at Paris in 1642. In 1623 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and five years later traveled on the Continent. As an attendant of the Marquis of Hamilton, he served in the army of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. Against the Scottish Covenanters, he equipped at his own great expense the most conspicuous troop of Cavaliers, clad in scarlet and white. In 1640 he entered the Long Parliament. As a conspirator for the rescue of the Earl of Strafford from the Tower he was obliged to flee to France, where he is supposed to have committed suicide.

Suckling's literary work consisted of numerous verses and masques written with a desire to please his lord and master, Charles I. He was perhaps, the first to produce a play with elaborate scenery and stage settings. This was *Aglaura*, a tragedy (1637). The piece was first played on Christmas and reproduced the following Easter, with certain ingenious changes in the fifth act to make it end happily, as the tragic finale was distasteful to the ladies of the Court. He next produced *Goblins*, a comedy, and in 1639, *Brennoralt*, also a tragedy. He began, but never completed, *The Sad One*, another tragedy. His reputation as a poet rests upon his minor poems rather than upon his dramas. They have wit and fancy, and at times admirable diction. The best, perhaps, is the *Ballad upon a Wedding*.

SONG.

When, dearest, I but think of thee,
 Methinks all things that lovely be
 Are present, and my soul delighted:
 For, beauties that from worth arise
 Are like the grace of deities,
 Still present with us, though unsighted.

Thus while I sit, and sigh the day
 With all his borrowed lights away,
 Till night's black wings do overtake me,
 Thinking on thee — thy beauties then,
 As sudden lights do sleeping men,
 So they by their bright lights awake me.
 Thus absence dies, and dying proves
 No absence can subsist with loves
 That do partake of fair perfection;
 Since in the darkest night they may
 By love's quick motion find a way
 To see each other by reflection.

The waving sea can with each flood
 Bathe some high promont that hath stood
 Far from the main up in the river:
 Oh, think not then but love can do
 As much, for that's an ocean, too,
 Which flows not every day, but ever.

TO AN HONEST LOVER.

Honest lover whatsoever,
 If in all thy love there ever
 Was one wavering thought; if thy flame
 Were not still even, still the same:
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again and love anew.

If when she appears i' th' room,
 Thou dost not quake, and are struck dumb,
 And in striving this to cover,
 Dost not speak thy words twice over,

 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again and love anew.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
 And all defects for graces take,
 Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken,
 When she hath little or nothing spoken,

 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again and love anew. . . .

If by this thou dost discover
 That thou art no perfect lover,
 And desiring to love true,
 Thou dost begin to love anew,

 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again and love anew.

THE BRIDE.

The maid, and thereby hangs a tale,
 For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
 Could ever yet produce:
 No grape that's kindly ripe could be
 So round, so plump, so soft as she,
 Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
 Would not stay on which they did bring, —
 It was too wide a peck;
 And, to say the truth — for out it must —
 It looked like the great collar — just —
 About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
 Like little mice, stole in and out,
 As if they feared the light;
 But, oh, she dances such a way!
 No sun upon an Easter-day
 Is half so fine a sight.

.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
 No daisy makes comparison;
 Who sees them is undone;
 For streaks of red were mingled there,
 Such as are on a Katherine pear,
 The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
 Compared to that was next her chin,
 Some bee had stung it newly;
 But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
 I durst no more upon them gaze,
 Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
 Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
 That they might passage get;
 But she so handled still the matter,
 They came as good as ours, or better,
 And are not spent a whit.
 —*From a Ballad upon a Wedding.*

CONSTANCY.

Out upon it. I have loved
 Three whole days together;
 And am like to love three more,
 If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
 Ere he shall discover
 In the whole wide world again
 Such a constant lover.

But the spite on 't is, no praise
Is due at all to me;
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen in her place.

WHY SO PALE AND WAN?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee thee, why so pale?
Will when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee thee, why so pale!

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee thee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't!
Prithee thee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her:
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her;
The devil take her!

I PRITHEE SEND ME BACK MY HEART

I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet, now I think on 't, let it lie;
To find it were in vain;
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
O Love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolved
I then am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe;
I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.

SUDERMANN, HERMANN, a German dramatist and novelist; born at Matzicken, East Prussia, December 9, 1857. He studied at Königsberg and Berlin, and was engaged as a private tutor, employing his spare time in contributing to the press, when his drama *Die Ehre* (1890), a treatment of the social question, was produced and he became famous. *Frau Sorge* (1887), a novel which has been highly praised, has been Englished under the name *Dame Care* (1892). His other works include *Sodom's Ende* (1891); *Die Heimath* (1893), and *Die Schmetterlings-schlacht* (1894); *The Joy of Living* (1902), plays, and a number of novels and short stories, of which *Der Katzensteg* (1889) and *Es War* are highly praised.

A REPULSIVE MUSICIAN.

Paul had often asked himself what such flute-playing sounded like, and what kind of people they were who were initiated into the mysteries of it. He formed a high opinion of them, and thought that they must always cherish high and holy thoughts, such as arose in his own mind occasionally when he was deeply absorbed in his whistling.

And then came the day when he was to see a flute-player face to face.

It was a dreary, stormy afternoon in the month of November. It began to get dark already as he left school and slowly walked along the village road to go home. Issuing from the public-house, which used to be frequented by all the rogues of the neighborhood, wonderful sounds met his ear. He had never heard the like, but he immediately knew this must be a flute-player. Eagerly listening, he stopped at the door of the public-house. His heart beat loudly, his limbs trembled. The sounds were very much like his whistling, only much fuller and softer. "Such music the angels must make at His throne," he thought to himself.

Only one thing was inexplicable to him: how this flute-playing, which sounded so sad and plaintive, could come from such a place of ill-repute. The shouts and the clinking of glasses which sounded in between filled his soul with horror. Sudden rage seized him; if he had been tall and strong he would have sprung into the house and turned all these noisy and drunken people into the street, so that the holy sounds should not be profaned.

At this moment the door was thrown open; a drunken workman reeled past him, an obnoxious odor issued forth. Louder still grew the noise; the tones of the flute could scarcely make themselves heard above it.

Then he took courage, and before the door was closed pressed through the narrow opening into the inner room of the public-house.

He stood there, squeezed behind an empty brandy-cask. Nobody heeded him.

During the first few moments he could not distinguish anything.

The oppressive atmosphere and the noise had overwhelmed his senses, and the tones of the flute grew harsh and unmelodious, so that they hurt his ears.

In the midst of the yelling and stamping people sat a ragged fellow on an upturned cask; he had a bloated, pimply face, a brandy-nose, and black, greasy hair—a figure the sight of which made Paul shudder. It was he who had played the flute.

Petrified with horror, the boy stared at him. It seemed to him as if the heavens were falling and the world going to ruin.

The musician now put down his flute, uttered a few coarse words in a rough, hoarse voice, greedily swallowed the brandy which was handed to him by the by-standers, and, beating time with his feet, began playing a vulgar ballad, which the listeners accompanied with loud brawling.

Then Paul fled from the den, and ran and ran till he was perfectly dizzy, as if he wished to escape from his own thoughts.

When he was alone on the storm-swept heath, from the extremity of which a sulphurous streak of evening light was shining, he stopped, hid his face in his hands, and cried bitterly.

In the winter which followed, Paul stopped whistling altogether, and flute-playing disgusted him even more. When he thought of it there stood before his eyes the figure of the outcast who had profaned his yearnings for art.—*From Dame Care.*

THE FAIRY-TALE OF DAME CARE.

There was once a mother, to whom the good God had given a son, but she was so poor and lonely that she had nobody who could stand godmother to him. And she sighed, and said, "Where shall I get a godmother from?" Then one evening at dusk there came a woman to her house who was dressed in gray and had a gray veil over her head. She said, "I will be your son's godmother,

and I will take care that he grows up a good man and does not let you starve; but you must give me his soul."

Then his mother trembled, and said, "Who are you?"

"I am Dame Care," answered the gray woman; and the mother wept; but as she suffered much from hunger, she gave the woman her son's soul and she was his god-mother.

And her son grew up and worked hard to procure her bread. But as he had no soul, he had no joy and no youth, and he often looked at his mother with reproachful eyes, as if he would ask, "Mother, where is my soul?"

Then the mother grew sad and went out to find him a soul. She asked the stars in the sky, "Will you give me a soul?" But they said, "He is too low for that." And she asked the flowers on the heath; they said, "He is too ugly." And she asked the birds in the trees; they said, "He is too sad." And she asked the high trees; they said, "He is too humble." And she asked the clever serpents, but they said, "He is too stupid."

Then she went away, weeping. And in the wood she met a young and beautiful princess surrounded by her court.

And because she saw the mother weeping she descended from her horse and took her to the castle, which was all built of gold and precious stones.

There she asked, "Tell me why you weep?" And the mother told the princess of her grief that she could not procure her son a soul, nor joy and youth.

Then said the princess, "I cannot see anybody weep; I will tell you something — I will give him my soul."

Then the mother fell down before her and kissed her hands.

"But," said the princess, "I will not do it for nothing; he must ask me for it." Then the mother went to her son, but Dame Care had laid her gray veil over his head, so that he was blind and could not see the princess.

And the mother pleaded, "Dear Dame Care, set him free."

But Dame Care smiled — and whoever saw her smile was forced to weep — and she said, "He must free himself."

"How can he do that?" asked the mother.

"He must sacrifice to me all that he loves," said Dame Care.

Then the mother grieved very much, and lay down and died. But the princess waits for her suitor to this very day.

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"Mother, mother," he cried, and sank down on the grave.

"Come," said Elsbeth, struggling with her tears as she laid her hand on his shoulder; "Let mother be, she is at peace; and she shall not harm us any more — your wicked Dame Care."—*From Dame Care.*



SUE, MARIE-JOSEPH EUGENE ("EUGENE SUE"), A French novelist; born at Paris, December 10, 1804; died at Annecy, Savoy, July 3, 1857. He was the son of Jean Joseph Sue, from whom he inherited considerable wealth. His sponsors were Prince Eugène Beauharnais and the Empress Josephine, from the former of whom he took the name of Eugène, which he prefixed to his own for a pseudonym. For a time he was surgeon in the army, then gave himself to painting, and finally became an author. From 1830 to 1833 he wrote stories of the sea; these were followed by historical romances — *Jean Cavalier*; *the Count of Létorières*; and *The Commander of Malta*. *The Mysteries of Paris* appeared in 1842, and *The Wandering Jew* in 1846. Other works are *Mathilde* and *Thérèse Dunoyer*. He was elected to the National Assembly in 1850. *The Mysteries of Paris* and *The Wandering Jew* were

among the most popular specimens of the romance feuilleton, then at the height of its popularity.

THE WANDERING JEW AT PARIS.

It is night. The moon shines and the stars glimmer in the midst of a serene but cheerless sky; the sharp whistlings of the north wind, that fatal, dry, and icy breeze, ever and anon burst forth in violent gusts. With its harsh and cutting breath, it sweeps Montmartres Heights. On the highest point of the hills, a man is standing. His long shadow is cast upon the stony, moon-lit ground. He gazes on the immense city, which lies outspread beneath his feet. PARIS — with the dark outline of its towers, cupolas, domes, and steeples, standing out from the limpid blue of the horizon, while from the midst of the ocean of masonry, rises a luminous vapor, that reddens the starry azure of the sky. It is the distant reflection of the thousand fires, which at night, the hour of pleasures, light up so joyously the noisy capital.

"No," said the wayfarer; "it is not to be. The Lord will not exact it. Is not *twice* enough?"

"Five centuries ago, the avenging hand of the Almighty drove me hither from the uttermost confines of Asia. A solitary traveller, I had left behind me more grief, despair, disaster, and death, than the innumerable armies of a hundred devastating conquerors. I entered this town, and it, too, was decimated. Again, two centuries ago, the inexorable hand, which leads me through the world, brought me once more hither; and then, as the time before, the plague, which the Almighty attaches to my steps, again ravaged this city, and fell first on my brethren, already worn out with labor and misery.

"My brethren — mine? — the cobbler of Jerusalem, the artisan accused by the Lord, who, in my person, condemned the whole race of workmen, ever suffering, ever disinherited, ever in slavery, toiling on like me without rest or pause, without recompense or hope, till men, women, and children, young and old, all die beneath the same iron yoke — that murderous yoke, which others take

in their turn, thus to be borne from age to age on the submissive and bruised shoulders of the masses.

"And now, for the third time in five centuries, I reach the summit of one of the hills that overlook the city. And perhaps I again bring with me fear, desolation, and death.

"Yet this city, intoxicated with the sounds of its joys and its nocturnal revelries, does not know — oh! does not know — that *I* am at its gates.

"But no, no! my presence will not be a new calamity. The Lord, in His impenetrable views, has hitherto led me through France, so as to avoid the humblest hamlet; and the sound of the funeral knell has not accompanied my passage.

"And, moreover, the spectre has left me — the green, livid spectre, with its hollow, blood-shot eyes. When I touched the soil of France, its damp and icy hand was no longer clasped in mine — and it disappeared.

"And yet — I feel that the atmosphere of death is around me. The sharp whistlings of that fatal wind cease not, which, catching me in their whirl, seem to propagate blasting and mildew as they blow.

"But perhaps the wrath of the Lord is appeased, and my presence here is only a threat — to be communicated in some way to those whom it should intimidate.

"Yes; for otherwise He would smite with a fearful blow, by first scattering terror and death here in the heart of the country, in the bosom of this immense city!

"Oh! no, no! the Lord will be merciful. No! He will not condemn me to this new torture.

"Alas! in this city, my brethren are more numerous and miserable than elsewhere. And should I be their messenger of death?

"No! the Lord will have pity. For, alas! the seven descendants of my sister have at length met in this town. And to them likewise should I be the messenger of death, instead of the help they so much need?

"For that woman, who like me wanders from one border of the earth to the other, after having once more rent asunder the nets of their enemies, has gone forth upon her endless journey.

"In vain she foresaw that new misfortunes threatened my sister's family. The invisible hand that drives me on drives *her* on also.

"Carried away, as of old, by the irresistible whirlwind, at the moment of leaving my kindred to their fate, she in vain cried with supplicating tone:

"'Let me at least, O Lord, complete my task!—'Go ON!'—'A few days, in mercy, only a few poor days!'—'Go ON!'—I leave those I love on the brink of the abyss!'—'Go ON! Go ON!'

"And the wandering star again started on its eternal round. And her voice, passing through space, called on me to the assistance of mine own.

"When that voice reached me, I knew that the descendants of my sister were still exposed to frightful perils. These perils are even now on the increase.

"Tell me, O Lord! will they escape the scourge, which for so many centuries has weighed down our race?

"Wilt Thou pardon me in them? wilt Thou punish me in them? Oh, that they might obey the last will of their ancestor!

"Oh, that they might join together their charitable hearts, their valor and their strength, their noble intelligence, and their great riches!

"They would then labor for the future happiness of humanity—they would thus, perhaps, redeem me from my eternal punishment!

"The words of the Son of Man, LOVE YE ONE ANOTHER, will be their only end, their only means." — *The Wandering Jew*.

SUETONIUS, CAIUS TRANQUILLUS, a Roman biographer; born about 70 A.D.; died about 141 A.D. He was the son of a tribune of the army, practiced law, and held the office of Secretary to the Emperor Hadrian. For character and various

learning he was held in high esteem in his time and since. But few of his many works have been preserved, and these are of great value, viz., the *Lives of the Twelve Cæsars*, and brief lives of grammarians (*literati*), and of rhetoricians (*orators*).

It seems from occasional references which he makes to himself that he was a young man during the reign of Domitian, and doubtless had opportunities of conversing with men who had lived in the days of Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius and Nero, and witnessed some of the scenes of civil war and anarchy which followed the reign of the latter. He was a friend of the younger Pliny and a contemporary of Tacitus, and he relates much in the way of gossip concerning the customs of the people of the time which the latter considered beneath his notice. *The Lives of the Cæsars* has always been a popular work, especially with students. The lives of the first six Cæsars are much fuller than those of the last six, showing that Suetonius was a careful and industrious compiler rather than an original historian.

Of the Emperors, may be selected Titus, the destroyer of Jerusalem (though he would have saved the Temple) and the builder of the Coliseum—a man who was wonderfully reformed and humanized by accession to power, not brutalized or corrupted, like many of the Emperors.

THE EMPEROR TITUS

He was by nature extremely benevolent: for whereas all the emperors after Tiberius, according to the example he had set them, would not admit the grants made by former princes to be valid, unless they received their own sanction, he confirmed them all by one general edict, with-

out waiting for any applications respecting them. Of all who petitioned for any favor, he sent none away without hopes. And when his ministers represented to him that he promised more than he could perform, he replied, "No one ought to go away downcast from an audience with his prince." Once at supper, reflecting that he had done nothing for any that day, he broke out into that memorable and justly admired saying, "My friends, I have lost a day." More particularly, he treated the people on all occasions with so much courtesy, that, on his presenting them with a show of gladiators, he declared, "He should manage it not according to his own fancy, but that of the spectators," and did accordingly. He denied them nothing, and very frankly encouraged them to ask what they pleased. Espousing the cause of the Thracian party among the gladiators, he frequently joined in the popular demonstrations in their favor, but without compromising his dignity or doing injustice. To omit no opportunity of acquiring popularity, he sometimes made use of the baths he had erected, without excluding the common people. There happened in his reign some dreadful accidents; an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, in Campania, and a fire at Rome, which continued three days and three nights, besides a plague, such as scarcely ever was known. Amidst these many great disasters, he not only manifested the concern which might be expected from a prince, but even the affection of a father for his people; one while comforting them by his proclamations and another while relieving them to the utmost in his power. He chose by lot, from among the men of consular rank, commissioners for repairing the losses in Campania. The estates of those who had perished by the eruption of Vesuvius, and who had left no heirs, he applied to the repairs of the ruined cities. With regard to the public buildings destroyed by fire in the City, he declared that nobody should be a loser but himself. Accordingly, he applied all the ornaments of his palaces to the decoration of the temples, and purposes of public utility, and appointed several men of the equestrian order to superintend the work. For the relief of the people during the plague, he employed, in the way of sacrifice and medicine, all means, both human

and divine. Among the calamities of the times were informers and their agents — a tribe of miscreants who had grown up under the license of former reigns. These he frequently ordered to be scourged or beaten with sticks in the forum, and then, after he had obliged them to pass through the amphitheatre as a public spectacle, commanded them to be sold for slaves, or else banished to some rocky islands. And to discourage such practices in the future, amongst other things he prohibited actions to be successively brought under different laws for the same cause, or the state of the affairs of deceased persons to be inquired into after a certain number of years.

Having declared that he accepted the office of Pontifex Maximus for the purpose of preserving his hands undefiled, he faithfully adhered to his promise. For after that time he was neither directly nor indirectly concerned in the death of any person, though he sometimes was justly irritated. He swore "that he would perish himself rather than prove the destruction of any man." Two men of patrician rank being convicted of aspiring to the empire, he only advised them to desist, saying "that the sovereign power was disposed of by fate," and promised them that if there was anything else they desired of him, he would grant it. He also immediately sent messengers to the mother of one of them, who was at a great distance, and in deep anxiety about her son, to assure her of his safety. Nay, he not only invited them to sup with him, but next day, at a show of the gladiators, purposely placed them close by him; and handed to them the arms of the combatants for inspection. It is said likewise, that having had their nativities cast, he assured them "that a great calamity was impending on both of them, but from another hand, and not from his." Though his brother was continually plotting against him, almost openly stirring up the armies to rebellion, and contriving to get away, yet he could not endure to put him to death, or to banish him from his presence; nor did he treat him with less respect than before. But, from his first accession to the empire, he constantly declared him his partner in it, and that he should be his successor; and begging of him sometimes in private, with tears in his eyes, "to return the affection

he had for him." Amidst all these favorable circumstances, he was cut off by an untimely death, more to the loss of mankind than himself.

SULLIVAN, THOMAS RUSSELL, an American novelist, poet and dramatist; born at Boston, Mass., November 21, 1849. He was prepared for Harvard College, but did not enter, beginning instead a business life in Boston, 1866-70; then in Paris, 1870-73. His principal works are dramatic adaptations from the French, and (in collaboration) two original plays, *The Catpaw* (1881) and *Merely Players* (1886); poems in the *Century*, *Lippincott*, *Life*, etc. (1880-85); *Roses in Shadow*, a novel (1885); dramatization of Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1886); *Day and Night Stories* (1890-93); and *Tom Sylvester* (1893). He was joint author with W. W. Chamberlain of *Hearts Are Trumps* (produced in 1878), and *Midsummer Madness* (produced in 1880).

NEW ENGLAND GRANITE

"Your happy household is your best argument," said Luxmore; "but think of the risk they run in saying 'yes.' Look around you at the unhappy marriages."

"Nonsense. The man runs his risk, doesn't he? Why not the woman? Because she is too self-centred; she will not let herself go a single instant. . . . Look at the case in point. Here is Sylvia Belknap, young, lovely, rich beyond reckoning. She has no near relatives; she lives alone with her servants and her companion, Miss Winchester. It is the most selfish and limited of lives. She writes her checks, studies her art and her philosophy,

cuts the leaves of her review, dines, dances, and her day is done. Unluckily her coldness, that should repel, attracts. More than one better man that she deserves to get has dangled after her and come to grief. She cannot understand it, she has improved all antiquated ideas away. I have no patience with such a temperament. Her smile makes me think of a vein of quartz in its granite setting. She is like the reef out there — the waves rush at it and the biggest can only dash itself to pieces. What are you laughing at now?"

"Only to think that the gods made Mordaunt poetical."

It was the following autumn that Luxmore's "Circe and Ulysses" — his first great picture — made him suddenly famous. Long before the summer there came rumors that he was bent, at last, upon that higher flight from which his self-distrust had hitherto deterred him. The world saw less of him than of old. And, though he looked pale and worn, his air of hopeful determination showed that he was dealing with a problem which hard work would solve. Mordaunt and one or two other friends saw the work in progress and promised great things. Great things, therefore, were expected. And the result, given to the public, surpassed expectation.

He had chosen the moment of the king's first meeting with the enchantress, when, armed with the sprig of moly, he draws his sword defiantly, declining to become a brute at her command. The figures, of life-size, were superbly modelled; the composition was original and fine, the color fully worthy of it. His triumph proved in every way complete. An English amateur pounced upon the picture, paying without a murmur the sum he demanded for it, carrying it off to London. Hard upon this followed an order for a pendant at his own price. His long apprenticeship had not been served in vain. His reputation rose at last; he had but to sustain the bubble, now soaring into sight of all the world.

From misfortune, fortune. There can be no doubt that to what, in technical phrase, may be termed heart-failure Luxmore's first success was due. In that memorable winter twilight he had broken down utterly at the sight of Sylvia's roses still surviving the desolation of his home.

Home! He had hoped for one, and the echo of that hope, resounding in the lonely place, brought him hours of anguish—days and nights of it, scoring themselves like years. For age is measured more by lost illusions than by actual flight of time. One or two intimate friends saw the change in him and remarked upon it; but they invited no confidences, and he made none. He met the world's glance without flinching, walked erect with a firm step, hugging to himself his "gnawing sorrow" as bravely as a Spartan. Mordaunt alone suspected the truth; but even to him it remained always a mere suspicion. He became, none the less, a model of discreet and devoted friendship. Various were the devices he employed to change the current of his comrade's thoughts, to shorten his hours of solitude. . . .

The stupor slowly wore itself away, to be succeeded by a fierce reaction. An hour came when Luxmore woke and said: "She has ruined one man; she shall be the making of another. I cannot hate her. I will forget her. I am not like Selden." He plunged into work, wearily enough at first. Day by day, however, gaining strength from this healthful stimulus, he applied himself more closely, grew more and more at one with his difficult task, found to his delight that something better than his old self had taken possession of him. This it was to live; no earthly joy that he had ever known was comparable to it. Leaving noble work behind them, men were more than men. And if not the fulfilment, the endeavor; to that end men were endowed with souls—"to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

The last fumes of the alembic had cleared way. He knew now that they had lent their colors to an air-drawn shape, a creature of his own mind, totally unreal, perhaps too perfect for material existence. That lovely soul, divine in its perceptions, could never, consciously or unconsciously, have so betrayed two men; for her there would have been no second victim to dismiss with an allusion to the first. She would have been unselfish and considerate, quick to interpret a silence that every look and every act of his had contradicted, eager to avert the merest possibility of danger. With all the weakness of

her sex she would have proved herself the strongest and noblest of women — an angel with a human heart, not a cold abstraction. How well he remembered Mordaunt's warning, when he had fatally disregarded it. She had only to reveal herself, to bring home to him the cleverness of that description. . . .

"I see. Your work absorbs you; you have no other end in life."

"None."

"And does it make you happy?"

"I do not ask so much of it. I have lost a hope, but I have gained a virtue — the virtue of contentment. In this life we are all servants and not masters; the rewards come after. I serve to win them. I live only for a few letters in high relief upon a tombstone — for a statue, perhaps; for fame, immortality, who knows? for happiness elsewhere."

He looked not at her, but straight before him, through the half-empty rooms, toward the Mexican Minister, who had just risen to take leave. A star glittered upon his breast. The light of it flashed in Luxmore's eyes.

At a slight sound beside him he turned his head. One of the slender sticks of her fan had broken in Miss Belknap's hands. "It is nothing," she said, rising. "As you were saying, you have grown older, if not wiser. All your ideas are completely changed."

He rose too. "No," he said. "My ideal — that is all."

"And nothing can change that?"

"Nothing in the world."

She held out her hand once more. "Since you will go, then, I wish you all possible success."

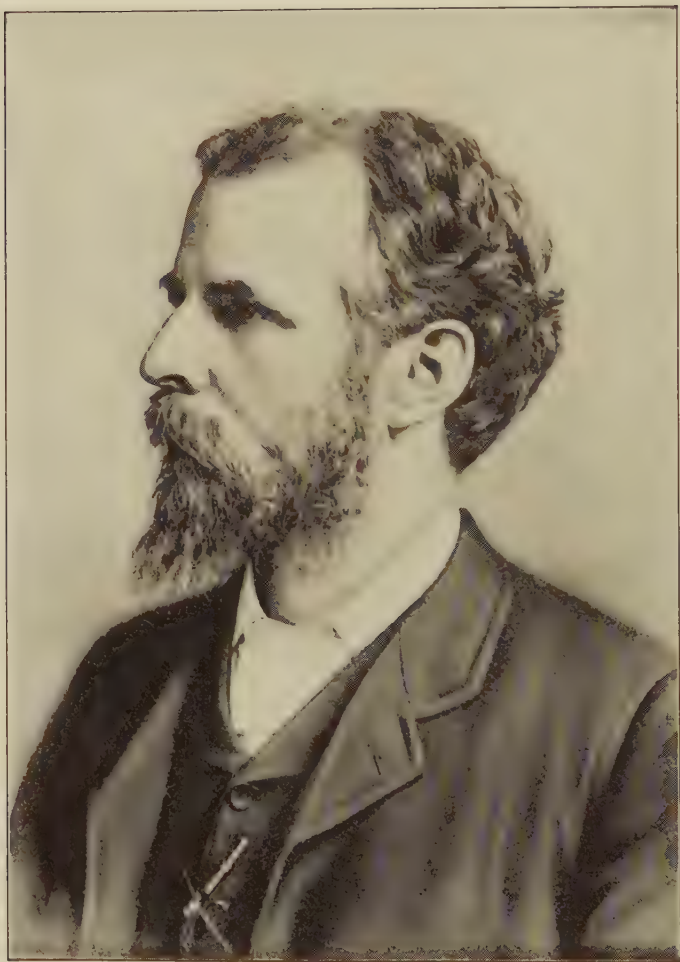
"It is to you that I shall owe it," he replied, looking at her now, as their hands clasped. He could hardly believe his own eyes, for hers were full of tears.

"They are going," he said. "Shall I take you to our hostess?"

"No. I shall stay a little longer. Good-night."

"Good-night — until we meet again!"

On his way home he reviewed their talk lightly, laughing to himself. "And yet," he thought, "she would have flung me over. I would not have trusted her even then."



JAMES SULLY.

That was his conclusion. To his last hour he will never doubt it.

"Until we meet again!" We toss a ball into the air perchance to catch, to return or not, at pleasure. In this case it was returned, but only after twenty years, throughout which Luxmore remained true to his ideal, winning honors, orders, stars as brilliant as the Mexican's. The better to enjoy them he went through the form of denization, and became a British subject. He grew gray and rich and stout and comfortable—but alone. He never married.—*Day and Night Stories.*

SULLY, JAMES, an English philosopher and psychologist; born at Bridgewater, Somersetshire, March 3, 1842. He was educated in the Independent College, Taunton; the Regent's Park College, and the University of Göttingen. In 1871 he began contributing articles to the *Saturday, Fortnightly*, and *Westminster Reviews*. His first work, *Sensation and Intuition: Studies in Psychology and Æsthetics*, appeared in 1874. He contributed the articles "Æsthetics," "Dreams," and "Evolution" to the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Most of his writings are concerned with the modern science of psychology, developed by aid of the physiology of the brain and nervous system. Their bearing, however, is distinctly practical, and questions like the aims of art, the value of human life and of social progress, and the principles of education, are treated. He has served as examiner in philosophy in the University of London, University of Cambridge, and Victoria University. For several years he has held the post of lecturer on the theory of education at the

College of Preceptors, Bloomsbury Square. In 1892 he was appointed to the Grote chair of the Philosophy of Mind and Logic at University College, London.

His works, other than those named, include: *Pessimism: a History and a Criticism* (1877); *Illusions* (1883); *The Outlines of Psychology* (1884); *The Teacher's Handbook of Psychology* (1876); *The Human Mind* (1892); *Children's Ways* (1897).

MODERN PSYCHOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY

The modern science of psychology exhibits traces of each of two tendencies: the spiritualistic and the materialistic.

The first thing to note about this modern branch of inquiry is that it has separated itself, in a measure at least, from philosophy. As a positive science, it aims merely at studying observable facts or phenomena, and drawing inferences from these, according to properly scientific methods of investigation, respecting their laws. As a science of mind, it does not discuss the question of the ultimate nature of spiritual activity, or the substance of mind, and the related question of the immortality of the soul. These it hands over to the branch of philosophy or metaphysics known as Rational or Inferential Psychology, reserving for itself the more modest title of Scientific or Empirical Psychology.

Again, modern psychology has, as a positive science, separated itself from philosophy in another way. As already hinted, the central problem of modern philosophy is the nature and certainty of knowledge. The investigation of this problem was for a time, especially in England by Locke and his successors, carried out by an examination of the contents of mind (ideas and impressions). But it has now come to be recognized that a study of mental processes, *e.g.*, the way in which perceptions and ideas arise, is distinct from a critical inquiry into their validity. As a science, then, psychology confines itself to studying what we call thinking or reasoning as it actu-

ally takes place; that is, as a psychical process determined by certain conditions. The problem of testing the objective validity or truth of our thoughts it hands over to Philosophy, or Theory of Knowledge.

POINTS OF CONTACT BETWEEN PSYCHOLOGY AND PHYSICAL
SCIENCE.

In thus separating itself as a positive science from philosophy, psychology has placed itself more on the level of the physical sciences. Its conceptions of mental phenomena, and of laws to be ascertained by induction from these, have in fact been modelled on the pattern of conceptions reached by physical science. More particularly in its consistent determination to deal with all mental processes as subject to the great law of causation, modern psychology has tended to assimilate itself in one important respect to the physical sciences. Not only so, a distinct approximation of psychology to physical science has recently been effected by the growing recognition of the interaction of mind and body. Our knowledge of the way in which mental activity is connected with the bodily life has been greatly advanced by the recent development of the biological sciences, and more particularly neurology, or the science of the normal functions and functional disturbances of the nervous system. . . . A great deal of new and valuable information has been acquired quite recently respecting the nervous conditions of mental activity, and we are now able to conclude with a high degree of probability that every psychical process or *psychosis* has its correlative nervous process or *neurosis*: and psychologists, while insisting on the disparity of mental and physical processes, have shown themselves ready to acknowledge and profit from all that physiologists discover with respect to the nervous accompaniments of mental states, and the way in which variations in the former affect the latter.

HOW PSYCHOLOGY SEPARATES ITSELF FROM PHYSICAL
SCIENCE.

While the development of the modern science of psychology has thus involved an approximation of this branch of inquiry to physical science, it has not by any means tended to the absorption of the former into the latter.

The modern scientific psychologist follows the tradition of philosophical spiritualism so far as to insist on the radical disparity of the psychical and the physical. He contends that mental phenomena differ in the nature of their elements and in the mode of their grouping, from physical. A sensation is something intrinsically dissimilar to any form of physical movement such as presumably takes place in the nervous system. Consequently psychical processes cannot be included in and studied as a part of the functional activities of the bodily organism. However closely connected with these last, they form a group of phenomena of a quite special kind, and needing separate study.

Again, the modern psychologist contends not only that psychical phenomena are different in kind from physical, but that they have to be approached by a different mode of observation from that which is employed in physical investigation. We cannot study thoughts, sentiments, or desires by means of the senses, as we study bodily movements. They have to be inspected by what is called internal observation or introspection. This self-observation has, as we shall see, its own peculiar difficulties, and, as the history of the science fully illustrates, the successful handling of it presupposes particular gifts and a special training of the investigator.—*The Human Mind, Chap. I.*

THE DREAM AS A COMMUNICATION FROM A SUPERNATURAL
BEING.

It is plain that even in the savage's conception of dreaming there is room for the thought of a divine announcement. When once the idea of superior beings, deities, demons, etc., is reached, it becomes natural to



CHARLES SUMNER.

regard the visit of some departed soul as the despatch of a messenger to the dreamer. In this way the first mode of explanation passes insensibly into the second. In higher stages of religious thought the view of a dream as a divine revelation takes a less crude form. The immediate object present to the dreamer is no longer conceived as possessing the same degree of materiality. Something is still present, no doubt, and so the dream is in a sense objective; but the reality is less like a tangible material object, and is transformed more or less completely into something unsubstantial, spiritual, and phantasmal. On the other hand, the dream is objective in the sense of being a message or revelation from some divine actual personage. The essence of the dream, so to speak, lies in the fact that it conveys to the dreamer something which the divine personage wishes him to know, whether it be the will of this being in the shape of a command or a prohibition, or some fact as yet unknown (past or future), the knowledge of which will be of practical utility to the recipient.

— *Dreams.*

SUMNER, CHARLES, an American statesman and orator; born at Boston, Mass., January 6, 1811; died at Washington, D. C., March 11, 1874. He was graduated from Harvard in 1830; studied at the Cambridge Law School, and in 1834 commenced practice at Boston. He was appointed Reporter to the Circuit Court, and published three volumes known as *Sumner's Reports*, and other legal works. In 1837 he went to Europe, where he remained three years. In 1844 he edited *Vesey's Reports*, in twenty volumes, to which he appended much original matter. He also lectured in the Cambridge Law School, and began to take an active part in politics, especially in opposition to the extension of slavery

in the Territories. In 1851 he was elected to the United States Senate, succeeding Daniel Webster. On May 22, 1856, he was violently assaulted, while seated at his desk in the Senate Chamber by Preston Brooks, a member of Congress from South Carolina, and so severely beaten with a bludgeon that his life was thought to be endangered. It was seven years before his health was fully restored, a considerable part of the interval being passed in Europe. In 1857 he was re-elected to the Senate; but he was not able to take his seat permanently until 1859. During the Civil War, and afterward, he was Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. He was re-elected Senator in 1862, again in 1869, and died near the conclusion of his third consecutive senatorial term.

During the whole of his active life Mr. Sumner, besides his speeches and reports in Congress, delivered numerous public addresses on political and literary topics. A collection of his earlier *Addresses and Essays*, in three volumes, was published in 1850. An edition of his *Complete Works*, comprising about fifteen volumes, was commenced in 1870. His *Life* has been written by Charles A. Phelps.

JUDICIAL INJUSTICES

I hold judges, and especially the Supreme Court of the country, in much respect, but I am too familiar with the history of judicial proceedings to regard them with any superstitious reverence. Judges are but men, and in all ages have shown a full share of human frailty. Alas! alas! the worst crimes of history have been perpetrated under their sanction. The blood of martyrs and of patriots, crying from the ground, summons them to judgment.

It was a judicial tribunal which condemned Socrates to

drink the fatal hemlock, and which pushed the Saviour barefoot over the pavements of Jerusalem, bending beneath His cross. It was a judicial tribunal which, against the testimony and entreaties of her father, surrendered the fair Virginia as a slave; which arrested the teachings of the great apostle to the Gentiles, and sent him in bonds from Judea to Rome; which, in the name of the Old Religion, adjudged the Saints and Fathers of the Christian Church to death in all its most dreadful forms; and which afterward, in the name of the New Religion, enforced the tortures of the Inquisition, amidst the shrieks and agonies of its victims, while it compelled Galileo to declare, in solemn denial of the great truth he had disclosed, that the earth did not move round the sun.

It was a judicial tribunal which in France during the long reign of her monarchs lent itself to be the instrument of every tyranny, as during the brief Reign of Terror it did not hesitate to stand forth, the un pitying accessory of the un pitying guillotine.

It was a judicial tribunal in England, surrounded by all the forms of law, which sanctioned every despotic caprice of Henry the Eighth, from the unjust divorce of his queen to the beheading of Sir Thomas More; which lighted the fires of persecution that glowed at Oxford and Smithfield over the cinders of Latimer, Ridley, and John Rogers; which, after deliberate argument, upheld the fatal tyranny of Ship-Money, against the patriot resistance of Hampden; which, in defiance of justice and humanity, sent Sidney and Russell to the block; which persistently enforced the laws of Conformity that our Puritan Fathers persistently refused to obey; and which afterward, with Jeffreys on the bench, crimsoned the page of English history with massacre and murder — even with the blood of innocent women.

Ay, sir, and it was a judicial tribunal, in our country, surrounded by all the forms of law, which hung the witches at Salem; which affirmed the constitutionality of the Stamp Act while it admonished "jurors and the people" to obey; and which now, in our day, lent its sanction to the unutterable atrocity of the Fugitive Slave Bill. — *Speech, September, 1854.*

THE KANSAS-NEBRASKA BILL.

From the depths of my soul, as a loyal citizen and as Senator, I plead, remonstrate, protest against the passage of this bill. I struggle against it as against death; but as in death itself corruption puts on incorruption, and this mortal body puts on immortality, so from the sting of this hour I find assurance of that triumph by which freedom will be restored to her immortal birth-right in the Republic.

The bill you are about to pass is at once the worst and the best on which Congress ever acted. Yes, sir, worst and best at the same time.

It is the worst bill, inasmuch as it is a present victory of Slavery. In a Christian land, and in an age of civilization, a time-honored statute of freedom is struck down, opening the way to all the countless woes and wrongs of human bondage. Among the crimes of history another is soon to be recorded, which no tears can blot out, and which in better days will be read with universal shame. The Tea Tax and the Stamp Act, which aroused the patriot rage of our fathers, were virtues by the side of this transgression; nor would it be easy to imagine at this day any measure which more openly and wantonly defied every sentiment of justice, humanity, and Christianity. Am I not right, then, in calling it the worst bill on which Congress ever acted?

There is another side to which I gladly turn. It is the best bill on which Congress ever acted, for it annuls all past compromises with slavery, and makes any future compromise impossible. Thus it puts Freedom and Slavery face to face, and bids them grapple. Who can doubt the result? It opens wide the door of the future, when at last there will really be a North and the slave-power will be broken; when this wretched despotism will cease to dominate over our Government; when the National Government will be divorced in every way from slavery, and, according to the true intention of our fathers, freedom will be established everywhere — at least beyond the local limits of the States. . . .

Thus, standing at the very grave of freedom in Nebraska and Kansas, I lift myself to the vision of that happy resurrection by which freedom will be assured, not only in these Territories, but everywhere under the National Government. More clearly than ever before, I now penetrate that great future when slavery must disappear. Proudly I discern the flag of my country, as it ripples in every breeze, at last in reality, as in name, the flag of freedom—undoubted, pure, and irresistible. Am I not right, then, in calling this bill the best on which Congress ever acted? Sorrowfully I bend before the wrong you commit. Joyfully I welcome the promises of the future. — *In the Senate, May, 1854.*

SUNDERLAND, JABEZ THOMAS, an American theologian; born at Howarth, Yorkshire, England, February 11, 1842. He removed to the United States in early life; and was educated at Madison University and at the old University of Chicago. He studied theology at the Union Baptist Seminary in Chicago; and has been pastor of churches at Milwaukee, at Northfield, Mass., at Chicago, and at Ann Arbor. In 1886 he founded the *Unitarian*, a religious monthly. His publications, besides many minor works, include: *A Rational Faith* (1878); *What Is the Bible?* (1878); *The Liberal Christian Ministry* (1889); *Home Travel in Bible Lands* (1891); *The Bible* (1893); *A College Town Pulpit* (1895); *A Pacific Coast Pulpit* (1898); *The Spark in the Cloud* (1902).

THE HEBREW LAND.

If there is anything in the theory that the physical environment of a nation or race tends to influence its

intellectual and moral development (as doubtless there is), we need not be surprised to find it illustrated in the case of the ancient Hebrews.

The largest body of land in the world is that which makes up the three continents of the eastern hemisphere. At almost the exact centre of these three continents — at the very place where, if Europe and Africa were a little projected, the three would meet — lies the land of Palestine. It is a mere dot on the map of the world, yet in the moral and religious life of mankind no other land has been so influential. Has its location here, so literally at the "centre of the world," had nothing to do with this?

All the physical characteristics of ancient Palestine were such as would naturally tend to make a vigorous and independent people. It was a land of hills, valleys, swift streams, fertile plains, picturesque and rugged mountains, and rimmed on one side by a great sea. Such a land should produce strong-minded, nature-loving men. In mountain-lands we expect to find lovers of freedom. Is it strange that we should find here a race sturdily independent?

Palestine was a singularly shut-in land. On the north were the Lebanon ranges of lofty mountains; on the east the wide Syrian desert; on the south another desert, and on the west a great sea with scarcely a harbor. It was just the kind of a country, therefore, to develop a self-centred people — a people capable of standing alone, and working out a great career. Yet, while it was thus so remarkably isolated, and protected from forces that might break down its strong individuality, it was to an unusual degree in touch with great world-influences.

Just beyond the narrow southern wilderness was Egypt, with its art and letters and learning, and its civilization the most venerable and august in the ancient world. On the other side of the eastern desert were mighty Babylon and Assyria. Contiguous on the northwest was Phœnicia, the leading commercial nation of antiquity. Across the western sea were glorious Greece and all-conquering Rome. Into quiet Palestine came influences from all these. Indeed, many a time it was forced to succumb to the armies of its mighty neighbors. And in times of peace

it was a highway for the great caravans which were the bearers of the world's wealth between Mesopotamia, Persia, and India, on the east, and Egypt, Tyre, and all the Mediterranean cities and lands, on the west.

Thus it was near, indeed at the very focus of, all the greatest empires and centres of civilization of the Old World. Yet it was not of them. It was touched in deep and powerful ways by all, yet was enough apart from all to have its own life not overpowered by them, but only stimulated, broadened, quickened, deepened. Hence it was exactly the land to develop the intensest, and in one sense the narrowest of religions — yet a religion destined to unfold into the broadest, nay, into the one really universal religion of the world. — *The Bible*.

THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE.

Perhaps nothing about our sacred volume is more striking than the variety of its contents. In this it surpasses all other sacred books. This variety grows out of the fact that it *is* so truly a *literature*, and not a theological or ecclesiastical treatise, or indeed a single book of any kind. Springing not from any one mind, but from scores and hundreds; not from one age, but from many; and being an embodiment of the very life of the Hebrew people, it could not fail to be as many-sided as human life itself. Thus it is not strange that we find it greatly varied not only in form, in matter, and in excellence of literary work, but also in ethical and spiritual quality.

There is hardly a form of literature known that is not represented here. At the beginning of the collection, under the name of history, we have an extended group of legends, traditions, accounts of persons and events in the main imaginary. Farther on we come to real history, yet even with parts of this we find intertwined a legendary element which has to be carefully separated. Then, too, we find poetry of various kinds, as lyric, didactic, dramatic; fierce war-songs, tender love-songs, sublime descriptions of nature, devout hymns of worship. We find biographies, some brief, some extended; collections of laws; state documents; chronologies and genealogies; col-

lections of proverbs of wisdom; accounts of religious institutions and ceremonials; romances; parables, speculations about the past; apocalyptic visions of the future; letters; religious utterances of various kinds, as of preacher, reformer, sage, and seer. Some of these writings have little merit in themselves, and owe such value as they possess mainly to the fact that they have a place in the sacred collection, while others rank with the very noblest literary and religious productions of the world.—*The Bible.*

SURREY, HENRY HOWARD, an English poet; born at Norfolk, about 1517; died at London, January 21, 1547. In youth he was known as "Henry Howard of Kenninghall," from his grandfather's estate in Norfolk. He was unusually well educated, lived at Windsor Castle from 1530-32 with the young Duke of Richmond, natural son of King Henry VIII., and in 1532 accompanied the King to France. He lived at the French Court for about a year. In 1541 he was made a Knight of the Garter, joined the English forces at Landrecies, with special recommendations to Charles V. from Henry VIII. in 1543, and a short time afterward became cup-bearer to the King; he was present at the surrender of Boulogne, of which he was in 1545 made Governor, being recalled to England in 1546. When the death of Henry VIII. was at hand, Surrey's father, the Duke of Norfolk, was suspected of entertaining thoughts of becoming King. About a month before the death of Henry VIII., the Duke and Earl of Surrey were both arrested; the former, as a peer of the realm, was tried by his peers; while Surrey, whose title was one of

courtesy only, was tried by a jury selected for the occasion, who found that he "falsely, maliciously, and treacherously set up and bore the arms of Edward the Confessor, then used by the Prince of Wales, mixed up and joined with his own proper arms." He had borne these arms in the presence of the King, without question, as had the Howards before him, since their grant by Richard II. He was found guilty of high treason and beheaded. His poems were first printed as *Songs and Sonnets* in *Tottel's Miscellany* in 1557, with those of Sir Thomas Wyatt. He was the first English writer of blank verse; he translated the second and fourth books of the *Æneid* into this form, and, with Wyatt, was the introducer of the sonnet into English literature.

ÆNEAS RELATES TO THE QUEEN THE TAKING OF TROY.

They whisted all with fixèd face attent:
When Prince Æneas from the royal seat
Thus gan to speak. O Queen; it is thy will
I should renew a woe, can not be told
How that the Greeks did spoil, and overthrow
The Phrygian wealth, and wailful realm of Troy:
Those ruthless things that I myself beheld;
And whereof no small part fell to my share.
Which to express, who could refrain from tears?
What Myrmidon? or yet what Dolopes?
What stern Ulysses waged soldier?
And lo! moist night now from the welkin falls
And stars declining counsel us to rest.
But since so great is thy delight to hear
Of our mishaps, and Troia's last decay;
Though to record the same my mind abhors,
And plaint eschews, yet thus will I begin:
The Greeks' chieftains all irked with the war
Wherein they wasted had so many years;
And oft repuls'd by fatal destiny,

A huge horse made, high raised like a hill,
By the divine science of Minerva.
Of cloven fir compacted were his ribs;
For their return a feignèd sacrifice:
The fame whereof so wander'd it at point.
In the dark bulk they clos'd bodies of men
Chosen by lot, and did enstuff by stealth
The hollow womb with armèd soldiers.
There stands in sight an isle, bright Tenedon,
Rich, and of fame, while Priam's kingdom stood;
Now but a bay, and road unsure for ship.
Hither them secretly the Greeks withdrew,
Shrouding themselves under the desert shore.
And, weening we they had been fled and gone,
And with that wind had fet the land of Greece,
Troia discharged her long-continued dole.
The gates cast up, we issued out to play,
The Greekish camp desirous to behold,
The places void, and the forsaken coasts.
"Here Pyrrhus' band, there fierce Achilles pight;
Here rode their ships; there did their battles join."
Astonnied, some the scatheful gift beheld,
Behight by vow unto the chaste Minerve;
All wond'ring at the hugeness of the horse.
And first of all Timœtes gan advise
Within the walls to lead and draw the same;
And place it eke amid the palace court;
Whether of guile, or Troia's fate it would.
Capy's with some of judgment more discreet,
Will'd it to drown; or underset with flame
The suspect present of the Greeks' deceit;
Or bore and gage the hollow caves uncouth.
So diverse ran the giddy people's mind.
Lo! foremost of a rout that follow'd him,
Kindled Laocoon hasted from the tower,
Crying far off: "O wretched citizens!
What so great kind of frenzy fretteth you?
Deem ye the Greeks our enemies to be gone?
Or any Greekish gifts can you suppose
Devoid of guile? Is so Ulysses known?
Either the Greeks are in this timber hid;

Or this an engine is to annoy our walls,
 To view our towers and overwhelm our town.
 Here lurks some craft. Good Trojans! give no trust
 Unto this horse; for whatsoever it be,
 I dread the Greeks; yea! when they offer gifts."

— *Second Book of the Æneid.*

OF THE HAPPY LIFE AND THE MEANS TO ATTAIN IT.

Martial, the things that do attain
 The happy life, be these I find:
 The riches left, not got with pain;
 The fruitful ground, the quiet mind:

The equal friend, no grudge, no strife;
 No charge of rule, nor governance;
 Without disease, the healthful life;
 The household of continuance:

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
 True wisdom join'd with simpleness;
 The night discharged of all care,
 Where wine the wit may not oppress:

The faithful wife, without debate;
 Such sleeps as may beguile the night,
 Content thee with thine own estate;
 Ne wish for Death, ne fear his might.

PSALM LXXIII.

The sudden storms that heave me to and fro,
 Had well near pierced
 Faith, my guiding sail.
 For I that on the noble voyage go
 To succor truth, and falsehood to assail,
 Constrainèd am to bear my sails full low;
 And never could attain some pleasant gale.
 For unto such the prosperous winds do blow
 As run from port to port to seek avail.
 This bred despair; whereof such doubts did grow
 That I gan faint, and all my courage fail.

But now, my Blage, mine error well I see;
Such goodly light King David giveth me.

GIVE PLACE, YE LOVERS.

Give place, ye lovers, here before
That spent your boasts and brags in vain;
My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Than doth the sun the candle-light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fair;
For what she saith, ye may it trust,
As it by writing sealèd were:
And virtues hath she many mo'
Than I with pen have skill to show

I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfect mould,
The like to whom she could not paint:
With wringing hands, how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it aye.

I know she swore with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind
That could have gone so near her heart;
And this was chiefly all her pain;
"She could not make the like again."

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,
To be the chiefest work she wrought,
In faith, methink, some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought,
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.

A PRISONER IN WINDSOR CASTLE, HE REFLECTS ON PAST
HAPPINESS.

So cruel prison how could betide, alas!
As proud Windsor? Where I in lust and joy,
With a king's son, my childish years did pass,
In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy;
Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour.
The large green courts, where we were wont to hove.
With eyes upcast unto the maiden's tower,
And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of great delight;
With words and looks that tigers could but rue,
When each of us did plead the other's right.
The palm play, where dèsportèd for the game,
With dazed eyes oft we, by gleams of love,
Have miss'd the ball, and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.
The gravell'd ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
On foaming horse with swords and friendly hearts;
With cheer as though one should another whelm,
Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts.
With silver drops the meads yet spread for ruth;
In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs that yet shot up in length.
The secret groves, which oft we made resound
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies praise;
Recording soft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.
The wild forèst, the clothèd holts with green;
With reins avail'd, and swiftly breathed horse,
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful heart of force.
The void walls eke that harbor'd us each night;
Wherewith, alas! revive within my breast
The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight;
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest;

The secret thoughts, imparted with such trust;
 The wanton talk, the divers change of play;
 The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
 Wherewith we past the winter nights away.
 And with this thought the blood forsakes the face;
 The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue:
 The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas!
 Upsupped have, thus I my plaint renew:
 O place of bliss! renewer of my woes!
 Give me account, where is my noble fere?
 Whom in thy walls thou didst each night enclose:
 To other lief: but unto me most dear.
 Echo, alas! that doth my sorrow rue,
 Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint,
 Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
 In prison pine, with bondage and restraint:
 And with remembrance of the greater grief,
 To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

SWEDENBORG, EMANUEL, a Swedish theologian and philosopher; born at Stockholm, January 29, 1688; died at London, March 29, 1772. He completed his course at the University of Upsala in 1709; traveled for two years, and resided abroad until 1716, when he returned to Sweden. Between 1717 and 1722 he published several treatises on philosophical topics, and was engaged in public affairs. In 1722 he was appointed Assessor of Mines. Between 1722 and 1745 he wrote several important works on physical science, among which are *Opera Philosophica et Mineralia*; *Æconomia Regni Animalis*; and *De Cultu et Amore Dei*, the last being an allegorical presentation of his theory of the Creation. When he had reached his fifty-fifth year he believed

himself divinely commissioned to enunciate a new system of religious truth, and permitted to have frequent intercourse with angelic intelligences. He resigned his assessorship, and devoted himself to the study of the Bible, especially of the Old Testament, and to the writing and publication of works setting forth the principles of his new faith. Of these works the principal are *The Heavenly Arcana*, published at different periods from 1749 to 1756, and *The True Christian Religion*, published in the last year of his life, which sets forth the dogmatic system of his teachings. *The Heavenly Arcana* is primarily an exposition of the Books of Genesis and Exodus, interspersed with sections in which are narrated "the wonderful things seen and heard in Heaven and Hell." The exposition of Genesis, the first thirty-one chapters, occupies in the English translation four large, closely printed volumes.

There can be no question that Swedenborg was thoroughly convinced of the verity of the revelations which he enunciated. It is related that on his death-bed, and only two days before he breathed his last, a Swedish clergyman who was with him solemnly adjured him to tell the truth in regard to his teachings, to which Swedenborg replied: "As true as you see me before you, so true is everything I have written. I could have said much more had I been permitted. When you come into eternity, you will see all things as I have stated and described them, and we shall have much to say concerning them to each other." Swedenborg made no attempts to gain proselytes except by the writing of his books, and their publication, which was done at his own expense. The association commonly designated as the Swedenborgian Church,

but styling itself the Church of the New Jerusalem, was organized at London in 1788.

THE INTERNAL SENSE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

That the Word of the Old Testament includes arcana of Heaven, and that all its contents, to every particular, regard the Lord and His Heaven, the Church, Faith and the things relating to Faith, no man can conceive who only views it from the Letter. For the Letter, or literal sense, suggests only such things as respect the externals of the Jewish Church, when, nevertheless, it everywhere contains internal things, which do not in the least appear in those externals, except in a very few cases where the Lord revealed and unfolded them to the Apostles; as, that Sacrifices are significative of the Lord; and that the Land of Canaan and Jerusalem are significative of Heaven; and that Paradise has a like signification.

But that all and every part of its contents—even to the most minute, not excepting the smallest jot and tittle—signify and involve spiritual and celestial things is a truth to this day deeply hidden from the Christian world; in consequence of which little attention is paid to the Old Testament. This truth, however, might appear plainly from this single circumstance, that the Word, being of the Lord, could not possibly be given without containing interiorly such things as relate to Heaven, to the Church, and to Faith. For if this be denied, how can it be called the Word of the Lord, or be said to have any Life in it? For whence is its Life but from those things which possess life? that is, except from hence, that all things in it, both general and particular, have relations to the Lord, who is the very Life itself. Wherefore, whatsoever does not interiorly regard Him, does not live; nay, whatsoever expression in the Word does not involve Him, or in some measure relate to Him, is not divine.

It is impossible, while the mind abides in the literal sense only, to see that it is full of such spiritual contents. Thus, in the first chapters of Genesis nothing is discoverable from the literal sense but that they treat of the creation of the world, and of the Garden of Eden, which is

called Paradise, and also of Adam, as the first created man; and scarcely a single person supposes them to relate to anything besides. But that they contain arcana which were never heretofore revealed will sufficiently appear from the following pages; where it will be seen that the first chapter of Genesis, in its interior sense, treats of the New Creation of Man, of his Regeneration, in general, and specifically of the most ancient Church; and this in such a manner that there is not a single syllable which does not represent, signify, and involve something spiritual.

That this is really the case in respect to the Word, it is impossible for any mortal to know except from the Lord. Wherefore it is expedient here to premise that of the Lord's divine mercy it has been granted to me, now for several years, to be constantly and uninterruptedly in company with Spirits and Angels, hearing them converse with each other, and conversing with them. Hence it has been permitted me to hear and see things in another life which are astonishing, and which have never before come to the knowledge of any man, nor entered into his imagination. I have been instructed concerning different kinds of Spirits, and the state of souls after death; concerning Hell, or the lamentable state of the unfaithful; concerning Heaven, or the most happy state of the faithful; and particularly concerning the doctrine of Faith which is acknowledged throughout all Heaven.—*The Heavenly Arcana.*

SOME REVELATIONS OF THE HEAVENLY STATE.

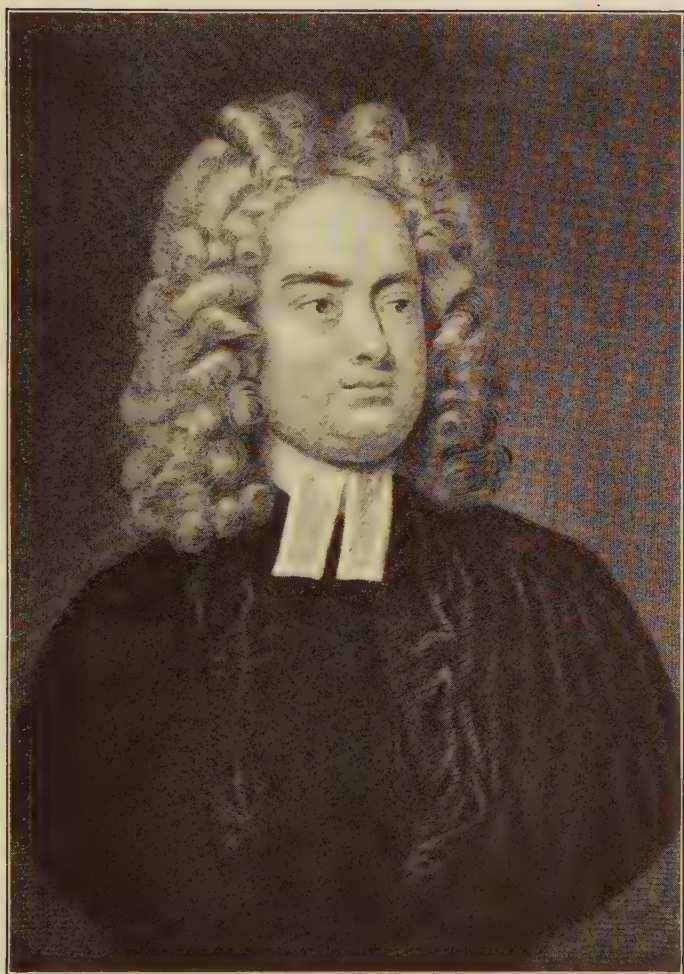
In order that I might be acquainted with the nature and quality of Heaven, it was frequently and for a long continuance granted me by the Lord to perceive the delights of heavenly joys; in consequence of which, being convinced by sensible experience, I can testify to them, but by no means describe them. However, a word should be spoken on the subject for the sake of conveying some idea of it, however imperfect.

It is an affection of innumerable delights and joys which form one simultaneous delight in which common

delights and affections are the harmonies of innumerable affections, not perceived distinctly, but obscurely, the perception being most general. Still, it is given to perceive that there are innumerable delights within it, arranged in such admirable order as can never be described; those innumerable things being such as flow from the order of Heaven. Such an order obtains in the most minute things of affection, which are only presented as one general thing, and are perceived according to the capacity of him who is their subject.

In a word, every general contains infinite particulars arranged in a most orderly form, every one of which has life, and affects the mind, and that from the inmost ground or centre. Indeed, all heavenly joys proceed from inmost principles. I perceived also that this joy and delight issued, as it were, from the heart, diffusing itself gently and sweetly through all the inmost fibres, and from them to the compound fibres, and that with so exquisite and inward a sense of pleasure as if every fibre were a fountain of joyous perceptions and sensations, in comparison with which gross corporeal pleasures are but as the muddy waters of a putrid lake compared with the wholesome ventilations of pure, refreshing breezes.—*The Heavenly Arcana.*

SWIFT, JONATHAN, a British clergyman and satirist; born at Dublin, November 30, 1667; died there, October 19, 1745. In his fourteenth year he was entered at Trinity College, Dublin, where he was chiefly remarkable for irregularities and breaches of college discipline; and received the degree of Bachelor of Arts "by special favor"—a term used to indicate lack of merit. The state of affairs in Ireland was then in nowise encouraging to English adventurers or their descendants, and in his twenty-first



JONATHAN SWIFT.

year Swift went over to England, and sought the assistance of the veteran statesman, Sir William Temple, who was a distant kinsman by marriage. Temple took him into his service as private secretary, but treated him with little consideration.

After a couple of years Swift, who had seriously devoted himself to the improvement of his mind, solicited Temple to procure for him some public employment. The request not being complied with, Swift resigned his situation, and in 1694 went back to Ireland, with the design of entering the Church. Before he could be admitted to holy orders it was required by the bishop that he should present a certificate of good conduct while residing with Sir William Temple. Sir William not only gave the certificate, but recommended Swift so highly that immediately after his ordination he received the prebend of Kilroot, in Ireland. In 1696 he resigned, and returned to Temple's residence at Moor Park, near London.

About 1710 he was introduced to Harley, Earl of Oxford, who was rising into political importance, as a person who had been injuriously treated by the Whig Cabinet, and one who might be won over to do good service to the other side. Swift went over, and published several pamphlets, which were highly serviceable to the new Ministry. For these services he claimed an adequate reward. He demanded an English bishopric, which Harley was quite willing to grant, provided it could be done without offending his clerical supporters. But this could not be done. Archbishop Sharpe, in the name of his brethren, urged Queen Anne not to bestow the episcopal dignity upon a person whose belief in Christianity was suspicious, who had written *The Tale of a Tub*, and who had

moreover lampooned the Duchess of Somerset, one of the Queen's favorites. The Queen declared that Swift should never be made a prelate; and it was impossible to induce her to change her determination. The best that could be done for Swift was to make him Dean of St. Patrick's, in Dublin, whither he went in 1713. For a large part of the subsequent thirty-two years of his life Swift mingled largely in political affairs.

Swift's writings form a bulky collection. As edited by Sir Walter Scott they comprise nineteen large volumes. His *Life* has been written, or attempted, by many hands, notably by Scott. It is succinctly given by Sir Leslie Stephen in the "English Men of Letters" series. His numerous political productions were important in their day; but they relate to matters of little interest to after times. Few wittier things have ever been written than *The Tale of a Tub*, intended as a satire upon Catholicism and Lutheranism. The fame of Swift as an English classicist rests mainly upon his *Gulliver's Travels*, which appeared anonymously in 1727, although its authorship soon became an open secret. It was originally designed to form part of a satire to be written conjointly by Swift, Arbuthnot, and Pope, to ridicule the abuse of human learning, and the extravagant stories of travelers. Viewed simply as a marvellous tale, told with the appearance of simple veracity, the work is hardly inferior to *Robinson Crusoe*. The account of the Struldbrugs, indeed, stands by itself: one might almost fancy it to be a prophecy by Swift of his own last, sad years. Swift so far departed from the original design as to make the work a satire upon English institutions and customs of his own time; but we doubt whether, with rare exceptions, the interest of the

reader is greatly enhanced by being told who were intended by the characters introduced.

THE EMPEROR OF LILLIPUT.

The Emperor is taller by almost the breadth of my nail than any of his court, which alone is sufficient to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip, and arched nose; his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his movements graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three-quarters old, of which he had reigned seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off. However, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be mistaken in my description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand, to defend himself if I should happen to break loose. It was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold, enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate; and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. His Imperial Majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers; but neither of us could understand a syllable.—*Voyage to Lilliput.*

DIVERSIONS AT THE COURT OF LILLIPUT.

The Emperor had a mind, one day, to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceeded all the nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted by none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet and twelve inches from the ground. This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments and high favor at court.

They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens), five or six of these candidates petition the Emperor to entertain his Majesty and the court with a dance, on the rope, and whoever jumps the highest without falling, succeeds in the office.

Very often the chief Ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the Emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the Treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the somerset several times together upon a trencher fixed upon a rope, which is no thicker than common pack-thread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal Secretary for Private Affairs, is, in my opinion, the second after the Treasurer; the rest of the court officers are much on a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the Ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity; for by contending to excel themselves and their fellows they strain so far that there is hardly one of them who has not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that a year or two before my arrival Flimnap would infallibly have broken his neck if one of the King's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion which is only shown before the Emperor and Empress, and the First Minister, upon particular occasion.* The Emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the Emperor has a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favor. The ceremony is performed in his Majesty's

* This satirizes the three great British orders. *Blue* is the Cognizance of the Order of the Garter; *red* of the Bath; *Green* of the Thistle.

great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity, very different from the former, and such as I have not observed in any other country of the New or Old World. The Emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates, advancing one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it, backward and forward, several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the Emperor holds one end of the stick and the First Minister the other; sometimes the Minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with the most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-colored silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice about the middle, and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.—*Voyage to Liliput.*

THE GREAT ACADEMY OF LAGADO.

This Academy is not an entire single building, but a continuation of several houses on both sides of a street which, growing waste, was purchased and applied to that use. I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the Academy. Every room had in it one or more Projectors; and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face; his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same color. He had been eight years upon a project of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw, inclement summers. He told me that he did not doubt that in eight years more he should be able to supply the Governor's garden with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially as this had been a very dear season for cucumbers. . . .

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder;

who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish. There was a most ingenious architect who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof and working downward to the foundation; which he justified to me by the like practice of those prudent insects, the bee and spider. . . .

We crossed a walk to the other part of the Academy, where the projectors in Speculative Learning resided. The first Professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils around him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame which took up the greatest part of the length and breadth of the room, he said: "Perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving Speculative Knowledge by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness; and he flattered himself that a more noble, exalted thought never sprang into any other man's head. Everyone knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to art and sciences; whereas by his contrivance the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, might write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, laws, mathematics, and theology without the least assistance from genius or study."

He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered on every square with paper pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language, in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The Professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work.

The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed around the edges of the frame; and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly, as they appeared upon the frame;

and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times; and at every turn the engine was so contrived that the words shifted into new places, as the square bits of wood moved up and down.

Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labor; and the Professor showed me several volumes in large folio, already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of these rich materials to give the world a complete body of all the arts and sciences; which, however, might be still improved and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections. He assured me that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth; that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the numbers of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech. . . .

I was at the Mathematical School, where the Master taught his pupils after a method scarcely imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition and the demonstration were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of cephalic tincture. This the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days to eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the composition along with it. But the success has not hitherto been answerable, partly by some error in the *quantum* or proportion, and partly by the perverseness of the lads, to whom this bolus is so nauseous that they generally steal aside and discharge it upward before it can operate; neither have they been yet persuaded to use so long an abstinence as the prescription requires.—*Voyage to Laputa*.

THE STRULDBRUGS.

One day, in much good company, I was asked by a person of quality whether I had seen any of their *Struld-*

brugs, or “Immortals.” I said I had not; and desired he would explain to me what he meant by such an appellation, applied to a mortal creature. He told me that sometimes a child happened to be born in a family with a red circular spot in his forehead, directly over the left eyebrow, which was an infallible mark that it should never die. The spot, as he described it, was about the compass of a silver threepence, but in the course of time grew larger, and changed its color; for at twelve years old it became green, so continued till five-and-twenty, then turned to a deep blue; at five-and-forty it grew coal-black, and was as large as an English shilling; but never admitted any further alteration. He said these births were so rare that he did not believe there could be above eleven hundred *Struldbugs* of both sexes in the whole empire; of which he computed about fifty in the metropolis; and among the rest a young girl born about three years ago; that these productions were not peculiar to any family, but a mere effect of chance; and the children of the *Struldbugs* themselves were equally mortal with the rest of the people. . . .

After this preface he gave me a particular account of the *Struldbugs* among them. He said they commonly acted like mortals till about thirty years old; after which by degrees they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession; for otherwise, there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form an observation by.

When they came to fourscore years — which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country — they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative; but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed are the vices of the younger sort and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former they find themselves cut off

from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral they lament and repine that others have gone to a harbor of rest to which they themselves can never hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle age, and even that is very imperfect; and for the truth of particulars of any fact it is safer to depend on common tradition than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories; these meet with more pity and assistance because they want many bad qualities which abound in others.

If a Struldbrug happens to marry one of his own kind, the marriage is dissolved, of course, by the courtesy of the kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two comes to be fourscore; for the law thinks it a reasonable indulgence that those who are condemned, without any fault of their own, to a perpetual continuance in the world should not have their misery doubled by the load of a wife. As soon as they have completed the term of eighty years they are looked on as dead in law; their heirs immediately succeed to their estates; only a small pittance is reserved for their support, and the poor ones are maintained at the public charge. After that period they are held incapable of any employment of trust or profit; they cannot purchase lands or take leases; neither are they allowed to be witnesses in any cause, either civil or criminal—not even for the decision of metes and bounds.

At ninety they lose their teeth and hair. They have at that age no distinction of taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get, without relish or appetite. The diseases they were subject to still continue, without increasing or diminishing. In talking they forget the common appellation of things and the names of persons, even those who are their nearest friends and relations. For the same reason, they never can amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a sentence to the end; and by this defect they are deprived of the only entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable. The language

of the country being always upon the flux, the Struldbugs of one age do not understand those of another; neither are they able after two hundred years to hold any conversation (further than by a few general words) with their neighbors the mortals; and thus they lie under the disadvantage of living like foreigners in their own country.

This was the account given me of the Struldbugs, as near as I can remember. I afterward saw five or six of different ages, the youngest not above two hundred years old, who were brought to me at several times by my friends; but although they were told that I was a traveler, and had seen all the world, they had not the least curiosity to ask me a question; only desired I would give them *slumdark*, or a token of remembrance; which is a modest way of begging, to avoid the law, which strictly forbids it, because they are provided for by the public, although indeed with a very scanty allowance.—*Voyage to Laputa*.

SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES, an English poet; born near Henley-on-Thames, April 5, 1837. He is the son of a British admiral, and was educated partly in France and partly at Eton. In his twentieth year he was entered at Balliol College, Oxford, but left without taking a degree. His principal works are *The Queen Mother* and *Rosamund*, both dramas (1860); *Atalanta in Calydon*, a dramatic poem constructed after Grecian models (1864); *Chastelard*, a tragedy (1865); *Poems and Ballads* (1866); *A Song of Italy* and *William Blake*, a critical essay (1867); *Siena*, a poem (1868); *Ode on the Proclamation of the French Republic* (1870); *Songs before Sunrise* (1871); *Under the Microscope* (1872), an answer to Robert Buchanan's pamphlet *The Fleshly*



A. C. SWINBURNE.

School; Bothwell, a tragedy (1874); *Essays and Studies* (1875); *Poems and Ballads*, second series (1878); *A Study of Shakespeare* (1879); *Songs of the Spring-tides* (1880); *Studies in Song* (1881); *Tristram of Lyonesse* (1882); *A Century of Roundels* (1883); *Lochrine*, a tragedy (1887); *Poems and Ballads*, third series (1889); *A Study of Ben Jonson* (1889); *The Sisters*, a tragedy (1892); *Astrophel, and Other Poems* (1894); *Studies in Prose and Poetry* (1894); and *Love's Cross Currents*, a novel (1905).

CHORUS FROM "ATALANTA IN CALYDON."

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance, fallen from heaven;
And madness, risen from hell;
Strength, without hands to smite;
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light;
And Life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of years,
And froth and drift of the sea,
And dust of the laboring earth,
And bodies of things to be,
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,
And death beneath and above;
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For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span,
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the souls therein;
A time for labor and thought,
A time to serve and to sin.
They gave him a light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight;
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire,
With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

THE HOUNDS OF SPRING.

When the Hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain,
And the brown bright nightingale, amorous,
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces;
The tongueless vigil and all the pain:

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, Lady of Light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamor of waters, and with might;

Bind on thy sandals, O thou, most fleet,
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet!
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees and cling?
Oh, that man's heart were fire and could spring to her
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the southwest wind and the west wind sing.

For Winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the Spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a traveling foot;
The faint, fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofed heel of a Satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follow with dancing and fill with delight
The Mænad and the Bassaria;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide,
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The God pursuing, the maiden hid.

— *Atalanta in Calydon.*

THE INTERPRETERS.

I.

Days dawn on us that make amends for many,
Sometimes,
When heaven and earth seem sweeter even than any
Man's rhymes,
Light had not all been quenched in France, or quelled
In Greece,
Had Homer sung out, or had Hugo held
His peace.
Had Sappho's self not left her word thus long
For token,
The sea round Lesbos yet in waves of song
Had spoken.

II.

And yet these days of subtler air and finer
Delight,
When lovelier looks the darkness, and diviner
The light —
The gifts they give of all these golden hours,
Whose urn
Pours forth reverberate rays or shadowing showers
In turn —
Clouds, beams, and winds that make the live day's track
Seem living —
What were they, did no spirit give them back
Thanksgiving?

III.

Dead air, dead fire, dead shapes and shadows telling
Time naught;
Man gives them sense and soul by song, and dwelling
In thought.
In human thought their being endures, their power
Abides:

Else were their life a thing that each light hour
Derides.
The years live, work, sigh, smile, and die, with all
They cherish;
The soul endures, though dreams that fed it fall
And perish.

IV.

In human thought have all things habitation;
Our days
Laugh, lower, and lighten past, and find no station
That stays.
But thought and faith are mightier things than time
Can wrong,
Made splendid once with speech, or made sublime
By song.
Remembrance, though the tide of change that rolls
Wax hoary,
Gives earth and heaven, for song's sake and the soul's
Their glory.

—*Poems and Ballads; Third Series*

IN A GARDEN.

Baby, see the flowers!
—Baby sees
Fairer things than these,
Fairer though they be than dreams of ours.

Baby, hear the birds!
—Baby knows
Better songs than those,
Sweeter though they sound than sweetest words.

Baby, see the moon!
—Baby's eyes
Laugh to watch it rise,
Answering light with love and night with noon.

Baby, hear the sea!
— Baby's face
Takes a graver grace,
Touched with wonder what the sound may be.

Baby, see the star!
— Baby's hand
Opens, warm and bland,
Calm in claim of all things fair that are.

Baby, hear the bells!
— Baby's head
Bows, as ripe for bed,
Now the flowers curl round and close their cells.

Baby, flower of light,
Sleep and see
Brighter dreams than we,
Till good day shall smile away good night.
— *Poems and Ballads; Third Series.*

A MATCH.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath;
If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons,
With loving books and treasons,
And tears of night and morrow,
And laughs of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours,
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day, like night, were shady,
And night were bright, like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

KISSING HER HAIR.

Kissing her hair, I sat against her feet:
Wove and unwove it — wound, and found it sweet;
Made fast therewith her hands, drew down her eyes,

Deep as deep flowers, and dreamy like dim skies;
 With her own tresses bound, and found her fair —
 Kissing her hair.

Sleep were no sweeter than her face to me —
 Sleep of cold sea-bloom under the cold sea:
 What pain could get between my face and hers?
 What new, sweet thing would Love not relish, worse?
 Unless, perhaps, white Death had kissed me there —
 Kissing her hair.

THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

.

I will go back to the great, sweet mother,
 Mother and lover of men, the sea.
 I will go down to her, I and none other,
 Close with her, kiss her, and mix her with me;
 Cling to her, strive with her, hold her fast.
 O fair, white mother, in days long past
 Born without sister, born without brother,
 Set free my soul as thy soul is free.

O fair, green-girdled mother of mine,
 Sea, that art clothed with the sun and the rain,
 Thy sweet, hard kisses are strong, like wine,
 Thy large embraces are keen, like pain!
 Save me and hide me with all thy waves,
 Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,
 Those pure, cold, populous graves of thine,
 Wrought without hand in a world without stain.

I shall sleep, and move with the moving ships,
 Change as the winds change, veer in the tide;
 My lips will feast on the foam of thy lips,
 I shall rise with thy rising, with thee subside.
 Sleep, and not know if she be, if she were,
 Filled full with life to the eyes and hair,
 As a rose is fulfilled to the rose-leaf tips
 With splendid summer and perfume and pride.

This woven raiment of nights and days,
Were it once cast off and unwound from me,
Naked and glad would I walk in thy ways,
Alive and aware of thy waves and thee;
Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,
Clothed with the green, and crowned with the foam,
A pulse of the life of thy straits and bays,
A vein in the heart of the streams of the sea.

SWING, DAVID, an American clergyman, orator and essayist; born at Cincinnati, O., August 23, 1830; died at Chicago, Ill., October 3, 1894. He was graduated from Miami University, Ohio, in 1852, and was professor of languages there for twelve years. In 1866 he removed to Chicago, and up to the time of his famous trial for heresy in 1874 was a Presbyterian minister in that city. After he was acquitted of the charges against him, he, from preference, took an independent position, preaching in Music Hall until his death. He published several series of discourses, *Truths of Today*, and *Motives of Life*. He also produced *Club Essays* (1880), and *Art, Music and Nature* (1893). He was also editor of *The Alliance*.

INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS.

No doubt the human race has sought gold too ardently, and does so still, but we must not suffer that passion to conceal from us the fact that in all the many civilized centuries, this same race has with equal zeal asked the universe to tell man its secrets. We have been not only a money-making race, but we have been rather good children, and have studied hard the lessons on the page of

science and art and history. If, when you look out and see millions rushing to and fro for money, you feel that man is an idolater, you can partly dispel the painful thought if you attempt to count the multitude who in that very hour are poring over books, or who in meditation are seeking the laws of the God of nature. Millions upon millions of the young and the old are in these days seeking, at school or at home, in life's morn or noon or evening, the facts of history and science and art and religion. In order to be ourselves properly impelled or enticed along life's path, we must make no wrong estimate of the influences which are impelling mankind, for if we come to think that all are worshipping gold, we too, despairing of all else, will soon degrade ourselves by bowing at the same altar. It is necessary for us always to be just. We must be fully conscious of the fact that there are many feet hurrying along through the places of barter, intent on more gold, but so must we be conscious that there is a vast army of young and old who are asking the great world to come and tell them its great experience, and to lead them through its literature and arts, and down the grand avenues of history. You saw the fortune, you read the will of the last millionaire when he died, but did you with equal zeal mark how our scholars hurried to the far West to study the last eclipse of the sun, and how a score of new sciences met on that mountain-summit to ask the shadow to tell them something more about the star depths and the throne of the Almighty? When the Chaldean men of science attempted to learn the truths of the heavens, they were compelled to look up with the eye only. All they had was the eye and a loving heart. They filled seventy volumes with their imperfect studies. A comet they were compelled to designate as a star that carried a train behind and a crown in front. When the time of our last eclipse drew near, what a procession of arts and of instruments moved far out to where the shadow would fall! And others had marked just where the darkness would come and the second of its coming. As man can measure the width of a river, and find through what spaces it flows, so modern learning marked out that river of shade and built up its

banks, and along came the brief night and flowed into them most carefully. But the astronomer went not alone; the science which can analyze a flame millions of miles distant, and tell what is being consumed; the science which can announce in a second a fall of heat; the science which can convey the true time two thousand miles while the excited heart beats once—these, and that grandest science that can see the rings of Saturn and the valleys of the Moon, assembled on that height in the very summer when we are lamenting most that mankind knows no pursuit except that of gold. That Rocky Mountain scene only faintly illustrates the intellectual activity of an era. If the passion for money is great in our day, it is also true that the intellectual power of the same period is equally colossal. No reader, be he ever so industrious, can keep pace with the issue of good books, and money itself is alarmed lest the new thoughts and invention of to-morrow may overthrow its investment of yesterday. Stocks tremble at the advance of intellect. A glory of this intellectual passion may be found in the fact that it is not confined to a group of scholars, as old inquiry and education were confined, but, like liberty and property, it has passed over to the many. Not all the multitude of the world are gold-seekers, but on the opposite there are tens of thousands of men, and women, too, who are lovers of truth more than of money, and are standing by the fountains of knowledge with no thought or expectation of ever being rich. Education and knowledge, the power to think and to enjoy the thought of others, have long since transformed a cottage into a palace. Thus, although society seeks too fondly the money-prize, yet he will do great injustice to our land who fails to see what an immense motive of life this pursuit of knowledge has always been and remains. If, then, we could go through our years aright, we must not believe that the air around us is all poisonous with the incense burned to Mammon, but that there is also a sweetness in the wind coming from the altars where the millions of truth-lovers kneel.—*Motives of Life.*

SWINTON, WILLIAM, an American journalist, historian and philologist; born at Haddingtonshire, Scotland, April 23, 1833; died at New York, October 24, 1892. He removed to America at an early age, and studied at Toronto, Canada, with a view to the Presbyterian ministry. He, however, adopted the profession of a teacher, and in 1853 became Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages in a female seminary in North Carolina, where he wrote a series of magazine articles which were subsequently published collectively under the title, *Rambles Among Words* (1859). He afterward became editorially connected with the *New York Times*, of which he was correspondent with the Army of the Potomac during the early part of the Civil War. From 1869 to 1874 he was Professor of Belles-Lettres in the University of California. Returning to New York, he prepared a series of educational text-books. His principal works in the department of military history are: *Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac* (1866); *The Twelve Decisive Battles of the War* (1867); *History of the New York Seventh Regiment During the War of the Rebellion* (1870).

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Gettysburg was the battle the greatest in its proportions, and the greatest in respect to the issue involved, of all the actions waged during four years between the mighty armies of the East. In point of losses alone it deserves to rank with the first-class battles of history; for on the Union side the casualties were nearly 24,000, and on the Confederate side they exceeded 27,000, killed, spoiled, or taken. The circumstances under which Lee

initiated the campaign authorized him to expect the most important results from the invasion of the North. Having many times before defeated the Army of the Potomac with a much inferior force, it was not unwarrantable for him to assume that he would again triumph now that he had an army equal in strength to that of his adversary. . . .

It must be conceded that the plan of operations devised by Lee, while wonderfully bold, was yet thoroughly methodical and well-matured. For if the march removed his army to an indefinite distance from his base, he yet had an easily guarded line of communications, by way of the Cumberland and Shenandoah Valley, to his dépôts at Winchester and Gordonsville, whence he could readily draw ammunition. And in the matter of supplies he was in no wise dependent on Virginia; for the well-peopled and productive soil of Pennsylvania afforded ample resources for the subsistence of an army, for a time, and whilst moving, without the use of magazines, by the European method of requisitions at the cost of the inhabitants. Being thus easy in respect to that part on which Frederick the Great has said that armies, like serpents, move—to wit, the belly—Lee, leading a powerful, valiant, and enthusiastic army, confidently moved to an anticipated victory. His aim was the capture of Washington, the defeat of the Army of the Potomac, and the retention of a footing long enough on loyal soil to so work upon the North that, under the combined pressure of its own fears, the uprising of the reactionary elements at home, and, perhaps, the influence of the Powers abroad, it might be disposed to sue for peace. He had ample means for the conduct of the enterprise, which was of itself not extravagant; and it is rare that any military operation presents greater assurance of success than Lee had of attaining his end of conquering a peace on Northern soil.

In tracing out the causes of Lee's defeat we shall find that something was due to the faults of that commander himself, something to the good conduct of General Meade, much to the valor of the Army of the Potomac, and much again to Fortune, "that name for unknown combinations

of infinite power," which, maugre every seeming assurance of success, was wanting to the Confederates. It was not by the prevision nor by the manœuvres of either general that the forces were brought into collision on July 1, though the Union commander is certainly entitled to great credit for the promptitude with which, accepting the issue accidentally presented, he threw forward his army to Gettysburg. Here nature, as well as circumstances, and the unusual temerity of Lee, favored the Union army. Elated by the success of the first day, the Confederate commander, contrary to his intent and promise, determined to attack. But while the position might readily be turned, it was impregnable by direct assault, if maintained with skill and firmness. And it was so maintained; for the Army of the Potomac, realizing the tremendous issue involved, feeling that it stood there for the defense of its own soil, fought with far more determination than it had ever displayed in Virginia.

The experiment of the Pennsylvania campaign gave a complete and final quietus to the scheme of Southern invasion of the loyal States. The Army of Northern Virginia was never again in condition to undertake such a movement. This was not alone due to the shock which it received in its *morale* from so disastrous a blow, but to its material losses, the portentous sum of which exceeded the aggregate of its casualties in the whole series of battles which Grant delivered from the Rapidan to the James River. This subtraction of force was most grave, considering the exhaustion of the fighting resources of the Confederates; while, when we take into account the quality of the men the loss was irreparable; for the 30,000 put *hors du combat* at Gettysburg were the very flower and *élite* of that incomparable Southern infantry which, tempered by two years of battle, and habituated to victory, equalled any soldiers that ever followed the eagles to conquest.—*The Twelve Decisive Battles.*

SWISSELM, JANE GREY, an American journalist and reformer; born at Pittsburg, Pa., December 6, 1815; died at Swissvale, Pa., July 22, 1884. Her parents were descended from the Scotch Reformers. In 1836 she was married to James Swisshelm, and removed with her husband to Louisville, Ky. It was while here that she first began writing for the press, her first contributions appearing in the *Louisville Journal*. Her husband not being successful in his business, they returned to Pennsylvania and she began writing for the *Pittsburg Spirit of Liberty*, her articles strongly favoring the abolition of slavery and being in favor of woman's rights. Her letters denouncing the Mexican War as in the interests of slavery and its extension attracted attention North and South. In 1848 she established the *Pittsburg Saturday Visitor*, a strong anti-slavery and woman's rights paper. She continued the publication of this paper until 1856. In 1857 she removed to St. Cloud, Minn., and established another *Saturday Visitor*, but, owing to its uncompromising anti-slavery sentiments, it was destroyed by a pro-slavery mob, and her press and type were thrown into the river. She then established the *St. Cloud Democrat* and continued her warfare against slavery, and began to lecture at anti-slavery meetings. When the Civil War broke out she was one of the first to offer her services as a nurse, and did efficient work in the hospitals at Washington. After the Battle of the Wilderness she had charge of one hundred and eighty-two badly wounded soldiers at Fredericksburg for five days, with no surgeon, and she saved them all. Besides her nu-

merous contributions to periodical literature, Mrs. Swisshelm published *Letters to Country Girls* (1853), and *Half a Century*, an autobiography (1880).

SELF-REPROACHES.

I continued to write for the *Spirit*, but still there did not seem to be anything I could do for the slave. As soon as I was able to be about the house I fell into my old round of drudgery, but with hope and pride shut out of it. Once my burden pressed so that I could not sleep, and I rose at early dawn, and sat looking over the meadow, seeing nothing but a dense, white fog. I leaned back, closed my eyes, and thought how like it was to my own life. When I looked again, oh, the vision of glory which met my sight!

The rising sun had sent, through an opening in the woods, a shaft of light, which centred on a hickory-tree that stood alone in the meadow, and was then in the perfection of its golden autumn glory. It dripped with moisture, blazed and shimmered. The high lights were diamond-tipped, and between them and the deepest shadow was every tint of orange and yellow, mingled and blended in those inimitable lines of natural foliage. Over it, through it, and around it, rolled the white fog, in great masses, caressing the earth and hanging from the zenith like the veil of the temple of the Most High. All around lay the dark woods, framing in the vision like serried ranks encompassing a throne, to which great clouds rolled, then lifted and scudded away, like couriers coming for orders, and hastening to obey them.

John's New Jerusalem never was so grand! No square corners and forbidden walls. The gates were not made of several solid pearls, but of millions of pearllets, strung on threads of love, offering no barriers, through which my soul might pass. My Patmos had been visited, and I could dwell in it, work, and wait; but I would live in it, not lie in a tomb, and once more I took hold of life.—*Half a Century*.

CARING FOR THE WOUNDED AND DYING.

As the only substitute in my reach, I sat on the edge of the pew door and its panel, drew his arm across my knee, raised his head to my shoulder, and held it there by laying mine against it. In this way I could talk in a low monotone to him, of the hopes to which the soul turns when about to leave the tenement of clay. He gasped acquiescence in these hopes, and his words led several men near to draw their sleeves across their eyes; but they all knew he was dying, and a little sympathy and sadness would not injure them.

He reached toward the floor, and the man next handed up a daguerreotype case, which he tried to open. I took and opened it; found the picture of a young, handsome woman, and held it and a candle, so that he could see it. His tears fell on it, as he looked, and he gasped:

"I shall never be where that has been."

I said:

"Is it your wife?" And he replied:

"No! but she would have been."

I always tried to avoid bringing sadness to the living on account of death; but it must have been hard for men to sleep in sound of his labored breathing; and to soften it I began singing "Shining Shore." He took it up at once, in a whisper tone, keeping time; as if used to singing. Soon one, then another, and another joined, until all over the church these prostrate men were singing that soft, sad melody. On the altar burned a row of candles before a life-size picture of the Virgin and the Child. The cocks crew the turn of the night outside, and when we had sung the hymn through, some of the men began again, and we had sung it a second time when I heard George call me. I knew that he, too, was dying, and would probably not hear the next crowing of the cock. I must go to him! how could I leave this head unsupported? Oh, Death, where is thy sting? I think it was with me that night; but I went to George, and when the sun arose it looked upon two corpses, the remains of two who had gone from my arms in one night, full of hope in the great Hereafter.—*Half a Century*.

SYLVA, CARMEN (PAULINE ELIZABETH OTTILIE LOUISE, Queen of Roumania), a novelist and poet; born at Neuwied, Germany, December 29, 1843. She is the daughter of Prince Hermann of Wied and Princess Maria of Nassau. She wrote verses with facility at ten years of age, and became in after years especially proficient in languages. The five years 1863-68 were spent chiefly in travel. In 1869 she was married to Prince Charles of Roumania. During the war of 1876-78 she worked day and night in the hospitals, and when the victorious Roumanian army returned to the capital (October 20, 1878) the war-song chanted by them was one composed by herself. She became Queen by the raising of Roumania to the state of a kingdom in 1881. In 1882 the Academy of Sciences of Bucharest admitted her to membership. She writes generally in German, though she has written a French play, and her anonymous *Thoughts of a Queen* (1882) was written in French. A number of her works have been translated into English.

Her works include: *Sappho* (1880); *Roumanian Poetry* (1881); *Storms*, verses (1881); *The Witch* (1882); *Out of Carmen Sylva's Kingdom* (1883); *Pilgrim Sorrow: a Cycle of Tales* (1884); *My Rest*, lyrical verses (1886); *Astra*, a romance (1886); *Songs of Toil* (1888); *Eileen Vaughan* (1891); *Songs of the Sea* (1892); *Legends from River and Mountain*, Alma Strettell collaborating (1896).



CARMEN SYLVA.

THE INEXORABLE.

The sea was running high and was black as night. Only the crests of the endless waves glistened in the lightning that flashed across the heavens. The storm was raging toward the land and threw the ships upon the rocks, so that hundreds of human lives perished in the ocean. Then of a sudden it seemed as though the storm grew entangled among the cliffs on the shore, and condensed into a form that reared up tall and pale against the mighty heavens. It was a grave youth with unflinching black eyes, who leaned upon a sickle and held an hour-glass in his hand. He gazed across the waters with an indifferent air, as though the wrecks and corpses beneath concerned him as little as the sand in his glass, which trickled down evenly, steadily, regardless of the blustering of the storm, or the sudden quiet. There was something iron-like in the youth's features; in his eyes there lay a power that destroyed all things they looked upon; even the ocean seemed to be numbed by them, to grow silent with fear. Day dawned, and, flooded with roseate hues from the rising sun, Sorrow came stepping over the cliffs. She stretched out her arms to the youth.

"Brother," she cried, "brother, what have you done. You have raged terribly, and did not hear how I called you; ay, cried for you so eagerly."

"I heard nothing," said Death. "I felt myself too quiet, so I roused myself. A few vessels were lost in the act."

"Oh, pitiless one!" said Sorrow.

"I do not comprehend your grief," answered the sombre youth; and turning from her, he walked away. He paced silently through the sunny world; it blew chill around him, and wherever he paused a silent shudder seized all things. He went by a house and looked in. There lay a man tortured with pain who beheld him and called him imploringly; but he only shook his head and went farther. A lovely young woman stood in her garden surrounded by joyous children; her husband had just stepped up to her and kissed her. The pale wanderer

laid his hand on her shoulder and beckoned to her; she followed him a few steps and sank lifeless to the ground.

Then he came to a forest in which a pale man was pacing hither and thither, tearing his hair and gnashing his teeth, crying:

“Dishonored! dishonored!”

He saw the passer-by with the sombre eyes, saw him lift his white hand and point to a tree. The despairing man understood the signal.

He passed a group of playing children, and softly mowed the grass between their feet with his scythe. Then they bowed their heads like broken flowerets.

There an old man sat in an arm-chair, and was enjoying the warming sunbeams. Death raised his hour-glass and held it before his eyes — the last sands were running down.

He halted by a stagnant pool. No water could be seen, for it was covered with green. The rushes quivered under his cold breath, and the toad that had been croaking grew silent. Then the reeds rustled and a lovely woman drew close to the water, took something from a handkerchief and threw it down. It sank, with a faint gurgle, into the depths. Twice she made a movement as though she would spring in after it, but each time Death extended his scythe toward her, and she fled, terrified. He lifted his hour-glass, in which the sand ran down quickly, hurriedly. Then something white came up between the green water-plants, and, with wide-open eyes, a little corpse appeared, gazing at the running sand.

Then Death went farther, and across a battle-field, where he mowed down many fine men.

At last he came to a lovely valley in which autumn was reigning in all its glory. The trees were bathed in gleaming gold, the sward beneath was a luscious green, strewn with tender flowers. A silvery laugh came from the branches, through which a charming little figure was floating, now hiding among the leaves, now jumping down upon the grass, and at last running with lightsome step, and garments streaming in the breeze, to meet a stately man who stood leaning on a club beside a hillock.

"Come to me, fair Happiness," he cried aloud. "You must go with me. You are mine, for I am Courage."

"Must I?" said the sweet little form, and turned her back to him.

As she did so, her eyes, full of beaming wantonness and measureless roguery, turned toward the pale pilgrim. He saw the dimples that played on her chin and cheeks, her neck, and her arms. Her whole slender figure was inwrapt by her light, floating locks which were moved by the softest breeze, and which looked in the sunshine like falling gold-dust.

"Yes," cried Courage, "you must, for you love me. I have found that out."

"I love you in this fair valley, and that is why I give you smiles; but if you must go out into the world, you must go alone. There stands one who has never yet spoken with me, and he looks as if he, too, needed the gift of smiling."

"You can't give it to him," said Courage. "Do not try. You will only hurt yourself with his scythe."

But Happiness had already run up to the Inexorable.

"Shall I teach you how to smile, you serious youth? You seem to need it."

"Yes, I could use it, for all behold me unwillingly, and no one goes with me unless he is obliged, and it is because I cannot smile."

"Yes," said Happiness, and she grew quite timid; "but in order to teach you smiling, I must kiss you. That does not seem to me so hard, only your eyes terrify me."

"Then I will close them," said Death.

"No, no, you are so pale, I shall be still more afraid; and your scythe, too, is so sharp and cold."

"Then I will throw it from me."

And he threw his scythe far away; it grazed the trees as it fell. Then their golden foliage fell to the earth, and all the branches grew bare, and as the scythe sank into the grass it grew covered with rime, and the flowers hung down their crowns.

"Oh, you have spoilt my garden with your ugly scythe,"

cried Happiness; "and I was going to make you such a lovely present."

"I did not want to do it, but the scythe flew out of my hand, and now I am much sadder because I have grieved you. You can find new gardens, but no one can teach me how to smile."

"You shall learn, notwithstanding," said the fair maiden, and she stepped close to him; but as often as her rosy lips approached him she grew so cold that she fell back shuddering. Then he looked at her imploringly without raising his hand, as if he feared to hurt her by a touch; but his gaze held her spellbound like a great power, and she had to kiss him. But at the moment that her lips touched him his cold sank deep into her heart, and she fell dead to earth. Courage sprang angrily at the pale youth.

"You have murdered my Happiness."

"Was she yours?" asked Death, and sighed; "then go after her; there she floats."

Following the indication of his hand, Courage saw how the soft breezes were tenderly bearing away Happiness upon their wings, like to a light cloudlet. Courage hurried after them with powerful steps, keeping his eye ever fixed on that rosy cloud.

Death stood and gazed until he felt quite warm within, and a tear ran slowly down his pale cheeks. He had to learn for himself, what as yet he knew not, how it hurts if we chase away Happiness.

When nothing more could be seen but bare trees, faded grass, and withered flowers, he lifted his scythe and looked sadly around the valley, as though he expected it would all bloom again. But the earth remained dead and stark, so he turned once more to the sea. That was rolling its eternal tides upward and downward, as indifferent as ever. But he who stood above and looked down was no longer indifferent. He thought of the maiden whom he had hurt, and his yearning was as great as the ocean at his feet. And this yearning transfigured him to wondrous beauty. Thus he was seen of a pale maiden with unkempt hair and torn garments. She fell at his feet; but he was terrified by her, and drew back a pace.

"Do you no longer know me?" said the maiden. "You used to know me well, and you knew that I perished for yearning after you. I am Despair. Have you forgotten that you promised to kiss me, to give me one single kiss? It would be happiness forever."

The youth's eyes grew dark as night, and his voice sounded stern as he said:

"And you dare to speak of happiness? Do you know what happiness is? If you come near it only once may you be turned to stone!"

"And if I were to turn to stone, yet I implore for a kiss from your mouth."

The youth shuddered and thought of the lips that had touched his and taught him to smile, and as he thought of them he smiled. When the maiden at his feet saw this, she threw her arms about his neck, and laid her head upon his breast. She did not see the hate and loathing that flashed from his eyes, but the next moment a hideous skeleton grinned at her, and nearly crushed her in his bony arms, and a death's-head kissed her.

Then the earth trembled and opened. Cities vanished, fire streamed forth from mountains, forests were uprooted, rocks flew through the air, the sky was on fire, and the sea rolled in upon the land. When all was still again, Despair reared above the waters, an image of stone—Death rushed away as a storm-wind, to pursue the rosy cloud under this disguise.

WOMAN'S TRUE MISSION IN LIFE.

Alike in the natural and the spiritual world, the true vocation of woman is simply motherhood. This I am convinced is her high calling, with which she may well rest content.

But it has come to pass of late that women strive to manifest their mental powers in other kinds of work. The material aspect of life has grown more complicated in our day, and it is a great pity that we cannot return to the simplicity of former times.

After all, country life would always be the true ideal; to pass one's days peacefully on one's own land, whose

produce would suffice for simple, wholesome food, to allow the style of one's own dress to be regulated by one's own artistic taste and regard for health and comfort than by the dictates of fashion and undisturbed by the bustle and noise of the crowd.

What a contrast to this idyllic picture does the world at this moment present, with people living herded together in great cities, and cooped up in monstrous overcrowded houses within narrow streets, where they can hardly drink in a breath of fresh air or see a leaf growing, but where each one, instead of giving his thoughts to higher things, is generally busied with his neighbor's affairs.

How fair this world might yet become under the beneficent sway of women of high breeding and noble culture did they but earnestly give up their whole souls to the task of making their influence felt to the most remote circles.

But the women of the present day seem determined to descend from their lofty pedestal. Is it possible that they will not perceive, ere it be too late, their fatal and irretrievable error?

Women should never forget that they stand on a superior level, and when they place themselves on an equality with man they do but descend from those heights. It is the natural instinct of a man to venerate woman, first in the person of the mother who bore him, next in that of his wife, then again of the daughter or it may be of the sister or sisterly friend who watches over his children.

It is not too much to say, that in all times and places, and under all circumstances whatsoever, a truly womanly woman will hardly fail to obtain proper deference from men.

And if the latter sometimes assume too lordly an air toward the weaker sex, that is perhaps altogether unintentional. For men are in some respects like children, who are quite unconsciously the greatest tyrants to those they love best. In the same way, in the hour of trouble, in sickness and fatigue, our husbands and our sons seem to us just such dear spoilt children whom we must do

our best to help and comfort, however inordinate the claims may be which they make on our sympathy and indulgence.

Oh, if women would but learn that they are here not to be understood but to understand others, that herein lies a great part of their mission upon earth!

Men rarely understand the nature of women. Their own sentiments are much less complex and less highly elaborated, and they seldom have time or inclination to study the delicate, intricate machinery of a woman's soul. A man is generally satisfied, when he returns home tired after the day's work, to find a comfortable fireside awaiting him. He fancies the simple, honest affection he gives his wife ought to content her also, and he certainly will not trouble his head about any deeper psychological problem involved.

Every woman should remain more or less a sphinx even to her own husband so that he may always find in her some new riddle to solve.

SYMONDS, JOHN ADDINGTON, an English poet and critic; born at Bristol, October 5, 1840; died at Rome, April 19, 1893. He was educated at Harrow School and at Oxford. In 1862 he obtained a college fellowship, but soon vacated it by marriage. Delicate health for many years compelled him to reside in a warm climate, principally in Italy and Switzerland, and most of his works — the earliest of which appeared in 1872 — are upon Italian subjects. In verse he has published *Sonnets of Michelangelo and Campanella* (1878); a volume of *Sonnets on the Thoughts of Death* (1879); *Many Moods* (1878); *New and Old* (1880). His prose works are *Introduction to the Study of Dante* (1872); *Studies of the*

Greek Poets (1873); *Renaissance in Italy* (1875); *Sketches in Italy and Greece* (1874); *Italian By-Ways* (1876); and the lives of Shelley and Sir Philip Sidney (1887) in the "English Men of Letters" series. The seventh and last volume of his work, on the Italian Renaissance, was published in 1886. *In the Key of Blue* and *Walt Whitman* were published after his death in 1893.

IN THE MENTONE GRAVEYARD.

Between the circling mountains and the sea
 Rest thou! Pure spirit whose work is done,
 Here to the earth whate'er was left of thee
 Mortal, we render. But beyond the sun
 And utmost stars, who know what life begun
 Even now nor ever to be ended, bright
 With clearest effluence of unclouded light,

Greets thee undazzled?—Lo! this peace of tombs
 With rose-leaf and with clematis and vine,
 And violets that smile in winter, blooms,
 Sun, moon, and stars in sweet procession shine
 Above thy shadeless grave; the waves divine
 Gleam like a silver shield beneath; the bare
 Broad hills o'erhead, defining the free air,

Enclose a temple of the sheltering skies
 To roof thee. Noon and eve and lustrous night,
 The sunset thou didst love, the strong sunrise
 That filled thy soul erewhile with strange delight,
 Still on thy sleeping clay shed kisses bright;
 But thou—oh, not for thee these waning powers
 Of morn and evening, these poor, paling flowers,

These narrowing limits of sea, sky, and earth!
 For in thy tombless City of the dead
 Sunrising and sunseting, and the mirth
 Of Spring-time and of Summer, and our red
 Rose-wreaths are swallowed in the streams that spread

Supreme of Light ineffable from Him,
Matched with whose least of rays our sun is dim.

Oh, blessed! It is for us, not thee, we grieve!

Yet even so, ye voices, and you tide
Of souls innumerable that panting heave
To rhythmic pulses of God's heart, and hide
Beneath your myriad booming breaker's wide
The universal Life invisible,
Give praise! Behold, the void that was so still

Breaks into singing, and the desert cries —

Praise, praise to Thee! praise for Thy servant Death,
The healer and deliverer! from his eyes
Flows life that cannot die; yea, with his breath
The dross of weary earth he winnoweth,
Leaving all pure and perfect things to be
Merged in the soul of Thine immensity!

Praise, Lord, praise for this our brother Death;

Though, also for the fair mysterious veil
Of life that from Thy radiance severeth
Our mortal sight; for these faint blossoms frail
Of joy on earth we cherish, for the pale
Light of the circling years, we praise Thee, too;
Since thus, as in a web, Thy Spirit through

The phantom world is woven! Yet thrice praise

For him who frees us! Surely we shall gain,
A guerdon for the exile of these days,
Oneness with Thee; and as the drops of rain,
Cast from the throbbing clouds in Summer's pain,
Resume their rest in ocean, even so we,
Lost for awhile, shall find ourselves in Thee.

TO THE GENIUS OF ETERNAL SLUMBER.

Sleep, thou art named eternal! Is there then
No chance of waking in thy noiseless realm?
Come there no fretful dreams to overwhelm
The feverish spirits of o'er-labored men?

Shall conscience sleep where thou art; and shall pain
Lie folded with tired arms around her head,
And memory be stretched out upon a bed
Of ease, whence she shall never rise again?
O Sleep, that art eternal! Say, shall Love
Breathe like an infant slumbering at thy breast?
Shall hope there cease to throb; and shall the smart
Of things impossible at length find rest?
Thou answerest not. The poppy-heads above
Thy calm brows sleep. How cold, how still thou art!

SAVONAROLA.

As Savonarola is now launched upon his vocation of prophecy, this is the right moment to describe his personal appearance and his style of preaching. We have abundant material for judging what his features were, and how they flashed beneath the storm of inspiration. Fra Bartolommeo, one of his followers, painted a profile of him in the character of S. Peter Martyr. This shows all the benignity and grace of expression which his stern lineaments could assume. It is a picture of the sweet and gentle nature latent within the fiery arraigner of his nation at the bar of God. In contemporary medals the face appears hard, keen, uncompromising, beneath its heavy cowl. But the noblest portrait is the intaglio engraved by Giovanni della Corniole, now to be seen in the Uffizzi at Florence. Of this work Michelangelo, himself a disciple of Savonarola, said that art could go no farther. We are therefore justified in assuming that the engraver has not only represented faithfully the outline of Savonarola's face, but has also indicated his peculiar expression. A thick hood covers the whole head and shoulders. Beneath it can be traced the curve of a long and somewhat flat skull, rounded into extraordinary fulness at the base and side. From a deeply sunken eye-socket emerges, scarcely seen, but powerfully felt, the eye that blazed with lightning. The nose is strong, prominent, and aquiline, with wide nostrils capable of terrible dilation under the stress of vehement emotion. The mouth has full, compressed, projecting lips. It is large, as if made for a tor-

rent of eloquence; it is supplied with massive muscles, as if to move with energy and calculated force and utterance. The jawbone is hard and heavy; the cheekbone emergent; between the two the flesh is hollowed, not so much with the emaciation of monastic vigils as with the athletic exercise of wrestlings in the throes of prophecy. The face, on the whole, is ugly, but not repellent; and, in spite of its great strength, it shows signs of feminine sensibility. Like the faces of Cicero and Demosthenes, it seems the fit machine for oratory. But the furnace hidden away behind that skull, beneath that cowl, have made it haggard with a fire not to be found in the serene features of the classic orators. Savonarola was a visionary and a monk. The discipline of the cloister left its trace upon him. The wings of dreams have winnowed and withered that cheek as they passed over it. The spirit of prayer quivers upon those eager lips. The color of Savonarola's flesh was brown; his nerves were exquisitely sensitive yet strong; like a net-work of steel, elastic, easily overstrained, they recovered their tone and temper less by repose than by the evolution of fresh electricity. With Savonarola fasts were succeeded by trances, and trances by tempests of vehement improvisation. From the midst of such profound debility that he could scarcely crawl up the pulpit steps, he would pass suddenly into the plentitude of power, filling the Dome of Florence with denunciations, sustaining his discourse by no mere trick of rhetoric that flows to waste upon the lips of shallow preachers, but marshalling the phalanx of embattled arguments and pointed illustrations, pouring his thoughts forth in columns of continuous flame, mingling figures of sublimest imagery with reasonings of severest accuracy, at one time melting his audience to tears, at another freezing them with terror, again quickening their souls with prayers and pleadings and blessings that had in them the sweetness of the very spirit of Christ. His sermons began with scholastic exposition; as they advanced, the ecstasy of inspiration fell upon the preacher, till the sympathies of the whole people of Florence gathered round him, met, and attained, as it were, to single consciousness in him. He then no longer re-

strained the impulse of his oratory, but became the mouth-piece of God, the interpreter to themselves of all that host. In a fiery crescendo, never flagging, never losing firmness of grasp or lucidity of vision, he ascended the altar-steps of prophecy, and, standing like Moses on the mount between the thunders of God and the tabernacles of the plain, fulminated period after period of impassioned eloquence. The walls of the church re-echoed with sobs and wailings dominated by one ringing voice. The scribe to whom we owe the fragments of these sermons, at times breaks off with these words: Here I was so overcome with weeping that I could not go on! Pico della Mirandola tells us that the mere sound of Savonarola's voice, startling the stillness of the Duomo, thronged through all its space with people, was like a clap of doom; a cold shiver ran through the marrow of his bones, the hairs of his head stood on end as he listened. Another witness reports: "These sermons caused such terror, alarm, sobbing, and tears that everyone passed through the streets without speaking, more dead than alive."—*Renaissance in Italy*.

T

TABB, JOHN BANISTER, an American poet; born in Amelia County, Va., March 22, 1845. He was educated by private tutors. During the Civil War he was captured and held prisoner for seven months. He studied music in Baltimore and later took up theology at St. Mary's Seminary. In 1884 he was ordained to the priesthood of the Roman Catholic church. Since 1885 he has been professor of English at St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md. His first volume of *Poems* was published privately in 1884. His later works include *Poems* (1889); *Lyrics* (1890); *An Octave to Mary* (1892); *Rules of English Grammar* (1894); *Poems Grave and Gay* (1899); *Two Lyrics* (1900); and *The Rosary in Rhyme* (1904).

HELPLESSNESS.

In patience as in labor must thou be,
A follower of Me,
Whose hands and feet, when most I wrought for thee,
Were nailed unto a tree.

A SAINT'S INFIRMITY.

"Your father's deafness — was it cured
When he Saint Anthony implored?"

"No," said the boy, "'twas not to be;
Saint Anthony was deaf as he!"

— *The Smart Set.*

IN SORROW.

"What need had God of thee?"

I ask when faith is dim.

Then suddenly I see

What need hadst thou of Him:

And, lo! the mystery is plain—

My loss, thine everlasting gain!

— *Ainslee's Magazine.*

THE LARK.

He rose, and singing passed from sight:

A shadow kindling with the sun,

His joy ecstatic flamed, till light

And heavenly song were one.

THE BLUEBIRD.

'Tis thine the earliest song to sing

Of welcome to the wakening spring,

Who round thee, as a blossom, weaves

The fragrance of her sheltering leaves.

SAP.

Strong as the sea, and silent as the grave,

It ebbs and flows unseen;

Flooding the earth—a fragrant tidal wave—

With mist of deepening green.

DECEMBER.

Dull sky above, dead leaves below;

And hungry winds that whining go

Like faithful hounds upon the track

Of one beloved that comes not back.

TACITUS, PUBLIUS CORNELIUS, a Roman historian; born about A.D. 55; died about A.D. 117. He married a daughter of Julius Agricola; was a friend of the younger Pliny, and held important positions under Vespasian, Domitian, and Nero (A.D. 69-98), after which nothing definite is recorded of his personal history. He wrote *A Dialogue Concerning Orators*, an attempt to demonstrate and explain the decay of oratory in the Imperial period, in the form of a dialogue between literary celebrities of the time of Vespasian, which was held in high esteem. His *Life of Agricola*, his father-in-law, is of great value for its information concerning the early inhabitants of Britain. His *Germania* gives nearly all the knowledge which we have of the ancient Germans. His *History of Rome* narrated the events from A.D. 69 to 96; but the greater part of this has been lost, only the portions relating to the years 69 and 70 being extant. His *Annals* narrated the events from the year 14 to 68; but of the sixteen books only nine, and portions of three others, are now known to exist. Our selections are from translation of Brodribb and Church.

THE DEATH OF TIBERIUS.

The bodily powers of Tiberius were now leaving him, but not his skill in dissembling. There was the same stern spirit; he had his words and his looks under strict control; and occasionally would try to hide his weakness, evident as it was, by a forced politeness. After frequent changes of place, he at last settled down on the promontory of Misenum, in a country-house once owned by Lucius Lucullus. It was there discovered that he was drawing near his end; and thus there

was a physician of the name of Charicles usually employed, not indeed to have the direction of the Emperor's varying health, but to put his advice at his immediate disposal. This man, as if he was leaving on business of his own, clasped his hand with a show of homage, and touched his pulse. Tiberius noticed it. Whether he was displeased, and strove the more to hide his anger, is a question. At any rate, he ordered the banquet to be resumed, and sat at the table longer than usual, apparently by way of showing honor to his departing friend. Charicles, however, assured Macro that his breath was failing, and that he would not last more than two days. All was at once hurry; there were conferences among those on the spot, and despatches to the generals and armies. On the 15th of March [A.D. 37] his breath failing, he was believed to have expired; and Caius Cæsar was going forth, with a numerous throng of congratulating followers, to take first possession of the empire, when suddenly news came that Tiberius was recovering his voice and sight, and calling for persons to bring him food to recover him from his faintness. Then ensued a universal panic; and while the rest fled hither and thither, everyone feigning grief or ignorance, Caius Cæsar, in silent stupor, passed from the highest hopes to the extremity of apprehension. Macro, nothing daunted, ordered the old Emperor to be smothered under a huge heap of clothes, and all to quit the entrance-hall.—*Annals*, VI., 50.

THE CAREER AND CHARACTER OF TIBERIUS.

And so died Tiberius, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. His father was Nero, and he was on both sides descended from the Claudian house, though his mother passed, by adoption, first into the Livian, then into the Julian family. From earliest infancy perilous vicissitudes were his lot. Himself an exile, he was the companion of a proscribed father; and on being admitted as a step-son into the house of Augustus, he had to struggle with many rivals so long as Marcellus and Agrippa, and subsequently Caius and Lucius Cæsar, were

in their glory. Again, his brother Drusus enjoyed in a greater degree the affection of the citizens. But he was more than ever on dangerous ground after his marriage with Julia, whether he tolerated or escaped from his wife's profligacy. On his return from Rhodes he ruled the Emperor's now heirless house for twelve years, and the Roman world, with absolute sway, for twenty-three. His character, too, had its distinct periods. It was a bright time in his life and reputation when, under Augustus, he was a private citizen or held high offices; a time of reserve and crafty assumption of virtue as long as Germanicus and Drusus were alive. Again, while his mother lived he was a compound of good and evil. He was infamous for his cruelty, though he veiled his debaucheries while he loved or feared Segnus. Finally he plunged into every wickedness and disgrace when, fear and shame being cast off, he simply indulged his own inclinations. — *Annals*, VI., 51.

THE CONFLAGRATION OF ROME UNDER NERO.

A disaster followed (whether accidental or treacherously contrived by the Emperor is uncertain, as authors have given both accounts) worse, however, and more disastrous than any, which have happened to the city, by the violence of fire. It had its beginning in that part of the Circus which adjoins the Palatine and Cælian hills, where, amid the shops containing inflammable wares, the conflagration both broke out and instantly became so fierce and so rapid from the wind, that it seized in its grasp the entire length of the Circus. For here there were no houses fenced in by solid masonry, or temples surrounded by walls, or any other obstacle to interpose delay. The blaze in its fury ran first through the level portion of the city; then rising to the hills, while it again devastated every place below them, it outstripped all preventive measures, so rapid was the mischief, and so completely at its mercy the city, with those narrow, winding passages and irregular streets which characterized old Rome. Added to this were the wailings of terror-stricken women, the feebleness of age, the helpless inex-

perience of childhood, the crowds who sought to save themselves or others, dragging out the infirm or waiting for them, and by their hurry in the one case, by their delay in the other, exaggerating the confusion. . . . At last, doubting what they should avoid, or whither betake themselves, they crowded the streets or flung themselves down in the fields; while some who had lost their all, even their very daily bread, and others, out of love for their kinsfolk whom they had been unable to rescue, perished, though escape was open to them. And no one dared to stop the mischief, because of incessant menaces from a number of persons who forbade the extinguishing of the flames; because others again openly hurled brands, and kept shouting that there was one who gave them authority; either seeking to plunder more freely, or obeying orders.

Nero at this time was at Antium, and did not return to Rome until the fire approached his house which he had built to connect the palace with the gardens of Mæcenæ. It could not, however, be stopped from devouring the palace, the house, and everything around it. However, to relieve the people, driven homeless as they were, he threw open to them the Campus Martius and the public buildings of Agrippa, and even his own gardens, and raised temporary structures to receive the destitute multitude. Supplies of food were brought up from Ostia and the neighboring towns, and the price of corn was reduced to three *sestertia* [sixpence] a peck. These acts, though popular, produced no effect, since a rumor had gone forth everywhere that, at the very moment when the city was in flames, the Emperor appeared on a private stage, and sang of the destruction of Troy, comparing present misfortunes with the calamities of antiquity.—*Annals*, XV., 38, 39.



HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINE.

TAINÉ, HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE, a French critic, historian and philosopher; born at Vouziers, Ardennes, April 21, 1828; died at Paris, March 5, 1893. He was educated at the Bourbon College, and in 1864 was appointed Professor of History and Æsthetics in the *École des Beaux-Arts*. Beginning with 1855, he published numerous works, such as *Travels in the Pyrenees* (1855); *French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century* (1856); *Critical and Historical Essays*, two series (1864-65), a study of *Carlyle* and one of *J. S. Mill*; a *History of English Literature*, in four volumes (1864), widely known and used by students in this country; *Travels in Italy* (1866); *The Philosophy of Art in Italy* (1866); also *Philosophy of Art in Greece* (1870); *The Intellect* (1870); *Notes on England* (1871), and *Origin of Contemporaneous France* (5 vols., 1876-90). His works have been translated into English.

ART ENVIRONMENT.

In the first place the men of this period, A.D. 1500, are obliged to be interested in one thing with which we are no longer familiar, because we no longer have it before us and pay no attention to it; and that is the body, the muscles, and the different attitudes which the human figure in action presents to us. At this epoch a man, no matter what his rank might be, is expected to be a man of arms, to be skilled in the use of the sword and dagger in his own defence; consequently, and without being aware of it, he charges his memory with every form and attitude of the active or militant body. Count Balthazar de Castiglione, in describing a polished society, enumerates the exercises in which a man who is well brought up should be expert. You will see that gentle-

men of those days have the education and, consequently, the ideas, not only of a master of arms, but again of a bull-fighter, of a gymnast, of a horseman, of a knight-errant.

"I require," says Castiglione, "that our courtier be a complete horseman, and, as it is a special merit of Italians to govern the horse with the bridle, to manœuvre it systematically, especially horses difficult to control, to run with lances, and to joust, let him in these matters be an Italian among the best. In tourneys and passages-at-arms, and in races within barriers, let him be one of the good among the best of French. . . . In cudgelling, bull-fighting, casting darts and lances, let him excel among the Spaniards. . . . It is well, again, that he should know how to run and to jump. Another noble exercise is tennis, and I esteem it no slight merit to know how to leap a horse."

These are not simple maxims confined to conversation or to books; they were put in practice; the habits of men of the highest rank were in conformity with them. Julian de' Medici, who was assassinated by the Pazzi, is lauded by his biographer, not only for his talent in poetry and his tact as a connoisseur, but again for his skill in managing the horse, in wrestling, and in throwing the lance. Cæsar Borgia, that great assassin and able politician, possessed hands as vigorous as his intellect and will. His portrait shows us the man of fashion, and his history the diplomatist; but his private life also shows us the matadore as we see it in Spain, whence his family came. "He is twenty-seven years old," says a contemporary; "he has a very handsome figure, and the Pope, his father, is much afraid of him. He has slain six wild bulls, fighting them on horseback with a pike, and he split the head of one of these bulls at a single blow."

Consider men thus educated, with experience in and taste for all corporeal exercises; they are fully qualified to comprehend the representation of the body, that is to say, painting and sculpture; a rearing horse, the curvature of the thigh, an uplifted arm, the projection of a muscle, every function and every form of the hu-

man body, arouse in their minds inward and pre-existing images. They can be interested in its members, and become connoisseurs through instinct, without any self-distrust.

In the next place, the absence of justice and of a police, an aggressive life, and the constant presence of extreme danger fill the soul with energetic, simple, and grand passions. It is accordingly ready to appreciate energy, simplicity, and grandeur in attitudes and in figures; for the source of taste is sympathy, and in order that an expressive object should please us, its expression must be in conformity with our moral condition.

In the last place, and for the same reasons, we have a deeper sensibility; for it is forced back within us by the terrible pressure of the various trials which encircle a human life. The more a man has suffered, dreaded, or grieved, the more delighted he is to expand. The more his soul has been beset with painful anxieties or with dark thoughts, the greater his pleasure in the presence of harmonious and noble beauty. The more he has strained or bridled himself either for action or for dissimulation, the more he enjoys when he is able to give vent to and to unbend himself. A calm, blooming Madonna in his alcove, the shape of a valiant youth over his dresser, occupies his eye the more agreeably after tragic preoccupations and funereal reveries. . . .

Let us try to bring together these diverse traits of character, and consider, on the one hand, a man of our time, rich and well educated, and on the other, a grand seignior of the year 1500, both selected from the class in which you look for judges. Our contemporary gets up at eight o'clock in the morning, puts on his dressing-gown, takes his chocolate, goes into his library, overlooks some piles of papers if he is a business man, or turns over the leaves of some fresh publications if he is a man of society; after this, with his mind filled and at ease, having taken a few turns on a soft carpet, and breakfasted in a handsome room warmed with a heater, he goes out to promenade on the boulevard, smoke his cigar, and visit a club, to read the newspapers, and talk about literature, stock quotations, politics, or railroad improvements.

When he goes home, if on foot, an hour after midnight, he knows that the streets are lined with policemen and that no accident can well happen to him. His spirit is perfectly calm, and he goes to bed thinking that to-morrow he will do the same thing over again. Such is life to-day. What has this man seen in the way of the body? He has perhaps entered a cold bath-house and contemplated the grotesque pool in which every human deformity is plashing about; perhaps, if he is curious, he has looked two or three times in his life at the market athletes; and the most decided thing in the way of the nude that he has seen is the common pink fleshings of the opera-house. What an experience has he been subjected to in the matter of strong passions? Perhaps to some cases of wounded vanity or to some uneasiness about investments; he has made a poor speculation at the stock exchange or he has not secured a place he hoped to get; his friends have reported in society that he was dull; his wife spends too much money or his son has committed imprudences. But the great passions which put his own life and the life of his kindred in peril, which may bring his head to the block or in a slipping-noose, which may precipitate him into a dungeon, lead him to torture or to execution, he knows nothing of. He is too tranquil, too well protected, too much parcelled out into little delicate and pleasing sensations; except the rare chance of a duel, with its ceremonial and polite accompaniments, he is ignorant of the inner state of a man who is about to kill or be killed. Consider, on the contrary, one of those grand seigniors of whom I have just spoken. Oliveretto del Fermo, Alfonso d'Este, Cæsar Borgia, Lorenzo de' Medici, and their gentlemen, all those who are at the head of affairs. The first concern in the morning for a Renaissance noble or cavalier is to strip naked with his fencing-master, a dagger in one hand and a sword in the other. Thus do we see him represented in engravings. What is his life devoted to and what is his principal pleasure? It consists of cavalcades, masquerades, entries into cities, mythological pageants, tourneys, receptions of sovereigns, in which he figures on horse-back, magnificently dressed, displaying his laces, velvet doub-

ets, and gold embroidery, proud of his imposing aspect and of the vigorous attitude by which, along with his companions, he enhances the dignity of his sovereign. On leaving his house for the day he generally has on a full suit of armor under his doublet; he is obliged to guard against the dagger strokes and sword thrusts which may possibly greet him at the corner of the street. Even in his own palace he is not at ease; the vast stone recesses, the windows barred with thick iron, the military solidity of the entire structure, indicate a dwelling which, like a cuirass, has got to defend its master against sudden surprises. Such a man, when he is well locked up at home and sees before him the fine form of a courtesan or of a Virgin, of a Hercules, of the eternal grandly draped or with vigorous development of muscle, is more capable than a modern of comprehending their beauty and physical perfection. He will appreciate, without being educated in a studio, through involuntary sympathy, the heroic nudities and terrible muscularities of Michelangelo, the health, the placidity, the pure expression of a Madonna by Raphael, the natural and hardy vitality of a bronze by Donatello, the twining, strangely seductive attitude of a figure by da Vinci, the superb animal voluptuousness, the impetuous movement, the athletic force and joyousness, of the figures of Giorgione and Titian.

A picturesque state of mind, that is to say, midway between pure ideas and pure images, energetic characters and passionate habits suited to giving a knowledge of and taste for beautiful physical forms, constitute the temporary circumstances which, added to the innate aptitudes of the race, produced, in Italy, the great and perfect painting of the human form. We have, now, only to descend into the streets, or to enter the studios, and we shall see it giving itself birth. It is not, as with us, a school production, an occupation of the critics, a pastime for the curious, an amateur's mania, an artificial plant cultivated at great cost, withering in spite of the compost heaped about it, foreign to the soil and painfully supported in an atmosphere made for maintaining the sciences, literatures, manufactures, policemen, and dress-coats; it forms a portion of a whole; the cities which

cover their town-halls and their churches with painted figures, gather around it countless *tableaux vivants* more transient but more imposing; it is only a summary of these. The men of this day are amateurs of painting, not for an hour, for a single moment in their life, but throughout their life, in their religious ceremonies, in their national festivities, in their public receptions, in their avocations, and in their amusements.—*Art in Italy.*

TALFOURD, SIR THOMAS NOON, an English dramatist and poet; born at Doxey, near Stafford, January 26, 1795; died there, March 13, 1854. He was admitted to the practice of law, in London, 1821, and, after he became sergent-at-law, was known as Serjeant Talfourd; subsequently he was appointed judge. Twice he was elected to Parliament, and especially distinguished himself by advocating the rights of authors and procuring the Act of 1842. His dramas are *Ion* (1835); *The Athenian Captive* (1838); *Glencoe* (1840), and *The Castilian* (1854). He edited the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Charles Lamb* (1837), and *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb* (1848), and wrote *Vacation Rambles* (1844), an account of his continental tours. His critical and miscellaneous writings were published in the United States — the second edition, with additions, in 1852.

WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE.

We have no need of resort to argument in order to show that genius is not gradually declining. A glance at its productions, in the present age, will suffice to prove the gloomy mistake of desponding criticism. . . .

And first — in the great walk of poesy — is Wordsworth, who, if he stood alone, would vindicate the immortality of his art. He has, in his works, built up a rock of defence for his species which will resist the mightiest tides of demoralizing luxury. Setting aside the varied and majestic harmony of his verse — the freshness and grandeur of his descriptions, the exquisite softness of his delineations of character, and the high and rapturous spirit of his choral songs — we may produce his “divine philosophy,” as unequalled by any preceding bard. And surely it is no small proof of the infinity of the resources of genius, that in this late age of the world the first of all philosophic poets should have arisen, to open a new vein of sentiment and thought deeper and richer than yet had been laid bare to mortal eyes. His rural pictures are as fresh and lively as those of Cowper, yet how much lovelier is the poetic light which is shed over them. His exhibition of gentle peculiarities of character and dear immunities of heart is as true and genial as that of Goldsmith, yet how much is its interest heightened by its intimate connection, as by golden chords, with the noblest and most universal truths! His little pieces of tranquil beauty are as holy and as sweet as those of Collins, and yet, while we feel the calm of the elder poet gliding into our souls, we catch farther glimpses through the luxuriant boughs into “the highest heaven of invention.” His soul mantels as high with love and joy as that of Burns, but yet “how bright, how solemn, how serene,” is the brimming and lucid stream! His poetry not only discovers, within the heart, new faculties, but awakens within it untried powers, to comprehend and enjoy its beauty and its wisdom.

Not less marvellously gifted, though in a far different manner, is Coleridge, who, by a strange error, has been regarded as belonging to the same school, partaking of the same peculiarities, and upholding the same doctrines. Instead, like Wordsworth, of seeking the sources of sublimity and of beauty in the simplest elements of humanity, he ranges through all history and science, investigating all that has really existed, and all that has had foundation only in the strongest and wildest minds, combining, con-

densing, developing, and multiplying the rich products of his research with marvellous facility and skill; now pondering fondly over some piece of exquisite loveliness, brought from a wild and unknown recess; now tracing out the hidden germ of the eldest and most barbaric theories; and now calling fantastic spirits from the vasty deep, where they have slept since the dawn of reason. The term "myriad-minded," which he has happily applied to Shakespeare, is truly descriptive of himself. He is not one, but legion—"rich with the spoils of time"—richer in his own glorious and sportive fantasy. There is nothing more wonderful than the facile majesty of his images, or rather of his worlds of imagery which, even in his poetry or his prose, start up before us, self-raised and all perfect like the palace of Aladdin. He ascends to the sublimest truths, by a winding track of sparkling glory, which can only be described in his own language—

"The spirit's ladder,
That from this gross and visible world of dust
Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds
Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers
Move up and down on heavenly ministries—
The circles in the circles that approach
The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit."
— *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays.*

THE REAL DURATION OF MEN'S LIVES.

We hear persons complaining of the slow passage of time, when they have spent a single night of unbroken wearisomeness, and wondering how speedily hours filled with pleasure or engrossing occupations have flown; and yet we all know how long any period seems which has been crowded with events or feelings leaving a strong impression behind them.

In thinking on seasons of ennui we have nothing but a sense of length,—we merely remember that we felt the tedium of existence; but there is really no space in the imagination filled up by the period. Mere time, unpeopled with diversified emotions or circumstances, is but

one idea, and that idea is nothing more than the remembrance of a listless sensation. A night of dull pain, and months of lingering weakness, are, in the retrospect, nearly the same thing.

When our hands or our hearts are busy, we know nothing of time—it does not exist for us; but as soon, as we pause to meditate on that which is gone, we seem to have lived long because we look back through a long series of events, or feel them at once peering one above the other like ranges of distant hills. Actions or feelings, not hours, mark all the backward course of our being. Our sense of the nearness to us of any circumstance in our life, is determined on the same principles—not by the revolution of the seasons, but by the relation which the event bears in importance to all that has happened to us since.

To him who has thought, or done, or suffered much, the level days of his childhood seem at an immeasurable distance—far off as the age of chivalry, or as the line of Sesostriis. There are some recollections of such overpowering vastness, that their objects seem ever near; their size reduces all intermediate events to nothing; and they peer upon us like “a forked mountain, or blue promontory,” which, being far off, is yet nigh.

How different from these appears some inconsiderable occurrence of more recent date, which a flash of thought redeems in a moment from long oblivion; which is seen amidst the dim confusion of half-forgotten things, like a little rock lighted up by a chance gleam of sunshine afar in the mighty waters!

What immense difference is there, then, in the real duration of men's lives! He lives longest of all who looks back oftenest, whose life is most populous of thought or action, and on every retrospect makes the vastest picture. The man who does not meditate, has no real consciousness of being. Such a one goes to death as to a drunken sleep; he parts with existence wantonly, because he knows nothing of its value.

Mere men of pleasure are, therefore, the most careless of duelists, the gayest of soldiers. To know the true value of being, yet to lay it down for a great cause,

is a pitch of heroism, which has rarely been attained by men. That mastery of the fear of death which is so common among men of spirit, is nothing but a conquest over the apprehension of dying. It is a mere victory of nerve and muscle.

Those whose days have no principle of continuity — who never feel time but in the shape of ennui — may quit the world for sport or for honor. But he who truly lives, who feels the past and future in the instant, whose days are to him a possession of majestic remembrances and golden hopes, ought not to fancy himself bound by such an example. He may be inspired to lay down his life, when truth or virtue shall demand so great a sacrifice; but he will be influenced by mere weakness of resolution, not by courage, if he suffer himself to be ashamed, or laughed, or worried out of it!

THE DEATH OF ION.

Ion.—Prithee, no more — Argives! I have a boon
To crave of you. Whene'er I shall rejoin
In death the father from whose heart in life
Stern fate divided me, think gently of him!
Think that beneath his panoply of pride
Were fair affections crushed by bitter wrongs
Which fretted him to madness; what he did,
Alas! ye know; could ye know what he suffered,
Ye would not curse his name. Yet never more
Let the great interests of the state depend
Upon the thousand chances that may sway
A piece of human frailty; swear to me
That ye will seek hereafter in yourselves
The means of sovereignty; our country's space
So happy in its smallness, so compact,
Needs not the magic of a single name
Which wider regions may require to draw
Their interest into one; but, circled thus,
Like a blest family, by simple laws
May tenderly be governed — all degrees,
Not placed in dexterous balance, not combined
By bonds of parchment, or by iron clasps,

But blended into one — a single form
 Of nymph-like loveliness, which finest chords
 Of sympathy pervading shall endow
 With vital beauty: tint with roseate bloom
 In times of happy peace, and bid to flash
 With one brave impulse, if ambitious bands
 Of foreign power should threaten. Swear to me
 That ye will do this? . . .

Medon and others.— We swear it!

Ion.— Hear and record the oath, immortal powers!
 Now give me leave a moment to approach
 That altar unattended. [*He goes to the altar.*

Gracious gods!

In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,
 Look on me now; and if there is a power,
 As at this solemn time I feel there is,
 Beyond ye, that hath breathed through all your shapes
 The spirit of the beautiful that lives
 In earth and heaven; to ye I offer up
 This conscious being, full of life and love,
 For my dear country's welfare. Let this blow
 End all her sorrows! [*Stabs himself.*

SYMPATHY.

'Tis but a little thing
 To give a cup of water; yet its draught
 Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
 May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
 More exquisite than when nectarean juice
 Renews the life of joy in happier hours.
 It is a little thing to speak a phrase
 Of common comfort which by daily use
 Has almost lost its sense, yet on the ear
 Of him who thought to die unmourned 'twill fall
 Like choicest music, fill the glazing eye
 With gentle tears, relax the knotted hand
 To know the bonds of fellowship again,
 And shed on the departing soul a sense,
 More precious than the benison of friends,

About the honored death-bed of the rich,
 To him who else were lonely, that another
 Of the great family is near and feels.

TALLEYRAND-PÉRIGORD, CHARLES MAURICE DE, a French diplomat; born at Paris, February 13, 1754; died there, May 17, 1838. His father, of princely connections, was an officer of the royal household. Excluded from the rights of primogeniture by lameness, the son made the Church a means to his ambition. He distinguished himself in college, became abbé, and, in 1789, Bishop of Autun; was elected by his clergy to the States-General; was influential in advocating confiscation of church lands; was president of the Assembly in 1790; was excommunicated by the Pope in 1791, and succeeded Mirabeau as Director of the Department of Paris; was ambassador to England under Louis XVI., and also, after the Revolution, under Danton. Expelled from England, he falsely reappeared there, as an exile, to intrigue; helped to consolidate Napoleon's power, became Vice-Grand Elector of the empire, and after its fall, set up Louis XVIII., and was Prime-Minister at the second restoration. He did much service to France at the Vienna Congress, but was, under all régimes, a time-server, unprincipled, vicious, and the embodiment of deceit and selfishness, even in his occasional able advocacy of good measures. His *Memoirs* appeared under the editorship of the Duc de Broglie in 1891, and were translated into English by Mrs. A. Hall (1891-92).



TALLEYRAND.

LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, October 10th, 1792.

Citizen Minister.

Permit me to request the favor of you to communicate to the other members of the executive council some remarks concerning the real and relative situation of Great Britain and Ireland. . . . That in the British nation the far greater part of the inhabitants call loudly for a reform, and desire a revolution, which may establish a commonwealth, is undeniable; but the British patriots possess neither our activity, our disinterestedness, nor our energy, philosophy, or elevated views; and they have not yet been able to acquire, for a support and rallying point, *the majority in the legislature*.

They may, however, and they certainly do, intend to resort to arms in supporting their petitions for reform, and their attempt to recover their lost liberties. But as long as the strength and resources of the present government continue unimpaired, they may distress it, even shake it, but I fear, without aid from France, they will be unable to change, or to curb it. The Ministers even expect to be reinforced with the interest and talents of all those violent alarmists, terrified or seduced by the eloquent sophistry of the fanatic E. Burke, who will add additional weight to the scale of the English aristocracy.

Everything indicates that the King of England will not long continue his present system of neutrality. All the colonels have lately received orders to hasten the complements of their regiments. Several more ships have just been put in commission. A report is prevalent of the militia being directly called out. Societies against *republicans* and *levelers* are talked of as encouraged by Government. . . .

Is it besides probable that England will remain neutral, without interference, should the efforts and valor of our armies be crowned with success? Or, if encountering defeats, will she not take advantage of our disasters by dividing our spoils with our foes? We have it this moment in our power to command, not only the neutrality of

Great Britain and Ireland, but, if it be thought politic, to form an offensive and defensive alliance with the English, Scotch, and Irish commonwealths, established by our arms, and therefore naturally connected with the French republic by the strongest of all ties — a common interest, a common danger, or a common safety. . . . The regular troops in England do not amount to 20,000 men complete. . . .

By the last official return from the executive committee, you see that England alone contains 166,000 registered patriots, of whom 33,600 may be provided with fire-arms from our depots, and the remainder in four days armed with pikes. Our traveling agents assure us that, besides these, as many more are ready to declare themselves in our favor, were we once landed, and able to support them effectually.

In Scotland there are no more than 9,500 regular troops. . . . In the same country the last official return makes the patriots amount to 44,200 registered, and double that number who, from different motives, have not yet declared themselves.

In Ireland the regular troops amount to 10,400 men, and the registered patriots to 131,500, who expect to be joined by almost every Roman Catholic in the island, should anything be undertaken by us for their deliverance from their present oppressive yoke.

All these encouraging circumstances duly considered, my humble proposal is that our fleet at Toulon, now ready for sea on an expedition in the Mediterranean, after taking aboard 20,000 to 25,000 men, and arms for 100,000 more, change its destination, pass the Strait of Gibraltar, and land in Ireland as an ally of the numerous oppressed patriots in that country. These forces are at present more than sufficient to deprive Great Britain forever of that important island, or at least to enable us to keep it as a depot during the war, and a security for her neutrality, in case our attempts to revolutionize her should not meet with an equal success.

I am, however, not too sanguine in my impressions or expectations when I assert, that at this period, even in England and Scotland, we shall meet with less resistance,

and fewer obstacles than many may suppose, if we are only discreet, prudent, and above all *expeditious*. . . .

At three times, in forty-eight hours, we may, without opposition, land 50,000 to 60,000 men in twenty or thirty different points, under the names of emigrants, and seize the principal dock-yards, arsenals, and naval stations. With the assistance of our numerous secret adherents we may even occupy London itself, and *what is certain, and may be depended upon*, our landing will be the signal for a general revolt. . . .

But if unfortunately any unforeseen, or to me unknown, reasons or impediments prevail, to prevent it from being carried into effect, pardon me when I fear that centuries will elapse before another such opportunity offers to France to seize on Ireland, to invade England and Scotland, and with their riches and power maintain an undisturbed sway over the universe, in proclaiming an universal republic. — *Memoirs of Talleyrand, London, 1805.*

TALMAGE, THOMAS DE WITT, an American clergyman and lecturer; born near Bound Brook, N. J., January 7, 1832; died at Washington, D. C., April 12, 1902. He was educated in New York City, and at New Brunswick, N. J. His most noted pastorate was that of the Brooklyn Tabernacle Congregation. In 1895 he became associate pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Washington, D. C. He was successively editor of *The Christian at Work*; *The Advance*; *The Sunday Magazine*, and *The Christian Herald*; and published *Crumbs Swept Up* (1870); *Abomination of Modern Society* (1872); *Around the Tea-Table* (1874); *The Mask Torn Off* (1879); *The Marriage Ring* (1886); *Woman: Her Powers and Privileges* (1888); *Domestic Science*

(1891); and a collection of sermons entitled *The Brooklyn Tabernacle*.

OUR SPECTACLES.

An unwary young man comes to town. He buys elegant silk pocket-handkerchiefs on Chatham Street for twelve cents, and diamonds at a dollar-store. He supposes that when a play is advertised "for one night only," he will have but one opportunity of seeing it. He takes a greenback with an X on it, a mere sign that it is ten dollars, not knowing that there are counterfeits. He takes five shares of silver-mining stock in the company for developing the resources of the moon. He supposes that every man that dresses well is a gentleman. He goes to see the lions, not knowing that any of them will bite; and that when people go to see lions, the lions sometimes come out to see them. He has an idea that fortunes lie thickly around, and all he will have to do is to stoop down and pick one up. Having been brought up where the greatest dissipation was a blacksmith-shop on a rainy day, and where the gold on the wheat is never counterfeited, and buckwheat-fields never issue false stock, and brooks are always "current," and ripe fall-pippins are a legal tender, and blossoms are honest when they promise to pay, he was unprepared to resist the allurements of city life. A sharper has fleeced him, an evil companion has despoiled him, a policeman's "billy" has struck him on the head, or a prison's turnkey bids him a rough "Good-night!"

What got him into all this trouble Can any moral optician inform us? *Green* goggles, my dear.

Your neighbor's first great idea in life is a dollar; the second is a dollar—making in all two dollars. The smaller ideas are cents. Friendship is with him a mere question of loss and gain. He will want your name on his note. Every time he shakes hands he estimates the value of such a greeting. He is down on Fourth of July, and Christmas Days, because on them you spend money instead of making it. He has reduced everything in life

to vulgar fractions. He has been hunting all his life for the cow that had the golden calf. He has cut the Lord's Prayer on the back of a three-cent piece, his only regret that he has spoiled the piece. — *Crumbs Swept Up*.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

If you or I had been consulted as to which of all the stars we would choose to walk upon, we could not have done a wiser thing than to select this. I have always been glad that I got aboard this planet. The best color that I can think of for the sky is blue, for the foliage is green, for the water is crystalline flash. The mountains are just high enough, the flowers sufficiently aromatic, the earth right for solidity and growth. The human face is admirably adapted for its work — sunshine in its smile, tempest in its frown; two eyes, one more than absolutely necessary, so that if one is put out, we still can look upon the sunrise and the faces of our friends. One nose, which is quite sufficient for those who walk among so many city nuisances, being an organ of two stops, and adding dignity to the human face, whether it have the graceful arch of the Roman, or turn up toward the heavens with celestial aspiration in the shape of a pug, or wavering up and down, now as if it would aspire, now as if it would descend, until suddenly it shies off into an unexpected direction, illustrating the proverb that it is a long lane which has no turn. People are disposed, I see, to laugh about the nose, but I think it is nothing to be sneezed at.

Standing before the grandest architectural achievements, critics have differences of opinion; but where is the blasphemer of his God who would criticise the arch of the sky, or the crest of the wave, or the flock of snow-white, fleecy clouds driven by the Shepherd of the wind across the hilly pastures of the heavens, or the curve of a snow-bank, or the burning cities of the sunset, or the fern-leaf pencilings of the frost on a window-pane?

Where there is one discord, there are ten thousand harmonies. A skyful of robins to one owl croaking, whole acres of rolling meadow-land to one place cleft by

the grave-digger's spade; to one mile of rapids, where the river writhes among the rocks, it has hundreds of miles of gentle flow; water-lilies anchored; hills coming down to bathe their feet; stars laying their reflections to sleep on its bosom; boatmen's oars dropping on it necklaces of diamonds; chariots of gold coming forth from the gleaming forge of the sun to bear it in triumphant march to the sea.

Why, it is a splendid world to live in. Not only is it a pleasant world, but we are living in such an enlightened age. I would rather live ten years now than five hundred in the time of Methuselah. But is it not strange that in such an agreeable world there should be so many disagreeable people? But I know that everybody in this audience is all right. Every wife meets her husband at night with a smile on her face, his slippers and supper ready; and the husband, when the wife asks him for money, just puts his hand in his pocket, throws her the purse, and says: "Here you are, my darling, take all you want"; every brother likes his own sister better than the other fellow's sister, and the sister likes best the arm of a brother, when around her waist.

Of all the ills that flesh is heir to, a cross, crabbed, ill-contented man is the most unendurable, because the most inexcusable. No occasion, no matter how trifling, is permitted to pass without eliciting his dissent, his sneer, or his growl. His good and patient wife never yet prepared a dinner that he liked. One day she prepares a dish that she thinks will *particularly* please him. He comes in the front door, and says: "Whew! whew! what *have* you got in the house? Now, my dear, you know that I never *did* like codfish." Some evening, resolving to be especially gracious, he starts with his family to a place of amusement. He scolds the most of the way. He cannot afford the time or the money, and he does not believe the entertainment will be much, after all. The music begins. The audience are thrilled. The orchestra, with polished instruments, warble and weep, and thunder and pray—all the sweet sounds of the world flowering upon the strings of the bass viol,

and wreathing the flageolets, and breathing from the lips of the cornet, and shaking their flower-bells upon the tinkling tambourine.

He sits motionless and disgusted. He goes home saying: "Did you see that fat musician that got so red blowing that French horn? He looked like a stuffed toad. Did you ever hear such a voice as that lady has? Why, it was a perfect squawk! The evening was wasted." And his companion says: "Why, my dear!" "There, you needn't tell me—you are pleased with everything. But never ask me to go again!" He goes to church. Perhaps the sermon is didactic and argumentative. He yawns. He gapes. He twists himself in his pew, and pretends he is asleep, and says: "I could not keep awake. Did you ever hear anything so dead? Can these dry bones live?" Next Sabbath he enters a church where the minister is much given to illustration. He is still more displeased. He says: "How dare that man bring such every-day things into his pulpit? He ought to have brought his illustrations from the cedar of Lebanon, and the fir-tree, instead of the hickory and sassafras. He ought to have spoken of the Euphrates and the Jordan, and not of the Kennebec and Schuylkill. He ought to have mentioned Mount Gerizim instead of the Catskills. Why, he ought to be disciplined. *Why, it is ridiculous.*" Perhaps afterward he joins the church. Then the church will have its hands full. He growls, and groans, and whines all the way up toward the gate of heaven. He wishes that the choir would sing differently, that the minister would preach differently, that the elders would pray differently. In the morning he said, "the church was as cold as Greenland"; in the evening, "it was hot as blazes." They painted the church; he didn't like the color. They carpeted the aisles; he didn't like the figure. They put in a new furnace; he didn't like the patent. He wriggles and squirms, and frets and stews, and worries himself. He is like a horse that, prancing and uneasy to the bit, worries himself into a lather of foam, while the horse hitched beside him just pulls straight ahead, makes no fuss, and comes to his oats in peace. Like a hedge-hog,

he is all quills. Like a crab, that, you know, always goes the other way, and moves backward in order to go forward, and turns in four directions all at once, and the first you know of his whereabouts you have missed him, and when he is completely lost he is gone by the heel,—so that the first thing you know you don't know anything,—and while you expected to catch the crab, the crab catches you.

So some men are crabbed,—all hard-shell, and obstinacy, and opposition. I do not see how he is to get into heaven unless he goes in backward, and then there will be danger that at the gate he will try to pick a quarrel with St. Peter. Once in, I fear he will not like the music, and the services will be too long, and that he will spend the first two or three years in trying to find out whether the wall of heaven is exactly plumb. Let us stand off from such tendencies. Listen for sweet notes rather than discords, picking up marigolds and harebells in preference to thistles and colicoquintida, culturing thyme and anemones rather than night-shade. And in a world where God hath put exquisite tinge upon the shell washed in the surf, and planted a paradise of bloom in a child's cheek, and adorned the pillars of the rock by hanging tapestry of morning mist, the lark saying, "I will sing soprano," and the cascade replying, "I will carry the bass," let us leave it to the owl to hoot, and the frog to croak, and the bear to growl, and the grumbler to find fault.

TALMUD, the traditionary or unwritten law of the Jews; called *unwritten*, to distinguish it from the textual or *written law*. It is the interpretation which the Rabbis affix to the law of Moses; it embodies their doctrine, polity, and ceremonies, and to it many of them adhere more than to the

law itself. The word is derived from the Hebrew *lamad*, to teach. The *Talmud*, therefore, is a book, or volume, which contains such doctrines and duties as are *taught* to the Jews by their own authorized *teachers*, the ancient Rabbis. There are two *Talmuds*, that of Jerusalem and that of Babylon; not to mention those of Onkelos and Jonathan, which are rather paraphrases than volumes of traditional doctrines. That of Jerusalem consists of two parts, the *Gemara* and the *Mishna*. The *Mishna* is the work of Rabbi Judah Hakkadosh, one hundred and twenty years after the destruction of Jerusalem. Its style is tolerably pure, and its reasonings are more solid than those of the *Gemara*, which was written one hundred years later by Rabbi Jochanan, rector of the school of Tiberius. But the Jerusalem *Talmud* is less esteemed than that of Babylon, which was formed by Rabbi Asa, or Aser, who had an academy at Sara, near Babylon. He died before the work was completed, and it was finished by his disciples about five hundred years after Christ. About fifty complete editions of the *Talmud* have been printed.

PROVERBS FROM THE TALMUD.

A melon is known even in its blossom.

To the wasp men say, Neither thy honey nor thy sting.

Hypocrites steal leather, and make shoes for the poor.

The camel aspired after horns, and the Lord took away his ears.

In the same pot in which you cook, you will yourself be cooked.

Woe to him who builds a big door, and has no house behind it.

Never leave the door open to an honest man, much less to a thief.

One must stand as well with the public sentiment as with God himself.

Of a field which is prematurely reaped, even the straw is good for nothing.

If you speak in the night, speak softly; if in the day-time, look around you before you speak.

NOAH AND HIS VINEYARD.

While Noah was planting his vineyard, the Devil comes to him and says, What are you doing here, Noah? Planting a vineyard, says Noah. What is the use of a vineyard? says the Devil. Its fruit, says Noah, whether fresh or dry, is sweet and good, and its wine gladdens the heart. Let us work it on shares, says the Devil. Agreed, says Noah. Now, what does the Devil do? He brings a lamb and a lion, a hog and a monkey, sacrifices them on the spot, and mingles their blood with the soil. Wherefore, if a man only eats the fruit of the vineyard, he is mild and gentle as a lamb; if he drinks the wine, he imagines himself a lion, and falls into mischief; if he drinks habitually, he becomes unmannerly and disgusting as a hog; if he gets drunk, he jabbbers and jumps, and is silly and nasty as a monkey.

THE WONDER-STAFF OF THE PROPHET.

Gird up thy loins, said Elisha to his servant Gehazi (when the Shunamite woman implored him to raise her son to life), and take my staff in thine hand. If anyone meet thee, salute him not; but lay this my staff on the boy's face, and his soul will return to him again.

So Gehazi took the prophet's staff with joy, for he had long been wishing to get hold of it, that he, too, might work a miracle. As he was hurrying along, Jehu, the son of Nimshi, called out to him, Whither away so fast, Gehazi? To raise one from the dead, says Gehazi, and here is the staff of the prophet.

Jehu and a curious crowd from all the towns and villages on the way hurried after to see one rise from the dead. Gehazi with great alacrity hurried on, the mob

with him, and, entering the Shunamite's house, he laid the staff on the face of the dead child; but there was neither voice nor movement. He turned the staff about, placed it in different positions, to the right and to the left, above, below; but the child awoke not. Gehazi was confounded, and the mob hooted at him. Ashamed, he returned to the prophet, and said, The boy does not wake up.

The prophet took his staff, hastened to Shunem, entered the house, and closed the door against all spectators. He prayed to the Lord, and then went to the corpse, placed himself on the child, his mouth to the child's mouth, his eyes to the child's eyes, till the child's body became warm. With what did he warm the dead to life? With that silent, humble prayer, and with the breathing of an unselfish, disinterested love. Here, take thy son again, said the prophet to the mother; and the self-seeking, vain Gehazi stood confounded and ashamed.

TANNAHILL, ROBERT, a Scottish poet; born at Paisley, June 3, 1774; died there, May 17, 1810. From an early age he worked as a weaver in his native city until he was twenty-six years old, when he went to Lancashire, England. At the end of two years he returned to Paisley. A collection of his *Poems* was published in 1807, and three years afterward he prepared a new and enlarged edition. A new edition of his poems was published in 1838, and a sumptuous "Centenary Edition" in 1874. Most of his poems are in the Scottish dialect, and his Scottish songs are second only to those of Burns.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

Gloomy Winter's now awa';
Saft the westlin breezes blaw;

'Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw
 The mavis sings fu' cheerie O.
 Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell
 Blooming like thy bonny sel',
 My young and artless dearie O.

Come, my lassie, let us stray
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
 Blithely spend the gowden day
 Midst joys that never wearie O.
 Towering o'er the Newton woods,
 Laverocks fan the snaw-white clouds;
 Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
 Adorn the banks sae brierie O.

Round the sylvan fairy nooks
 Feathery breckans fringe the rocks;
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks
 And ilka thing is cheerie O.
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flowers may bloom and verdure spring:
 Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless with thee, my dearie O.

THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

Let us go, lassie, go,
 To the braes o' Balquhither,
 Where the blae-berries grow
 'Mang the bonnie Highland heather;
 Where the deer and the rae
 Lightly bounding together,
 Sport the lang summer day
 On the braes o' Balquhither.

I'll twine thee a bower
 By the clear siller fountain,
 And I'll cover it o'er
 Wi' the flowers o' the mountain;

I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae drearie,
And return wi' their spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night-breeze is swelling,
Sae merrily we'll sing
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear shieling ring
Wi' the light, lilting chorus.

Now the simmer's in prime,
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming,
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

The sun has gone down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin',
To muse on sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its sauft fauldin' blossom,
And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green!
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonny;
For guileless simplicity marks her his ain;
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet Flower o' Dum-
blane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ning,
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
 Is charming young Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
 The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;
 I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie
 Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
 And reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

Keen blows the win' o'er the braes o' Gleniffer;
 The auld castle turrets are covered wi' snaw;
 How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover
 Among the broom bushes by Stanley's green shaw!
 The wild-flowers o' summer were spread a' sae bonny,
 The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
 But far to the camp they hae marched my dear Johnnie,
 And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,
 And shakes the dark firs on the steep, rocky brae,
 While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded foun-
 tain,
 That murmured sae sweet to my laddie and me.
 It's no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',
 It's no the cauld blast brings the tear i' my e'e;
 For oh! gin I saw but my bonny Scots callan,
 The dark days o' winter were summer to me.

THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

The midges dance aboon the burn;
 The dews begin to fa';



IDA M. TARBELL

The pairtricks down the rushy holm
Set up their e'ening ca'.
Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
Rings through the briery shaw,
While, flitting gay, the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky
The mavis mends her lay:
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains
To charm the lingering day;
While weary yeldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell;
The honeysuckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

TARBELL, IDA MINERVA, an American biographer and historian; born in Erie County, Pa., November 5, 1857. She was graduated from Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa.; was associate editor of the *Chautauquan* from 1883 to 1891; studied at the Sorbonne and Collège de France from 1891 to 1894; and since 1894 has been on the editorial staff of *McClure's Magazine*. Her publications include a *Short Life of Napoleon Bonaparte* (1895); *Life of*

Madame Roland (1896); *Early Life of Abraham Lincoln*, with J. M. Davis, (1896); *Life of Abraham Lincoln* (1900); *History of the Standard Oil Company* (1904).

Her most remarkable work, perhaps, is the *History of the Standard Oil Company*. The book begins with the very birth of the oil industry, and tells of the discovery of oil and about the people who were connected with it. Taking up next the Standard Oil Company, she explains the various forms under which Mr. Rockefeller organized it for the purpose of accomplishing his ends. The oil wars, in which the independent oil producers attempted to strangle the trust which was trying to strangle them, are dramatically described. Miss Tarbell shows, in treating the economic side of the question, how much it cost the trust itself to achieve its ends, and how great a sacrifice it meant to the independents and the oil business generally. She considers the matter of rebates granted by the railroads and shows what power they gave to the favored companies, and points out what a monopoly of the oil industry means to the public in the way of increased prices, etc. Other chapters treat of the legal attempts to break up the trust through law or congressional investigation, etc. As a history, the book is a wonderful piece of work; but it has so much incident, so much interesting personal data, and is written with such life and spirit, that it is quite as entertaining as a novel. In her preface Miss Tarbell writes:

This work is the outgrowth of an effort on the part of the editors of *McClure's Magazine* to deal concretely in their pages with the trust question, in order that their readers might have a clear and succinct notion of the

processes by which industry passes from the control of the many to that of the few. They decided a few years ago to publish a detailed narrative of the history of the growth of a particular trust. The Standard Oil Trust was chosen for obvious reasons; it was the first in the field, and it furnished the methods, the charters, and the traditions for its followers. It is the most perfectly organized trust in existence.

THE STORY OF STANDARD OIL.

"Now, it happened that I had spent my girlhood in the oil regions of Pennsylvania. Years ago, when I dreamed of some day writing fiction—great fiction, if you please—I had planned to write the great American novel, having the Standard Oil Company as a backbone! I had gotten a long way from fiction; I was trying to write history and biography.

"It seemed to me that the Standard Oil Company might be handled historically. Mr. McClure and Mr. Phillips consented that I should try it. I don't think any of us had much faith in the attempt. At most, I thought, I might get eight articles the magazine would consent to print. I began the work about five years ago—began it as I would any other piece of historical investigation—as I would a history of the Thirty Years' War or of the Age of Despots or any episode written in documents.

"I find that many people are surprised to know that documents on the Standard exist at all. I have even had members of the Standard Oil Company say to me: 'What you are telling us is all true, but how in the name of wonder did you know it?'

"The gentlemen had forgotten their own records.

"For over thirty years they have been under investigation at intervals by suspicious State Legislatures and by the Congress of the United States. They have also figured in innumerable lawsuits.

"Of course, the testimony in many if not most of these cases and investigations is more or less misleading, incomplete, hard to understand. It is a record made up of questions asked by men who knew little of the subject,

and answered by men who were past masters in concealing the truth, and who frequently, if they were cornered closely, would indulge in quibbles and evasions of a very questionable sort.

"This material had never been brought together in any complete collection. Much of it was in manuscript in the court-houses of Ohio, New York and Pennsylvania. There was also a large amount of controversial literature which had come out at various exciting periods in this thirty-year oil war. These pamphlets were many of them very rare. Even the reports of certain of the great investigations were difficult to get at.

"It is commonly said that many of these printed reports were collected and destroyed by the Standard Oil Company. I do not know whether this is true or not, but I know that I have had difficulty in getting copies of certain official reports.

"My business, of course, was to make myself familiar with all the scattered documentary material, to digest it and interpret it. I had one advantage in the matter of interpretation; the great majority of the actors in the oil wars are still alive, and I made it a practice from the beginning of my work to interview as many of the men on both sides as possible.

"I have often been asked if I ever talked over my material with members of the Standard Oil Company. I have, repeatedly.

"Indeed I did not take up an important episode in the whole course of my work without first discussing it with one of the prominent officers of that company. On many of the cases which I took up they turned over to my use considerable new material.

"The understanding with these gentlemen was, of course, the same as with the independent oil men: That I wanted everything I could get on the subject, but that it was my opinion of the material which I wanted which must prevail; that is, my business was to get everything that I could from both sides, to study it, and then to present my conclusions, not to present theirs.

"As a matter of fact, when I started out with the

work I was not sure whether I should end in being more for than against the Standard Oil Company.

"I had grown up in a country which regarded the Standard as a curse, which believed that it had been systematically robbed by that company's operations.

"As I think I said somewhere in the course of my history, I can remember the time when I looked on the Standard Oil men with the same sort of horror as I did on a jail bird.

"Of course as I grew older I realized that this was an exaggerated and false view.

"I saw more and more that what may be called the legitimate work of the company was carried on in a most admirable business way, that its men were able, its service very nearly perfect.

"When I started on this work I was uncertain whether I should feel at the end that the success of the company had been due more to its admirable business methods or to its unscrupulous use of illegitimate practices.

"During the whole course of my work I have been torn between admiration of this great organization and indignation at its hard dealings and vicious practices.

"There is no question in my mind at all but that if the oil industry had been allowed to grow without the introduction of the Standard Oil practices combination would have played a great part in it.

"There would have been a Standard Oil Trust, and probably many of the men who are now in it would have been a part of it.

"But this Standard Oil Trust would not have been a monopoly. There would have been other oil trusts or combinations, working side by side with it.

"I feel confident that in the course of twenty or thirty years this is what we are going to see—several great combinations of capital handling the oil business independent of each other.

"That is, in spite of the enormous momentum which the Standard Oil Company has gained by its thirty years of monopoly, just as soon as the illegitimate privileges which it has enjoyed—such as using the railroads for its own advantage and to the disadvantage of everybody

else, conducting an enormous system of interstate transportation (like its pipe-line system) without any government supervision at all; spying systematically on its rivals; driving them out of the markets by criminal under-selling, and all that sort of thing—as soon as these things are stopped, the Standard Oil Company, as a monopoly, cannot continue. It will have to divide with others.

“My conclusion, from the work that I have done, is that the Standard Oil Company is the great power that it is because it has had the advantage of illegal privileges and unscrupulous practices.

“I have frequently been asked why I made Mr. Rockefeller so prominent a figure in this history. Simply because, so far as I can see, the Standard Oil Company is the creation of Mr. Rockefeller.

“The principles which have governed it, which have made it, are the principles which he worked out very early in his business career, and which were applied by him, and which he systematized into something like a code which all his associates were required to live up to.

“If one will go back to the first scheme which attracted public attention to Mr. Rockefeller, he will find applied there the peculiar principles which have made the Standard Oil Company what it is.

“People sometimes say: ‘Why, it was a mere matter of taking rebates; that was what made the Standard Oil Company, and everybody took rebates.’

“There is a good deal more than taking rebates in this business. There is a drawback, for instance, which Mr. Rockefeller exacted from the railroads—a species of business graft which, the Interstate Commerce Commission people tell me, is to be found in the case of no other concern in the history of the railroad.

“As everybody now knows, it consisted of demands that the railroad pay over to the Standard Oil Company a portion of the freight which its competitors were paying. It was a good deal as if the Standard had required the bankers who had charge of their competitors’ funds to pay over a portion of the regular deposits to them, and was every whit as serious.

"I doubt if there can be a more corrupting feature to a great organization than the spy system which Mr. Rockefeller certainly inaugurated in the Standard Oil Company. There is that unholy claim which, from the first, was his, that the oil business belonged to him.

"No one can study carefully the history of the concern, I believe, without being convinced that every essential factor of its success originated with Mr. Rockefeller.

"No doubt he has had able lieutenants, but there has never been any other great general in the concern. There is no general there to-day who compares with him; nor, so far as I have been able to see, are they growing up one to take his place."—*From an Interview in The New York World, 1905.*

